Morison's Edition

Morison's Edition

ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN MINIATURE,

SELECTD FROM

NEW PUBLICATIONS,

MONTHLY MAGAZINES,

REVIEWS, &c.

EMBELLISHED WITH

Elegant Engravings.

In mercy spare us, when we do our best
To make as much waste paper as the rest.

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BRITISH MUSEUM
18
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JAN

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SALLUST.

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ELEGANT EXTRACTS

IN

MINIATURE.

SOME ACCOUNT OF SALLUST.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF THAT CELEBRATED HISTORIAN.

CAIUS CRISPUS SALLUSTIUS, a celebrated Roman hiſtorian, was born at Amiternum, a city of Italy, in the year of Rome 669, and before Chriſt 85. His education was liberal, and he made the beſt uſe of it. His Roman Hiſtory in ſix books, from the death of Sylla to the conſpiracy of Catiline, the great work from which he chiefly derived his glory among the ancients, is unfortunately loſt, except a few fragments; but his two detached pieces of Hiſtory, which, happily remain entire, are ſufficient to juſtify the great encomiums he has received as a writer.—He has had the ſingular honour to be twice tranſlated by a royal hand: firſt by our Elizabeth, according to Camden; and, ſecondly, by the preſent Infant of Spain, whoſe verſion of this elegant hiſtorian, lately printed in folio, is one of the moſt beautiful books that any country has produced ſince the invention of printing. No man has inveighed more ſharply againſt the vices of his age than this hiſtorian; yet no man had leſs pretenſions to virtue than he. His youth was ſpent in a moſt lewd and profligate manner;

and his patrimony was almoſt ſquandered away when he had ſcarcely taken poſſeſſion of it. Marcus Varro, a writer of undoubted credit, relates, in a fragment preſerved by Aulus Gellius, that Salluſt was actually caught in bed with Fauſta the daughter of Sylla, by Milo her huſband; who ſcourged him very ſeverely, and did not ſuffer him to depart till he had redeemed his liberty with a conſiderable ſum. A. U. C. 694, he was made queſtor; and in 702, tribune of the people; in neither of which places is he allowed to have acquitted himſelf at all to his honour. By virtue of his queſtorſhip, he obtained an admiſſion into the ſenate; but was expelled thence by the cenſors in 704, on account of his immoral and debauched way of life. In the year 705 Cæſar reſtored him to the dignity of a ſenator; and to introduce him into the houſe with a better grace, made him queſtor a ſecond time. In the adminiſtration of this office he behaved himſelf very ſcandalouſly; expoſed every thing to ſale that he could find a purchaſer for; and if we may believe the author of the invective, thought nothing wrong which he had a mind to do: *Nihil non venale habueret, cujus aliquis emptor fuit, nihil non æquum et verum duxit, quod ipſi facere collibuiſſet.* In the year 707, when the African war was at an end, he was made prætor for his ſervices to Cæſar, and was ſent to Numidia. Here he acted the ſame part as Verres had done in Sicily; outrageouſly plundered the province, and returned with ſuch immenſe riches to Rome, that he purchaſed a moſt magnificent building upon mount Quirinal with thoſe gardens which to this day retain the name of *Salluſtian Gardens*, beſides his country-houſe at Tivoli. How he ſpent the remaining part of his life, we have no account from ancient writers. Euſebius tells us, that he married Terentia, the divorced wife of Cicero; and that he died at the age of fifty, in the year 710, which was about four years before the battle of Actium. Of the many things which he wrote, beſide his Hiſtories of Catilinarian and Jugurthine wars, we have ſome orations or ſpeeches, printed with his fragments. [AN-

ANECDOTES OF ILLUSTRIOUS AND EXTRAORDINARY PERSONS,

PERHAPS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

——*A thing of ſhreds and patches!* HAMLET.

CARDAN.

SOME French writer ſays, that a man is never ſo well deſcribed by any one as by himſelf, when he is inclined to be honeſt. The following picture of the Philoſopher of Milan, as Cardan was called, drawn by himſelf, is moſt probably true, as upon the face of it there does not appear to be much flattery.—"I am (ſays he) revengeful, envious, falſe, a calumniator, ſatirical, and guilty of every exceſs of paſſion that can be imagined. I am (ſays he) of ſo reſtleſs a diſpoſition, that to procure myſelf a diſagreeable ſenſation, I am obliged to bite my lips through and through, and to pull my fingers, that they are nearly out of joint, and the blood comes out of them. I have (ſays he) ſuch an impetuoſity of temper, that the extremeſt ſenſation of pain is much more pleaſant to me than my own feelings, and I find that I enjoy my health better after I have tormented myſelf." On the reverſe of the medal, he writes,—"No one has, I ſuppoſe, been more praiſed, both in proſe and verſe, than I have been. I was born to deliver the world from an infinity of errors. What I have diſcerned was never thought of by any of thoſe who are my contemporaries, no leſs than by thoſe who preceded me; ſo that thoſe who pretend to write any thing worthy of being preſerved in the remembrance of mankind, make no ſcruple to ſay that they took it from me. I have written a book of Logic, in which there is not one ſyllable too much, nor yet is there one too little. I compoſed it in ſeven days, which is a kind of prodigy! and I believe that hardly one man can be found who will be able to underſtand it in a whole year, and that

happy man will moſt propably be inſpired with ſome familiar ſpirit. My nature appears to have been compoſed in the extreme of human ſubſtance and condition, and placed almoſt on the confines of immortality."—This great Egotiſt has taken care to tell us this in the Account of his own Life, or *De Vita Sua*, as he calls it. He boaſts that he refuſed a conſiderable ſum of money that was offered to him by our Edward the Sixth, if he would give him the title of Defender of the Faith, which the Pope had taken from his father, Henry the Eighth, and his Proteſtant ſucceſſors. Cardan made a boaſt, in which he is not likely to be followed by any other perſon, that he had not a ſingle friend upon the earth; but in return he boaſted, that he had an aerial ſpirit, a compound of Saturn and Mercury, that continually attended upon him, and told him what he ought to do.

STANISLAUS LECZINSKI,

FATHER OF THE PRESENT KING OF POLAND.

THIS Palatine of Poſnania ſaid one day in the Diet of Poland, "Malo tumultuoſam libertatem quam quietum ſervitium." His ſon, the preſent unfortunate monarch of that country, ſays, in his Reflections on the Government of Poland, "It is abſolutely neceſſary for the good government of a country, that as all the members of the human body receive their impulſion from one ſoul only, all the wills in a country ſhould be put in action by the ſame ſpirit; but that ſpirit is not intolerance. In all ſorts of government, man is ſo conſtituted as to think himſelf free, and ſtill to be in ſome degree ſhackled."

MADAME DE SEVIGNE.

THE French of the old court, with all their affectation of ſentiment, and with all their external poliſh of manners, appear to have been always cruel and unfeeling

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in grain. Even the ſentimental and elegant Madame De Sevigne, in deſcribing the executions that took place at Rennes in Brittany, on account of ſome popular commotions, thus careleſsly and gaily expreſſes herſelf in one of her letters to her daughter, Madame De Grignan.

Aux Rochers, Dimanche,
27th Oct. 1675.

"On a pris a l'aventure vingt-cinq ou trente hommes qui l'on va pendre-Avant hier on va roua un Violon qui avoit commence la danſe, &c. &c. &c. On a pris ſoixante bourgeois; on commence demain a pendre. Cette Provence eſt une belle exemple pour les autres, & ſur tout de reſpecter les Gouverneur & les Gouvernantes, de ne point jetter des *Pierres* dans leur jardin.

The good French lady ſpeaks of the executions with nearly the ſame *ſang froid*, though not perhaps with equal elegance, that a late great law-officer ſpoke, in the Houſe of Commons, of perſons that were ſhot ſome years ago at a crowd that were aſſembled in St George's Fields, "It matters little whether they died by the ſhot or the rot." In ſome of the lampoons of the time, he had the appellation of Old Shot and Rot given him upon the occaſion.

VOLTAIRE.

WHEN this celebrated writer was in England, he lodged at the houſe of a gentleman who had been under-ſecretary to Lord Bolingbroke when he was ſecretary at war. He ſpoke Engliſh extremely ill when he left England. Mr Pope was extremely offended with him for having ſlighted his mother, and contrived to get him into a ridiculous ſcrape with Sir Robert Walpole, by way of being even with him for his behaviour to his revered parent.

Some one had teazed Voltaire a long while by writ-

ting letters to him, in hopes of getting an anſwer to them. Voltaire ſent him this ſhort one:

"Sir,

"I have now been dead a great while. Dead men, you know, do not anſwer letters.

"Your humble ſervant,

"VOLTAIRE."

Biſhop Warburton ſaid ſneeringly of Voltaire, "He is a writer who writes *indifferently* well about every thing. Dr Johnſon thus characteriſed him to Freron at Paris—

"*Vir acerrimi ingenii ac paucarum literarum.*"

M. DE LIONNE,

Who was ſecretary of ſtate to Louis XIV. and was rather fond of his eaſe, received an order from his ſovereign to draw up directions for M. De Pomponne, who was ſetting out upon an embaſſy from the court of France to that of Sweden; he deſired M. De Pomponne to draw it up for him, to lay before the King. This he did in ſo excellent a manner, that when M. De Lionne brought it to Louis, the monarch told him, that in theſe inſtructions he had even ſurpaſſed himſelf. "I cannot bear, Sire," ſaid the ſecretary, "to deceive your Majeſty—M. De Pomponne drew it up." "Did he ſo!" ſaid Louis, "I am extremely glad of it: He is a perſon then to whom I can apply upon other occaſions."

SALVATOR ROSA

Was no leſs a Poet than a Painter. His poetry is ſatirical, and principally pointed at the corruption of the court of Rome in his time. At Badminton, near Bath, a ſeat of the Duke of Beaufort, there is a ſatirical picture painted by this great artiſt, and for which he was obliged to quit Rome for ſome time. It repreſents the genius of Nature as throwing away her gifts upon certain nations of Europe that are unworthy of them. The State

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of Rome is repreſented by an Aſs covered with the Papal Pallium, the State of Germany as a Hog, that of Auſtria as an Eagle, and France as a Cock, &c. It is painted with that freedom and ſpirit of touch, which characteriſe the works of this great artiſt. Salvator is ſuppoſed in early life to have been one of the aſſociates of Maſſaniello, the celebrated Neapolitan rebel. Under one of his own etchings, he thus deſcribes himſelf:

Ingenuus, liber, pictor, ſuccenſor et æquus
Spretum opum mortiſque. Hic meus eſt genius.

MARSHAL BASSOMPIERE

Says, in his account of embaſſies, that in a journey which he once made into Switzerland, one of his train fell ſick in a ſmall village in that country, and that the Doctor of the place was ſent for to him. One of the ſervants having known him as a horſe-doctor at Paris, aſked him if he was not aſhamed of himſelf to pretend to practiſe upon men. "I treat," replied he, "the Swiſs as I uſed to treat horſes in France, and find that I ſucceed upon the whole tolerably well."

Baſſompiere was kept twelve years in the Baſtile by Cardinal Richlieu. On the death of that miniſter, Ann of Auſtria gave him his liberty. He was aſked what he obſerved new in Paris; he replied, that the men wore no beards, and that the horſes had no tails. A great change, however, was taken notice of in him; he who had paſſed for a model of politeneſs, and the paragon of the old court, appeared like a German, ſo much was his air and his manners changed ſince he had ceaſed to frequent it.

ABBE FEUQUIERES,

A ſon of the celebrated general of that name, having won a thouſand Louisd'ors of the Duke of Mazarin, was paid by the Duke with a note of M. De Feuquiers (his brother) to the Duke, for the ſame ſum. The Abbe, who might have refuſed it with great propriety, took

took it in payment, and carried it to his brother, who was extremely angry, and aſked him what he intended to do with it? "Do with it!" replied the Abbé, "why, what you ſee me do now;" and immediately threw it into the fire.

M. DUMOULIN.

This great Phyſician, who died at Paris about fifty years ago, ſaid on his death-bed, that he had left behind him three moſt excellent phyſicians, Water, Exerciſe, and Diet." This, however, is to be underſtood with ſome allowance—

Dum vitant ſtulti vitia, in contraria currunt.

Many a perſon has deſtroyed himſelf from exceſs of temperance. It is, I believe, a general obſervation made by phyſicians, that for the preſervation of the health of mankind, a generous diet is preferable to a low one. Many diſorders may indeed be cured by diet alone. The theatrical veteran of the preſent times declares, that during the courſe of his very long life, whenever he had found himſelf ailing, he has gone to bed, and lived upon bread and water, and that this plan has in general cured him of any ſlight indiſpoſition. "Doctor, I can't eat," is in general the firſt complaint an ailing perſon makes to his phyſician. The Doctor might perhaps reply, "My good friend, it is the happieſt thing in the world for you that you cannot eat. Nature, perhaps, is taking the readieſt way to do her own work, by preventing an addition to the already vitiated fluids and feeble ſolids." "Doctor, I can't ſleep," is always another complaint. The Doctor ſhould perhaps reply, "*Quære ſudando*: you do not exerciſe yourſelf enough to bring on that ſtate of fatigue which induces ſleep." A very extraordinary perſon of this age and country makes it always a point to riſe and go to ſome work, either of mind or of body, at any time of the night in which he finds himſelf fairly awake. He ſays, that in conſequence of this, in the courſe of the next

next evening, he finds himſelf extremely ſleepy, and paſſes a good night. Lord Cheſterfield's Advice to his Son is very excellent—"Make a point," ſays he, "at whatever hour you may happen to go to bed, to riſe always at a certain hour in the morning. This will prevent you moſt effectually from ſitting up late." A very great profeſſional man in this town uſes himſelf to riſe at a certain very early hour in the morning by the following device: His hair-dreſſer is bound under certain articles to come to dreſs his hair every morning at a given hour. This he announces by a violent knocking at the ſtreet-door, which the maſter of the houſe is always to open himſelf, his ſervants being forbidden by him to let in the friſeur, however hard he may knock.

ABBE DE ST REAL.

One of the grandeſt modern inſcriptions is the following, on the celebrated Paſs of the Alps near Echelles in Savoy. It is ſaid to have been compoſed by St Real.

Carolus Emmanuel, Dux Subaudiæ,
Piedmontiæ Princeps,
Publica felicitate parta
Singulorum commodis intentus
Brevionem ſecurioremque viam
Natura occluſam, Romanis intentatam,
cæteris deſperatam
Dejectis Scopulorum repagulis
Æquata Montium iniquitate
Præcipitia pedibus ſubſternens
Æternis populorum commerciis patefecit
Anno M,DC,LXX.

ALEXANDER VII.

Was a great builder. Paſquin ſaid of him,

"Alexander Septimus,
"Summæ Ædificatoris Pontifex."

SOME

SOME ACCOUNT OF HORACE.

WITH A BEAUTIFUL PORTRAIT OF THAT CELEBRATED POET.

QUINTUS FLACCUS HORATIUS, the moſt excellent of the Latin poets of the lyric and ſatirical kind, and the moſt judicious critic in the reign of Auguſtus, was the grandſon of a freed man, and was born at Venuſium, 64 B. C. He had the beſt maſters in Rome, after which he completed his education at Athens. Having taken up arms, he embraced the party of Brutus and Caſſius, but left his ſhield at the battle of Philippi. Some time after, he gave himſelf up entirely to the ſtudy of polite literature and poetry. His talents ſoon made him known to Auguſtus and Mecænas, who had a particular eſteem for him, and loaded him with favours. Horace alſo contracted a ſtrict friendſhip with Agrippa, Pollio, Virgil, and all the other great men of his time. He lived without ambition, and led a tranquil and agreeable life with his friends; but was ſubject to a defluxion in his eyes. He died at the age of 57. There are ſtill extant his Odes, Epiſtles, Satires, and Art of Poetry; of which there have been a great number of editions. The beſt are thoſe of the Louvre, in 1642, folio; of Paris, 1691, quarto; of Cambridge, 1699; and that with Bentley's emendations, printed at Cambridge in 1711.

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RESCHID AND ALMENA.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

LISTEN, O ye ſons of Iniquity, to the voice of Morality; and hearken, ye loſt votaries of Intemperance, to the dictates of Truth. Let the righteous rejoice, and be glad; and the pale followers of Vice, learn virtue from the actions of Reſchid.

In

HORACE.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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JAN

In the rich plains of Circaſſia, where Nature ſeems
to laviſh her choiceſt ſtores with peculiar profuſion,
the lovely Almena tended her little flock. Her form,
like that of the celeſtial Houris, was ſtraight and ma-
jeſtic as the mountain pine; and the luſtre of her eyes
vied with the tranſlucent diamonds that glitter in Gol-
conda's mines. Her temper, ſoft and ſweet as the ze-
phyrs ſweeping the orange groves of India, neither ri-
ſing into tempeſtuous ſtorms of anger, nor ſinking into
clouds of diſſimulation, kept a gentle tenor along the
galaxy of Truth, and bleſſed the declining days of her
venerable parent, Caled.

Of her were all the youths of Circaſſia enamoured:
they ſtrove to win her love by every kind of device;
but her affections inclined only to the blooming Reſ-
chid. He was handſome, generous, and brave; a re-
nowned warrior, and a rigid oppoſer of every vice.
He had ſtudied philoſophy in the ſchool of Zoroaſter;
and, ſpite of the chilling blaſts of Poverty, fulfilled his
every duty as a faithful follower of Virtue. Though
bred in regions where beauties are as motes in the ſun-
beams, he preſerved a heart ſuſceptible of the moſt de-
licate love, and alone bowed to the charms of Almena.
His father beheld the growing paſſion with delight;
and a ſincere friendſhip was cemented in the venerable
breaſts of the hoary-headed Sadi, and the happy Ca-
led.

Thus did the roſy hours glide imperceptibly away;
and the happy morn was fixed on which to ſolemnize
the connubial rites. But the bliſs of man is tranſient;
the brighteſt ſun is frequently eclipſed by the interven-
tion of impenetrable clouds! Fraught with the plea-
ſing idea of approaching bliſs, the lovely Almena had
rambled farther than uſual with her fleecy charge, when
ſhe was arouſed by the ſound of a horn. She looked
around; and inſtantly a number of youths, in very
ſplendid apparel, burſt through the buſhes. Among
them was one, whoſe majeſtic form, and gorgeous
array,

array, pronounced him a prince. His turban glittered with diamonds, and the ſheath of his ſcymitar flamed with rubies. His eyes were fiercely penetrating, and inſpired the awe of his aſſociates. Like ſome tall cedar, that ſtands erect and firm, ſurrounded by the bending reeds; even ſo did the haughty Oſmyn ſtand environed by his humble companions. Having gazed a moment on the beauteous object that attracted his view, he advanced, caught her in his arms, and forcibly placed her on his horſe. In vain did ſhe call on the ſacred name of Alla, in vain invoke the ſpirit of Humanity in her inexorable raviſhers; deaf to the plaintive voice of Pity, and callous to every tender ſenſation, he conveyed her, ſwooning, to an adjacent village.

Reſchid knew nothing of the misfortune which had befallen his Almena. Like her, his mind filled with ideas of the rapturous day approaching, and borne on the wings of filial piety, he ranged the woods for game, to regale his ſire and the aged Caled. But, oh! what aſtoniſhment ſeized on the amazed youth, when, returning wearied and fatigued, he found the cottage deſtitute of Almena! Diſtracted, and raving like the wildeſt maniac, he ran to the ſpot where his Almena had tended her flock. But, alas! he found her not. The ſheep, bleating for their miſtreſs, rambled ſolitary on the freſh verdure, and Reſchid perceived that ſhe was loſt.

Bent never to return till he ſhould find the ſweet empreſs of his ſoul, he wandered at random through the province of Circaſſia, like a wounded hart bearing the arrow of death. He ran, called on her name, and night and day continued his ſearch, even from the cold and imperious Caucaſus to the vaſt ſource of the Tigris, and from thence nearly approached the royal city of Iſpahan.

Five moons had now rolled in progreſſive motion over this terreſtrial ball, nor yet had Reſchid heard of his beloved Almena. Deſpairing ever to find the dear

bject of his ſearch, and yielding to all the wild ravings f paſſion, he entered a cave that ſtood near the road eading to Iſpahan. Having thrown himſelf on the round, and ſurveyed the ſubterraneous habitation, his ind began gradually to give way to the gloomieſt co- itations of deſpair. Hope no longer pointed, through he miſts of futurity, to the goal of a final happineſs; ut the demon of Deſpondency filled his boſom with eadly horror. His philoſophy no longer upheld him; e bowed, as to the ſtroke of remedileſs ſorrow; and, aiſing his ſcymitar, in the frenzy of diſtreſs, directed ts point to his breaſt, when the ſentence—"Hold, uicide!" vibrated through the caverns, like the awe- ul and tremenduous voice of thunder. Starting, and confounded, at terrific ſound, he ſuddenly beheld the place filled with a balmy and odoriferous cloud, that gently perfumed every part with an aromatic fra- grance, far ſurpaſſing the richeſt frankincenſe that burns in golden cenſers on the ſilver altars of the ſacred temple of Mithra. Like a marble ſtatue, ſtood the pe- trified Reſchid, while a celeſtial form advanced to- wards him. His nerves loſt their power, his veins be- came congealed, and articulation was buried in aſto- niſhment; when the heavenly meſſenger thus addreſſed him—"Son of Saddi, hearken to my words, and be wiſe! I am the Genius of Juſtice; the friend of the friendleſs, the parent of the orphan, the protector of the oppreſſed, and the avenger of injured virtue.— Ariſe! be not diſmayed; but, inſpired by my words, haſten to Iſpahan; there ſhalt thou find Almena; and, if thou ſtill purſueſt the dictates of Virtue, the lovely virgin ſhall be reſtored to thy arms, though now im- mured in the ſeraglio of Oſmyn!" The voice ceaſed; the Genius diſappeared; and Reſchid, after proſtrating himſelf before the Almighty Alla, haſtened to Iſpa- han.

The ſun blazed with redundant effulgence, when the joyful Reſchid quitted the cavern. Hope beam-

ed in his eye, and rapture braced every nerve with renewed ardour. Love hurried his ſteps, and joy danced in his heart. Like the lark firſt ſpringing from his neſt, and ſaluting the morn with his dulcet notes; ſo did the cheerful Reſchid dart along the plain, while his voice praiſed the All-bountiful Alla.

As he thus haſtily purſued his way, a ſage before him ſuddenly engroſſed his attention. His beard, which was like the driving ſnow, deſcended below his girdle, and his cheeks reſembled a field furrowed by the plough. His eye darted a more than mortal fire; and, while a ſtaff ſupported his drooping body, he ſeemed greatly to regard the blooming Perſian. The youth, thus encouraged, graſped his aged hand; and, complacently addreſſing him, they proceeded together towards Iſpahan.

As the ſwelling Ganges findeth eaſe in permitting its waters to quit the ſurcharged bed, and flow over the adjacent plains; ſo did the mind of Reſchid feel relief from imparting to the venerable ſtranger the ſtory of thoſe woes with which his ſwelling boſom felt oppreſſed. His heart ſeemed to emerge from grief, in proportion as it diſburdened itſelf: and deſpair vaniſhed at the cheerful accents of his revered fellow-traveller.

The lofty domes of Iſpahan now appeared; and, like ſo many ſuns, mocked the air with artificial effulgence. "Behold, my ſon, (ſaid the ſage), the brilliant diamonds, that glitter in the horizon, declare the royal city is before us. Thou wilt now ſoon enter the end of thy peregrinations, and all thy philoſophy will be ſeverely tried. Revenge will ſwell thy boſom with his wild, malevolent machinations, and Rage torment thy ſoul with the deſtructive hurricanes of paſſion; Deſpair will ſeek to extinguiſh the riſing flames of Hope, and Luxury diſplay her flowery chains to entangle and enfeeble thy heart. To combat theſe, reſolve only to be uniformly pious; and, forgetful of

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the many injuries thou haſt hitherto ſuſtained, permit thy tranquil bark to float gently down the ſtream of life. Act only in ſubſervience to Virtue; and, while Reaſon directs the helm, doubt not that Truth, with propitious breathings, ſhall conduct thee ſafely to the haven of Felicity. Fear not what ſtorms of adverſity may ariſe, through the power of the Prince of Darkneſs, or the mean efforts of human envy; but remember that, while honour marks thy deeds, Alla is thy friend, and Juſtice thy protector; and that, before the power of the celeſtial guardians, the ſtrength of Iniquity ſhall melt away as wax before the rays of Mithra!"

"True, O ſage! (replied the youth), before the omnipotence of Alla, the weak artifices of Vice are overthrown. But haſt thou forgotten, O my father! the conſtruction of the human frame? or is all the remembrance of the impetuoſity of youth eradicated from thy mind? Alas! I feel, now, the irreſiſtible force of Revenge; and Truth impels me to declare, that were I to behold Almena in the arms of Oſmyn, my rage would be incontroulable! I ſhould ruſh on him with implacable revenge; and this ſcymitar would avenge thoſe injuries which the laws of Perſia allow!"

"Hold, raſh youth! (rejoined the hoary-headed monitor); doſt thou not remember, that Oſmyn is thy prince? Is he not the only ſon of thy ſovereign? Let even this remembrance ſupply the place of philoſophy, and loyalty reſtrain the fury of thy arm."

"Yes! (replied the youth, fire blazing in his eye, and his boſom heaving with paſſion); I acknowledge the tie of loyalty, and diſcard not from my breaſt the allegiance of a ſubject. But ſhall the regal robe conceal crimes of the blackeſt cruelty, or conſanguinity to my king make ſacred the head of an unprincipled raviſher? Were monarchs elevated over the reſt of mankind, that they may prove peſts of ſociety? or princes inveſted with the Imperial dignity, to become

oppreſſors to their ſubjects? No, Sire! Oſmyn has degraded his dignity; diſhonoured his whole race; and, by an act of the moſt atrocious guilt, abſolved me from my allegiance. He has pointed the way to vice and infidelity; he has broken the oath by which he engaged to protect his people; and even revenge is rendered juſt by the uprightneſs of my cauſe."

"Nevertheleſs, O Reſchid! (anſwered the ſage), bridle thy paſſions with the ſame ardour as the Parthian hunter bridles his foaming ſteed. Philoſophy teaches perſeverance; and religion inſtructs thee to return good for evil. It is true, that Oſmyn has cancelled the laws of juſtice, and overleaped the boundaries of truth; but if Reſchid does the ſame, he will become equally infamous. If thou quitteſt the principles of Eternal Juſtice, to gratify the cravings of anger, thy deeds are no longer meaſured by the ſtandard of equity. No, my ſon! be wiſe, be prudent, and be juſt: for virtues like theſe divide the purer from the baſer parts of creation; and, while they exalt the one claſs, the want of them degrades the other in the ſcale of exiſtence. The powers of hell are combined againſt thee, and the myriads of heaven are united in thy favour. While thou acteſt righteouſly, the all-powerful Alla is thy champion and ſupport; but, ſhouldeſt thou become vitiated he will no longer be thy helper, and thou wilt ſtand directly on an equal moral footing with Oſmyn. Fortify thy ſoul, therefore, with confidence in God; let thy heart be the repoſitory of virtue; and bear conſtantly in remembrance the words of Divine Juſtice—"If thou ſtill purſueſt the dictates of Virtue, the lovely virgin ſhall be reſtored to thy arms."

As he thus ſpoke, a divine fire darted from his eyes, his cheeks glowed with the vernal bloom of youth, and his bending form became erect and manly. A cloud of the brighteſt tranſparency floated beneath his feet; and, lifting him to the celeſtial empyreum, convinced

vinced Reſchid that he had converſed with no terreſtrial being. He ſtood, while entranced with aſtoniſhment: then, proſtrating himſelf before the Almighty Alla, poured forth his ſoul in a burſt of ſpontaneous piety; and, riſing, entered the ſplendid city of Iſpahan.

The lovely Almena, in the mean time, after being borne by her cruel raviſhers to a neighbouring village, was conveyed, on a ſwift royal camel, to the imperial city. In vain did the tears ſtream down her lovely cheeks, as rain guſhing over the vaſt rocks of Zembla: the unfeeling ruffians, deaf to every call of humanity, immediately hurried her to the ſeraglio of the diſſolute Oſmyn. Grief, and the memory of her paſt felicity, had ſo worn her angelic frame, that ſhe no longer appeared a divine beauty; but withering, as the drooping flower beneath the chilling blaſts of winter.

Amidſt this dreary life of affliction, the Genius of Juſtice appeared to her in a viſion; and promiſed that, within three months, ſhe ſhould be united to Reſchid. Comforted by this celeſtial preſage, the wonted cheerfulneſs of her mind returned; and the prince, enraptured at the renovation of her charms, at the requeſt of Almena, ſwore, by the light of the Divine Mithra, to delay the fulfilment of his wiſhes till the expiration of that time.

The ſun had almoſt ſunk beneath the weſtern hills, when Reſchid entered Iſpahan. The caravanſaries were yet open, trade buſtled in the ſtreets, and ſoft ſymphonies of muſic reſounded from the ſeraglios. The voice of ſorrow was drowned in the loud ſhoutings of mirth, and the gloomy frowns of deſpair were diſſipated by the vibrations of joy. Even Reſchid, for a moment, forgot the loſs of his Almena; and, croſſing a canal, entered the gardens of the royal ſeraglio. Having concealed himſelf in an alcove that ſtood contiguous to the lake, his mind became tormented by reviving hopes, and alternate fears. Like a reed bending

to the breath of each paſſing wind, his ſoul ſhook with contending paſſions. Now would his reaſon ſoar aloft on the pinions of hope, then ſink into the abyſs of deſpair. Fancy pictured his Almena preſent in the arms of Oſmyn; revenge bade him attack the tyrant; and, while his hand imperceptibly graſped his ſcymitar, deſpondency taught him to believe her irrecoverable, and the ideal picture would vaniſh, as the clouds of night at the approach of morn. Amid this wild conflict of contending paſſions, the ſound of footſteps ſuddenly reached the ear of Reſchid, and awakened his hopes—"Now, (cried he), the happy hour is arrived, when I ſhall behold my Almena; perhaps with Oſmyn. Glorious moment! when revenge ſhall be ſatiated by the effuſion of the monſter's vital blood!"—"No, (continued he, recollecting himſelf), I will now prove, that my philoſophy is ſuperior to my revenge. Yes, Anger! I feel that I am thy victor!"

He had ſcarcely ended theſe words, when he beheld the Emperor advancing towards the lake; while his two daughters reclined on his arms, and a few of the imperial guards followed at a diſtance. In his eye appeared majeſty and grace, and a dignified virtue was ſeated on his brow; his gait was ſtately, and his form erect and manly. The royal maidens, with all the ſoft endearments of love, hung fondly on their father; and, while their admiration was excited by the lucid ſtream, their voices harmoniouſly lauded the beneficent Alla.

Alas! how fleeting is terreſtrial bliſs! how often does the ſword of Adverſity ſmite the ſmall thread of our joy! Even at the very moment, when Peace ſeemed to diffuſe her dove-like influence on the waters, a terrific monſter aroſe from the moſt remote extremity of the lake; and, with the ſpeed of the mountain-eagle, darted on the ſhore. His body, like the Egyptian crocodile, was rendered invulnerable by ſcales; and his eyes, like flaming comets, darted horror around. Furiouſly

Furiouſly did he erect his creſt; and while his roar, like a tremenduous volley of thunder, ſeemed to be re-echoed by Mount Araret, his noſtrils ſent forth clouds of ſmoke, reſembling the ſooty exhalations of the fires of Veſuvius. In vain did the guards oppoſe him; their lances flew back, pointleſs and ſhivered, and their unſucceſsful efforts ſerved only to inflame his rage. Already had he appointed the Emperor, who was abandoned by his guard, while engaged in ſupporting his fainting children, when the furious Reſchid flew to his aid. A huge ſtone ſupplied the place of arms; and, while the hideous jaws of the monſter expanded to receive his prey, the enormous weight lighted on him. It was the arm of Reſchid that threw, but it was Almighty Alla that directed, the ponderous marble on the monſter's head. His cruſhed eye-balls rolled on the earth; his ſinews cracked; his ſcull gave way; and the pitchy flame, retiring from his noſtrils, with a hideous roar he reſigned his breath in a vaſt torrent of blood.

Amazed, and almoſt petrified with dread, the aſtoniſhed Emperor beheld his youthful preſerver; as ſome mariner, who, ſaved from ſhipwreck, views from an enormous rock the vaſt ocean rolling around him, even ſo did the mighty ſovereign appear. His eyes fixed ſtedfaſtly on the heroic youth; and, while regarding him as a miniſter of Heaven, the organs of ſpeech were incapable of articulation.

Crowds of warriors, chiefs, and courtiers, now flocked from all parts to the aſſiſtance of the Emperor; and, bearing the princeſſes in their arms to the palace, left Oſmyn with his father and Reſchid. The indignation of the youth revived at the ſight of Oſmyn; and, fearing a ſudden guſt of paſſion might overcome his philoſophy, he proſtrated himſelf before the Emperor, and begged permiſſion to retire. "No! (cried the Sophi, haſtily raiſing him from the earth), no, heroic youth! thy magnanimity and valour demand greater panegy-

rics than my tongue can frame, and far greater reward than my power can grant, yet am I desirous to give thee what my kingdom can bestow. Rise, then, brave youth, and name thy requeſt. If aught contained in the Imperial empire of Persia be the object of thy wishes, even that shall be thine as the guerdon of thy heroic valour."

"O mighty Sovereign! (said Reschid, rising), let thy humble and obedient vassal find favour in thine eyes. Far, far away, be the dazzlings of pomp; and may the splendid baubles of avarice stand disregarded by thy servant. I ask not to be a Satrape, I crave not to be thy Vizier; but the possession of a far brighter object forms the wish of my heart. The royal Osmyn hath forced from my arms the empress of my soul, and torn from her native Circassia the All-bountiful Almena: restore her, O my Sovereign! restore her to my disconsolate arms; and, forgetting the blaze of the world, and the frowns of adversity, in the sweet plains of Circassia will we boast of thy munificence, and the generosity of Mustapha shall re-echo from our vocal reeds."

"Thy boon is granted, (replied the Emperor): and happy is the man whose humble wishes are bounded by the pastoral cot!—Behold, (continued he, turning to his son), behold the youth who, by a single effort of his courage, crumbled in the dust yon amphibious monster. To him alone is thy father indebted for his life, and to him thy sisters owe their existence. When every guard fled, it was him who boldly rescued us from impending death. It remains for thee, O Osmyn, to requite his services, by surrendering to his arms the beautiful damsel whom thou seized while hunting in Circassia, and exhibit to mankind a laudable example of filial love and gratitude."

Could the terrific head of Medusa at that moment have stared her dire horrors in the face of Osmyn, and congealed every vein to stone, he would not have appeared

peared a more perfect ſtatue. Confuſion, malice, and anguiſh, immediately ſeized on his mind; while reverence to paternal authority tied his tongue, his thoughts meditated the blackeſt ingratitude. "True (returned he, with a hypocritical blandiſhment of ſpeech), ſuch ſervices are ſcarcely repaid by the moſt unbounded generoſity, and filial affection ſhould ever be equal to the ſofter paſſion of love. To-morrow, Reſchid, ſhall the beautiful Almena be thine, and to-night thou ſhalt repoſe in the palace of Oſmyn." As he thus ſpoke, he embraced the young hero, with the ſame artful diſſimulation as the hyæna of the wilderneſs, who imitates the human voice, to entice the unwary pilgrim to his clutches.

Having retired to his chamber, the mind of Oſmyn gave vent to the wild reaſonings of hopeleſs love; and he burſt forth in loud exclamations of malice and rage. "Now, (cried he), every fond idea of bliſsful enjoyment is vaniſhed, and every hope of happineſs is eradicated from my mind. Am I the royal Oſmyn? Am I the only ſon of the mighty Emperor of Perſia? No! I ſicken at the name, and the magnificent title ſerves only to corrode my ſoul. Oh, Royalty! where is thy power, that its delights ſhould be thus annihilated by a mean and deſpicable ſhepherd? I have no incitement to live; for the clouds of misfortune and ſorrow have obſcured the ſun of joy, and every hope is blaſted by the rude thunderings of adverſity. Oh, Almena! thou art torn from my arms by the rude artifices of a paltry peaſant; nor can the authority of a prince ever regain thee. Diſtraction! horific darkneſs encompaſſes my ſoul: I ſink, I fall, by the hand of Affliction! Curſe on thee, O Virtue! thou haſt blighted my felicity."

As he yet ſpake, his ſtrength failed him, and he ſunk down on a ſofa; when Bagoas, his favoured eunuch, entered the chamber. He had heard the incoherent declamations of his maſter; and, proſtrating himſelf

at

at his feet, attempted to mitigate his rage. "Royal and mighty Oſmyn, (ſaid he, claſping his knees), ſuffer Bagoas to partake of thy grief; the voice of thy ſlave may meliorate affliction, and in a great meaſure aſſuage diſtreſs."

"No! (replied the raging tyrant), unleſs thou canſt tear Almena from Reſchid, and reſtore her to Oſmyn, thou canſt neither meliorate my affliction, nor aſſuage my diſtreſs."

"I know well, (replied the fawning ſycophant), that to attempt by force the eſtabliſhment of thy wiſhes, would be but to awaken the rage of thy father; but the phyſician, who is not a chirurgeon, is an imperfect adept in the divine art of healing; and the warrior, who adds not ſtratagem to ſtrength, can hardly be denominated wiſe. When force dare not attack, art may circumvent; and if Reſchid, powerful and irreſiſtible, could deſtroy a hoſt of warriors, one ſtrong doſe of opium, extracted from the deleterious poppy, may work his deſtruction. Even I, thy feeble ſlave, as ſoon as to-morrow's ſun gilds the portals of heaven, will attempt his fall, beneath whoſe proweſs the ſcaly monſter of the deep expired."

"Go then! (cried the prince, joy brightening in his eye, and rapture flushing in his cheeks); and, ſure as ſucceſs awaits on the daring undertaking, the liberality of Oſmyn ſhall munificently reward the fidelity of the ingenious Bagoas."

Reſchid, in the mean time, after partaking of the royal ſupper, retired to his new apartment. The rich tapeſtry that adorned the walls, and the magnificent furniture that glittered around him, excited his wonder: but he prudently conſidered every ornament as a bait to allure him to his ruin; and imagined that in every corner he beheld ſome inſtrument of death. Reſolved firmly to reſiſt every gift that ſhould come from the impious Oſmyn, he implored protection of Almighty Alla, and retired to reſt.

O Heaven! how unreſtricted are thy doings! how juſt, how immutable in goodneſs, are all the actions of our Creator! In vain, ye powers of hell, do ye league againſt the votary of Truth, in vain are all the efforts of the Prince of Darkneſs! Be not diſmayed, ye ſons of men, at the unſearchable decrees of Providence; but, whether baſking in the rays of Proſperity, or chilled by the furious blaſts of Adverſity, let this tenet be perpetually ſtamped on the human mind, that "whatever is, is right."

The morning ſun had ſcarcely commenced his diurnal journey, and Reſchid began to hail the return of light with a devout oraiſon, when the treacherous Bagoas entered his apartment. Affability and kindneſs were depicted in his looks; and, while with endearing ſoftneſs he graſped, in one hand, the hand of the youth, the other preſented a full goblet of ſherbet. "Brave and undaunted patriot! (cried he, with all the ſoft blandiſhments of guile), let a mutual friendſhip ſubſiſt between us, and ſuffer this goblet of the choiceſt ſherbet to ſeal the fraternal compact."

Saying this, he gave him the poiſonous potion: but the ſoul of Reſchid, ſickening with ſuſpicion—"No! generous ſtranger, (returned he, refuſing the draught), I accept of thy friendſhip with pleaſure and delight; but know, that I can bind myſelf to be thy friend for eternity, without taſting of thy beverage. Philoſophy has rendered abſtinence familiar to me, and the cryſtal ſpring has ever been my favourite drink; thou, whom the licentiouſneſs of a court hath rendered luxurious, may taſte the nectareous draught with delight."

Bagoas felt inſtantly embarraſſed. To drink was death; to refrain, little better. Guilt and aſtoniſhment, joined to the dread of diſcovery, ruſhed into his mind; and, like the Ganges breaking down its mounds, overwhelmed him with horror. A pallid hue took poſſeſſion of his lips; a deadly ſhivering prevaded all his limbs; and he ſunk to the ground, his mind overpowered

powered by the weight of its own iniquity. Reſchid was at no loſs for the cauſe; and, weilding his ſcymitar, approached the trembling eunuch.

"Pardon me, O Reſchid! (he cried, as the youth advanced), and let my confeſſion atone for my guilt. This moment did I come, by the order of Oſmyn, with the poiſoned goblet of ſherbet to effect thy death; but Heaven favours the righteous; and, if thou wilt but attend to my words, vengeance ſhall redound on the monſter's head; and thou, O Reſchid! be revenged of thy enemies. Behold this ſcroll! it contains the names of a determined band of courtiers, who, in conjunction with myſelf, have ſworn the ruin of the Emperor and his whole race. Forgive me, O forgive my crime againſt you! and this hour ſhall the Imperial diadem, torn from the Emperor's head, encircle the brows of the all-virtuous Reſchid!"

"No, monſter! (exclaimed the youth, ſnatching the paper from his hand); think not to ſave thy life by a recital of premeditated crimes. Die! a victim to the vengeance of Virtue." He then raiſed his ſcymitar; and in a moment the ſoul of Bagoas was plunged in the boiling flood of Phlegethon.

Filled with rage and indignation, the infuriated Perſian left his apartment, and inſtantly ſought the preſence of the Emperor. He found him ſeated on the Imperial throne, ſurrounded by the Emirs, his Viziers, and his Satraps, together with his ſon, adminiſtering juſtice to the ſons of Perſia. As Reſchid approached, every ſuppliant gave way; and, proſtrating himſelf three times before the Emperor, he thus addreſſed him—

"May the ſun of Proſperity beam for ever on the head of my ſovereign, and the opaque clouds of Misfortune be diſſipated by the luſtre of his virtues. May the fiends of Faction be ſuppreſſed, and the demons of Treaſon fall down vanquiſhed before thee. Know, O Sovereign! at this moment, did the peſtilential hag, Rebellion, call together

together her Pandemonium; and even-thine own offſpring became unknowingly the pander of her guilt! —Yes, Oſmyn! the infamous eunuch, who was ſent to poiſon me, even he would, ere now, have bereft thy father of his power.—Behold, O Sovereign! the names of the conſpirators!—and acknowledge, O Oſmyn! the influence of Virtue."

"I do! I do! (cried the repentant Oſmyn, leaping from his ſeat, and embracing the noble Reſchid).—Almena ſhall henceforward be thine; and I will ſeek, by a long train of kindneſſes, to obliterate from thy memory the remembrance of my guilt."

The ſurrounding crowds rent the air with applauſes; and, while the bowſtrings encircled the necks of the rebels, Almena was united to her beloved Reſchid.

Learn hence, O ye ſons of power! that virtue alone is true glory to man; let ſycophants be rejected with diſdain; and, while Vice flies from the rays of Truth, bid Virtue and Religion blaze reſplendent through the world.

THE SONNET.

"COME here, come here, Henry! (cried my ſecond ſiſter as I entered the drawing-room, where ſhe ſtood, holding out a letter); I declare I have got a lover!" I ſprang forward: ſhe put the paper into my hand; wherein I ſaw written, in elegant characters, the following——

SONNET.

Thy ſlender form, whoſe grace enchants the ſight;
Thy cheek, where beauty ſpreads her ſofteſt roſe;
Thy boſom white; thy lip, where coral grows;
Thy eyes, where meekneſs ſheds diſſolving light;
Thy flaxen hair, entwin'd in ringlets bright,
On thee a more than magic pow'r beſtows!
But, ah! thoſe looks, which all thy ſoul diſcloſe,
Spotleſs and pure, as angels pinions white,

Awakes this heart to pain; for, with deep ſighs,
Thy morning walks I haunt; and often rove,
Unknown—perhaps unſeen—by her I love,
And catch new phrenzy from her dove-like eyes.
O! lovely maid, let thy all-conſcious heart
The name of him who loves, to thee impart.

ADOLPHUS H.

"Do you know this man, Aurora?" aſked I, fixing my eye on her, with true brotherly authority. I expected to ſee her bluſh, but ſhe did not; ſhe only laughed "Not I, indeed! The ſonnet is monſtrous pretty, for it proves me monſtrous handſome; and ſo I don't care a pin about who was the writer of it: I ſuppoſe, ſome elegant fellow; I hope ſo, at leaſt."—"Are you ſure of this, Aurora?"—"That I *am*! O if I *knew* the creature, I would have *ſuch* entertainment with him! A little coquetry ſits well upon me, don't it, Hal? You know you all tell me ſo, when I plague Scudamore." I looked at her with a ſmile—"If your ſwain was to ſee you *now*, Aurora, he would not talk of meekneſs and your eye together; at preſent, it is full of nothing but wicked triumph: how could he ſo miſtake! I never ſaw your eyes dove-like in all my life. Well! Love is blind, and has a powerful imagination."—"I allow that, (returned ſhe, archly laughing); and yet I think myſelf *tol-er-ab-ly* handſome."—"Devil doubt you, my dear!" replied I.—"But come, confeſs that you ſuſpect *ſomebody* to be the compoſer of theſe lines: your brother's honours are concerned in ſuch an affair."—"Pray, leave yourſelf out, Maſter Hal," cried ſhe, with a pretty kind of feigned ſcorn, putting up her vermillion lip; "you have a vaſt deal of honour at ſixteen, to be ſure! Conſider, boy, I am a full year older than you: certainly I know how to deport myſelf in theſe matters."

I was going to reply, when my eldeſt ſiſter entered. She is, indeed, mildneſs and modeſty itſelf: to features

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and complexion ſimilar to thoſe of Aurora, ſhe adds the moſt touching expreſſion of countenance and manner; her form is at once light, graceful, and dignified; and her large blue eyes are filled with a languiſhing luſtre, inſpiring *that* love her ſuperior beauty inſtantly proves the temerity of. Aurora flew to her in a moment; and, in her gayeſt ſtyle, informed her ſiſter of the letter ſhe had received; which came, ſhe ſaid, by a ſervant, who only waited to deliver it. Mary took it, with a ſmile of pleaſure to ſee her ſiſter's vanity ſo much gratified, and read it. When ſhe cloſed the paper, her cheek was like marble; and a tear, which ſhe ſtrove to hide, trembled in her eye. "Can you gueſs at the writer of this?" aſked I, earneſtly. "I "think I can," returned ſhe in an agitated voice. "If you remember, Aurora, there was a gentleman we uſed conſtanty to meet, in our morning-walks, in the Park." "O Lord! I do remember," exclaimed Aurora, interrupting her; "I ſaid once, he haunted us like our evil genius: a good, handſome wretch, if he had not looked ſo deſpairing. Really, he was very much in the habit of ſtaring at us; but, upon my life, I don't think that's him, for he gazed more at you than at me." Mary bluſhed; and the tear, before repreſſed, rolled over the bloom. She wiped it off haſtily. I obſerved it in ſilence. "I know it *is* him," replied ſhe in a ſtill lower tone;— "for his name agrees with this ſignature. It is Adolphus Haſtings."—"Adolphus Haſtings!" repeated I: "what, the elegant, accompliſhed, beautiful Earl of Bath, whoſe virtues and graces have been the ſubject of converſation ever ſince he emerged from college on the death of his father?"—"If it is the gentleman I mean," replied my ſiſter, ſtifling a ſigh, "it is. A friend of mine pointed him out to me, in one of our walks."—"Well, then," ſaid I, taking my wild ſiſter's hands in mine, whoſe eyes glittered with pleaſure, you have made a conqueſt of one of our fineſt young men of faſhion: his fortune and his merits entitle him to

your warmeſt approbation."—"I don't know that, though," returned Aurora, rolling her large eyes with an air of conſequence; "but I'll *ſee*. If the filthy wretch is any thing decent, on acquaintance, I *may* chance to ſhew him ſome compaſſion; and, at the end of a year, honour him ſo far as to——frown upon him."—"Go, you trifler!" ſeeing her laugh; "you don't know the value of the heart you have gained. It ſhall ſoon be *my* buſineſs to introduce myſelf to the young Earl, that I may really find out whether it *is* him, and whether he ſeriouſly thinks of putting a coronet on the head of a little giggling girl of ſeventeen, who has nothing to recommend her but a load of light hair, and a pair of ſwimming blue eyes: a wax doll would be full as pretty." Aurora ſnatched away her hand—"I don't care for *your* opinion, Sir! I'm a beauty, I tell you I *will* be one; for I have conquered the gallant Haſtings, the Sir Philip Sydney of 1796!" I ſaw, with anguiſh, that, while ſhe rattled on, Mary's eyes filled with tears! while bluſhes, like thoſe which virtuous ſhame calls to the face of diſappointed love, paſſed over her cheek. She roſe haſtily; and, ſaying ſhe was buſy in her writing-cloſet, quitted the apartment. I ſnatched up my hat; and, deſiring Aurora not to mention any thing of the note to my father or brothers, till I had come a little more into the ſecret of it, bade her adieu, and went in queſt of Spencer Harrington; who, I knew, had ſome knowledge of Lord Bath. I found him at home, and abruptly begged he would introduce me to his Lordſhip. "This *is* capital, to be ſure!" cried Spencer; "he has been *boring* me for this fortnight to introduce *him* at your father's."—"And why did you not?"—"O! becauſe I liked the fun of plaguing him; and, beſides, I forgot.—But, however, poſitively, if you are not engaged this evening, come with me, to ſup with Capt. Vanſittart, and you will meet him there."—Agreed!" ſaid I.

I went; and was introduced to Adolphus Haſtings, the

in whom I found, united, the intelligent, the gentle, the elegant, and the unaffuming. His perſon is lovely, and his manners are irreſiſtibly faſcinating. He talked to me of my ſiſters, with that ſort of trembling agitation, which fully proved to me that Mary was right. I was amazed to find that he took but little notice of the younger, and dwelt with a kind of enraptured tenderneſs on the modeſt graces of Mary. I thought it odd; and reſolved to ſettle the doubts I began to entertain, in an inſtant. "Mad as my younger ſiſter is," ſaid I, "and inferior as her perſon is to her ſiſter's; yet this day ſhe received a letter from a gentleman—a Sonnet, I ſhould ſay—breathing love and admiration, and ſigned Adolphus."—"Curſe on his ſtupidity!" cried Lord Bath, fiercely; "what a miſtake!"—"Did you write it then?" He bluſhed—"I did, Sir," ſaid he, after a pauſe; "and am not aſhamed to own, that the charms of your eldeſt ſiſter have gained my tendereſt love. I glory in avowing it; and, if her mind accords with the lovely expreſſion of her beautiful face, I will lay my hand and fortune before her. O Heaven! How ſhall I explain this to your ſiſter? I told my blockhead to deliver the letter into the hands of Miſs De Burghe, not Aurora De Burghe; and gave it him without a direction, leſt it ſhould fall into the way of your father. Fool! Idiot! Sot! I ſuppoſe his ſilly brain was confuſed with my orders, and reverſed them. Good God! how ſhall I act after this?"—"Leave explanations to me," ſaid I, ſmiling; "I'll anſwer for better ſucceſs with Mary than you would have had with Aurora." He thanked me fervently, and we parted ſoon after.

The next day, I took my two ſiſters into the ſtudy, and knocked poor Aurora's vanity on the head in a moment. I ſaw the burning bluſh of tranſport ſuſh the cheek of Mary; her eyes ſpoke all that I could wiſh. Aurora ſat whimſically twiſting her thumbs, and crying out—"Ah! poor girl, where's all your beauty now? all your pretty coquetry? Where is the

ſplendid coronet, which laſt night glittered, in idea, on your brow? Where are all your houſes, horſes, ſervants, routs, balls, lovers, enviers, jewels, and all the dear glare of rank and fortune? Where are they? Ah! they are fled, "Like the baſeleſs frabric of a viſion," and have "left not a wreck behind!" Faith, I believe I muſt content myſelf, at laſt, with mad Scudamore, in a red coat and a plain curricle, with only a couple of ſervants. O! *ſuch* a come-down!—"What ſay you Mary?" ſaid I, tenderly: do not be aſhamed, my ſiſter; you have ſeen and heard of Lord Bath often enough to juſtify a partiality for him." She looked down—"Well, then, Henry, I confeſs I am truly ſenſible of the merits of Adolphus Haſtings; that I have ſeen him in our walks with more than indifference." I claſped her in my arms, and preſſed her bluſhing cheek to mine with fond delight: a delight which none but brothers, who love their ſiſters as dearly as I do, can ever imagine. The young Earl was that day introduced at our houſe, and is now the received lover of the gentle Mary. DE BURGHE.

GLEANINGS THROUGH WALES, HOLLAND, AND WESTPHALIA. BY MR PRATT.

THIS ſprightly and inventive writer, who has already contributed to the amuſement of the public by various literary performances, here offers to it a very miſcellaneous entertainment, conſiſting of articles *gleaned* from travelling obſervations, or ſupplied by his fancy, and ſerved up with little form or method. As a traveller, he certainly ranks with the *ſentimental*, and poſſeſſes legitimate claims to the notice of thoſe who are pleaſed with productions of that kind. A ſuperabundance of ſentimentality, and a propenſity to indulge in digreſſive matter, will be pardoned by good-natured readers; eſpecially if they conſider that three bulky volumes are not eaſily, without ſuch aid, compiled

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from objects and incidents occurring in a beaten tract. Nor is it probable that much objection will be made to a little innocent invention, exerciſed in throwing the matter of narrative into dialogue; or, perhaps, in adding or heightening circumſtances as occaſion may prompt.

Venial as theſe liberties may be, however, when the perſonages in the ſtory are nameleſs and obſcure, we cannot think ſo lightly of them in oppoſite caſes. We muſt, therefore, be permitted to enter, very ſeriouſly, our caveat againſt ſome things here recorded reſpecting the late Mr Howard; which, under the appearance of doing, and no doubt really meant to do, great honour to that celebrated philanthropiſt, have an extragavance in them that will naturally give offence to ſober minds; and which, moreover, in our apprehenſion, *cannot* be ſtrictly true. Mr H. (of whom Mr Pratt is a juſt but enthuſiaſtic admirer) certainly had his peculiarities, and his ſingular benevolence was one of them: but, had it led a perſon of his moderate fortune, and large calls, to laviſh *a thouſand pounds* in a fit of ſentiment on a perſon caſually known to him at an inn, it might well be ſuppoſed to indicate that irregularity of mind which many were too ready to impute ro him. The whole ſtory in which this fact is interwoven,—and which likewiſe diſplays a ſimilar gift, and three or four weeks gratuitous attendance, from a Quaker phyſician of great practice in London, on behalf of an old acquaintance in Wales,—is ſurely a fiction, or groſs exaggeration, fit rather for the times of the Saracen Caliphs than for our days. Mr Howard knew the value of money well; and though he prized it little for the pleaſures which it could procure for himſelf, he was a careful ſteward of it for the demands of others. Various circumſtances relative to his manners and character are, *to our knowledge*, greatly, though, we ſuppoſe, not intentionally, miſrepreſented or overcharged in this work; and a ſuppoſed dialogue between the author

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and Mr H. is not at all in the ſtyle of the latter. We ſpeak freely on this matter, becauſe we feel it to be of conſequence; and our tenderneſs for a pleaſing writer muſt in this caſe give way to our ſenſe of juſtice and propriety.

We now proceed to the more agreeable taſk of laying before our readers a ſketch of the entertainment which they may expect from this work; or as to an exact analyſis, that would be an idle attempt. A great part of the firſt volume conſiſts of *gleanings* from Wales, compoſed of ſome pretty deſcriptions, and intereſting ſentimental ſtories; which will be read with pleaſure by thoſe who are not too critical, and whoſe patience is proof againſt a rambling prolixity, ſometimes rather conducing to ſwell the book than to improve the tale. The concluſion of the volume welcomes the reader to Holland, and treats him with ſome hiſtorical anecdotes and reflections preparatory to his tour through that country.

Vol. II. is entirely devoted to Holland, and contains information uſeful to travellers, as well as amuſing to readers. Some things in it, however, are not produced from the *beſt authority*; and a good deal might have been omitted with little abatement to the value of the work. We ſelect, as no unfavourable ſpecimen of the author's matter and manner, a ſcene apparently taken from the life:

'I ſummon your attention to what was, at the time it happened, a very general object of curioſity—no leſs than a public diſplay of the Prince, Princeſs, and family of Orange, in a walk round the Fair, with the annual ceremonies of that exhibition, and its effects.

'This great event took place at the Hague, on or about twelve minutes paſt three o'clock, an hour at which the *public* have returned from their dinners; and the *world*, by which are meant the few for whoſe pride and pleaſure they think it was made, have juſt finiſhed their toilette. The truth of the time, when this walk-

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ing pageant happened, lay preciſely betwixt the third and fourth hour: a circumſtance about which I am particular for the uſe of ſome future hiſtorian who may think fit to record it for the benefit of future poſterity. We have ſeen, you will allow, the chronology of equally important actions ſettled with no leſs ſolemnity, for which precious morſels of biographical accuracy, if poſterity are thankleſs, their ingratitude be upon their heads. Authors can only deſcribe illuſtrious deeds, but cannot be reſponſible for their impreſſions. On ſuch a day, then, at ſuch a point of time, and on a day which, no doubt, was "ſent as if meant t'invite the world abroad," their Royal Highneſſes the Prince and Princeſs of Orange, ſurrounded by their ſplendid ſuits, the lords and ladies of the court, and in their gala ſmiles and habits, came forth from their palace, or rather pleaſure-houſe in the wood, to be ſtared at by the mob.

'The ſaid mob received them in the uſual manner, crowded about them, followed their heels, half ſmothered them with the duſt, which curioſity always raiſes on ſuch occaſions—devoured them with their eyes, or ſuffocated them with their breath. Rather an heavy tax, which little folks levy on great ones! but which theſe latter pay, well pleaſed, for admiration from the former, and think themſelves gainers! But, in the inſtance before us, policy, more than the love of fame, was the active agent.

'It had been lately neceſſary to hold the reins of government with a ſtricter hand than uſual; on account of certain internal diſorders, concerning which, I ſhall in due time expatiate; and the Orange party, though happily fixed more ſtrongly than before, were anxious to attemper the neceſſary rigour which had been in certain caſes found neceſſary, with ſome after acts of condeſcenſion. And this was no bad opportunity.—You ſhall hear how their Highneſſes profited of it. The Prince and Princeſs made a pauſe at every ſhop, purchaſing,

purchaſing at each a great variety of articles, ſom
of which they took as firſt coming to hand, and other
they ſelected. Theſe articles were given firſt to th
pages, then the other ſubordinate officers of the ſuit
and then, for the want of more than two hands a-piec
to the other courtiers without exception, till ever
lord or lady in the train was labouring, in an exceſſiv
hot day, with his or her load, like a parcel of footm
lacqueying a modern fine lady on a ſhopping day.
was curious to ſee what heavy burdens your true coun
bred ladies and gentlemen can bear in the ſervice o
their Prince, aye and bear ſmilingly. All this tim
their *chapeaus* were under their arms; their pocket
ſtuck out with fairings, like an aſs's panniers, and lit
that enduring animal they appeared to be ſo familia
with ſlavery, that they took patiently what nothin
but a beaſt of burden would deign to carry. Th
high blood of a generous horſe would have lifted up h
heel at the attempt of ſuch an inſult; a filly fo
would have ſnorted diſdain, and the very fore-horſe o
a team would have rung his bells with indignation.
As Benedict ſays, "An oak with but one green leaf o
it, would have refuſed" to fetch and carry in this cu
or courtier-like manner.

'But an oak is not the proper emblem of theſe ob
ſequious perſonages. They rather reſemble the oſie
whoſe pliability

"Can turn, and turn again,
And be obedient".

to every ſlaviſh purpoſe. I do not know I ever fel
my blood more thoroughly chafed; and yet the ſen
ſation was not without that ſort of pleaſure which
derived from a triumphant ridicule—to ſee thoſe *ſer
vants in office* ſtepping forward, officiouſly, as if zealou
to diſtinguiſh themſelves by ſhewing who could be
do the moſt abject work of it, who, nevertheleſs, woul
not carry the weight of a penny-loaf half a mile l
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keep a poor wretch from ſtarving, and would think a requeſt of the labourer, (that might be ſtruck with a palſy) to take his ſickle, his ſcythe, or other implement, to his cottage, the moſt daring piece of aſſurance. For more than an hour they took the rounds of this extenſive fair with their reſpective loads; one, a jar of ſweetmeats; another, of pickles; a third, a box of ribbons; a fourth, a box of perfumes; a fifth, a piece of ſilk; a ſixth, of ſilver; a ſeventh, a baſket of toys; an eight, a baſket of artificial flowers. I particularly obſerved a maid of honour carrying a couple of wooden muſkets, and the Prince's chief greffier, or ſecretary, loaded with eſſence-boxes. I am a friend to the proper diſtinction and ranks of ſociety; without a juſt, though not ſervile, attention to which, I think, indeed, ſociety cannot ſubſiſt, or ſubſiſt, as the world might be ſuppoſed to do, in anarchy before the Creator put it into order; and I believe you know me to be the laſt man who would, in any way, wiſh to ſee "Chaos come again!" but the *proceſſion* of the Dutch courtiers round the Hague, under the burden of the fairings, now truly ridicrous, eſpecially as many purchaſes were of a ſize and bulk to make half our London footmen throw up their places, rather than conſent to ſuch drudgery, even on the ſcore of weight.—But gentlemen in office, you know, never *reſign* their places, till they are turned out of them, very often without the benefit of the warning their loweſt ſervants have a right to claim.

'It would have diverted you alſo to obſerve the trembling kind of deference with which the ſhop men and women received the princely purchaſers, *en paſſant*.—While the latter were buying away at one booth, I could ſee the former putting themſelves into a fit attitude to greet their Highneſſes, at the ſame time holding in each hand what they conceived to be the moſt attracting (and what they knew to be the moſt coſtly) articles in their booths.

Vol.

Vol. III. introduces the reader to Weſtphalia; not, however, without retroſpects to Holland. The duchy of Cleves affords ſome matter for agreeable deſcription, and is made the ſcene of ſome pretty ſtories; of which we like beſt the Canary, though it is not without palpable imitations of Sterne. It is a pity, however, that Mr P. does not know when to have done with a ſubject: ſince there cannot be a worſe effect than to convert into tedioufneſs that which would otherwiſe be lively or pathetic, by ſpinning out the thread too fine. Some uſeful cautions are given againſt German impoſition; and ſome good admonition is beſtowed on Engliſh travellers, whoſe abſurd profuſion or culpable negligence every where invites the rapacity of which they almoſt uniformly feel the effects. The account of a Dutch *drum*, ſaid to be communicated by a lady, is a humourous piece of painting, with which we ſhall gratify our readers.

"Two of the largeſt rooms in the houſe are always appropriated to the occaſion: the better if they communicate, as is indeed uſual abroad, but that is not material. Card-tables are to be ſet in the four corners of each room; the middle being kept perfectly clear,—the place of honour is always determined to be on the right hand-ſide of the pier-glaſs. From each ſide of this glaſs you are to place two rows of chairs, with a ſquare box called a ſtove, at the foot of each chair; and, if in winter, you are to take care theſe ſtoves are well ſupplied with burning turf, or rather with the live aſhes of turf; and, if in ſummer, the fire is to be omitted, as a Dutch woman is too much in the habit of canting up her legs on theſe abominable little footſtools to ſit comfortably without them, and in the cold weather ſhe could neither uſe her hands, or arms, without ſmoke-drying her feet.—By the gentleman's ſeats you place ſpitting-boxes; and, as if theſe would not hold enough, a dozen or two of ſpitting-pots are to be ſet on the ſide-tables, or to grace the corner of the

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card equipage: ſeveral ſlates and pencils are alſo to be provided. All the plate you can muſter is to be crowded on the grand ſideboard, and at leaſt an hundred tobacco-pipes, with taſteful devices wrapp'd about them, not forgetting half a dozen pound-boxes of tobacco, with a ſuitable ſervice of ſtoppers.

'Theſe preparations being ſettled, you are ready to receive the company, who begin to appear at your Dutch-drum about *five in the afternoon!* The *reigning* burgomaſter's wife enters firſt. You are to receive her at the door, after a good run to meet her, (by way of teſtifying your joy), with a dead ſtop; and you are to take care that your curteſy is at leaſt as profound as hers; the better if a little deeper. And if you would adopt the faſhion of this country, you ſhould revive one of your boarding-ſchool ſinkings at the commencement of a minuet, or one of your ſchool reverences to your governeſs on leaving the room. You are to take her by the hand, you are to ſay you are extremely honoured by the viſit, and then *kiſs her three times!* Then lead her to the right-hand ſide of the glaſs,—order a burning red-hot ſtove to be put under her petticoats,—(the genteeler if you condeſcend to place it yourſelf), and then recieve the reſt of the company, *ſtoving* them, and *kiſſing* in the ſame manner; more carefully however *placing* them according to their *rank in the town or village*, than if they were ſo many Britiſh peereſſes to be ſettled by the High Steward, at the trial of a ſiſter peereſs for High Treaſon. When all the chairs are filled, you may order refreſhments.

'In the firſt place, tea is to be preſented three times round the room. This over, the card-tables are to be arranged, the ſtoves refreſhed, the pipes lighted, and the ſpitting-boxes begin to work. You are to preſent *four kings* to the burgomaſter's wife, and the three you mean to play at her table. To the next lady, in her rank, you preſent the *queens:* but make a memorandum, that, when once ſeated, no body ſtirs from

her table till the party breaks up at ten o'clock, ſo that you are fixed as a ſtatue for almoſt five hours. The refreſhments are to be handed about every *quarter of an hour*, but to vary, as to the collations. One quarter gives coffee, another wine, another liquor, another orgeat, and at every time the company eat and drink with unabated appetite; and thoſe who offer the moſt good things of this world, are made the moſt honourable mention of, in the annals of *contre viſitiſm*. The ceremonies of taking leave are like thoſe of entrance.

'It is to be obſerved, that when you give one of their viſits, it is not from your own invitation: the reigning burgomaſter ſends you word, if convenient, he will come to you in ſuch a day. If you accept the challenge, you are to ſend off your cards, in which you invite *the town* to meet him; who very obligingly obey the ſummons, whether they ever ſaw you before or no; or whether they ſhall ever ſee you again.

'All the ſmoking party keep their own room, but leave ſuch a ſtrong ſenſe of their orgies behind them, that it is neceſſary your houſe (if your noſe is not a native of Holland) ſhould perform a quarantine of a month before it can be purified.

'A *contre-viſite* ſeldom includes ſupper, but when a ſupper is to be given in Holland, it always comprehends cards and tea, with the immenſe et cetera of about eight times of coffee, as many cakes, wines, jellies, &c. &c. &c.; and ſuppoſing theſe to begin at half paſt five, and ſupper to be on the table at half paſt ten, though the intermediate hours are fully employed in eating and drinking, it does not in the leaſt prevent the ſupper being devoured, as King Richard voraciouſly ſays, "marrow, bones and all," for though in general life, at *home*, the Dutch eat but little of ſolid food, they pay it off *abroad* with moſt incontinent rapacity. Indeed, they ſeem, like certain wild beaſts in training for the grand gorging day, when they are to

be

be turned out upon criminals, to reſerve themſelves for theſe great public occaſions: and a Dutch ſupper, at the end of five hours ſtuffing, might very well furniſh out one of our Lord Mayor's feaſts, and ſatisfy all the manſion-houſe monſters on any one of the important days.

'Big with the fate of turkies, and of geeſe!'

The *gleanings* of this volume terminate with a detail of many of the perſecutions and cruelties to which the French Revolution has given birth, interſperſed with reflections: but the power of language is little wanted to excite horror and deteſtation at the enormities which were committed by furious mobs, or under the bloody adminiſtration of Robeſpierre; and even though the roaſting and eating ſtories ſhould be thought to want a better voucher, enough will remain on the records of real hiſtory to make the tale ever painful to the lovers of liberty and humanity.

Various pieces of poetry, original, or reprinted, are interſperſed through theſe volumes; and the third cloſes with a new edition of the very ample poem intitled HUMANITY, firſt publiſhed in the year 1788. It is curtailed of ſome pages, and corrected in ſeveral parts; the writer having with good ſenſe availed himſelf of the criticiſms which were made on it.

CHARACTERISTIC PICTURE OF THE BAVARIANS.

"A PICTURE of the Bavarian character and manners, by Hogarth, would be extremely intereſting. Great ſingularity of character is often to be met with in England; but what Bavaria offers exceeds any thing to be ſeen elſewhere. You know I am no painter; ſo if I endeavour to point out to you the peculiarities of Bavaria in the abſtract, my deſcript; ons

will have none of that life and expreſſion which diſtinguiſh Hogarth's groups, or Shakeſpeare's ſcene; however, I will do my endeavour.

"To proceed methodically—for you cannot conceive what a method ſticks to me in all I do, ſince I have breathed the air of Germany—I ſhall anatomiſe the body of the Bavarian, before I proceed to the analyſis of his mind. In general, the Bavarian is ſtout bodied, muſcular, and fleſhy. There are, however, ſome ſlender people among them, who may paſs for handſome. They are ſomething leſs roſy cheeked than the Suabians, a difference probably ariſing from their drinking beer inſtead of wine, as the others do.

"The characteriſtic of a Bavarian is a very round head, a little peaked chin, a large belly, and a pale complexion. Many of them look like caricatures of man. They have great fat bellies, ſhort clubbed feet, narrow ſhoulders, a thick round head, and ſhort necks. They are heavy and aukward in their carriage, and their ſmall eyes betray a great deal of roguery. The women, in general, are ſome of the moſt beautiful creatures in the world. They are indeed ſomething groſs, but their ſkin ſurpaſſes all the carnation ever uſed by painters: the pureſt lily white is ſoftly tinged with purple, as if by the hands of the graces. I ſaw ſome peaſant girls with ſuch clear complexions, that they appeared quite tranſparent. They are well ſhaped, and more lively and graceful in their geſtures than the men.

"In the capital they dreſs in the French ſtyle, or at leaſt imagine that they do ſo, for the men are ſtill too fond of gold and mixed colours. The country people dreſs without any taſte at all. The chief ornament of the men is a long, broad waiſtcoat, ſtrangely embroidered, from which their breeches hang very low and looſe, probably to give free play to their bellies, which is the chief part of a Bavarian. The women diſguiſe themſelves with a ſort of ſtay in the

ſhape

ſhape of a funnel, which cover the breaſt and ſhoulders, ſo as to hide the whole neck. This ſtiff dreſs is covered with ſilver beads, and thickly overlaid with ſilver chains. In many places the houſewife has a bunch of keys, and a knife appendant to a girdle, which reach almoſt to the ground.

"As to the characters and manners of the Bavarians, the inhabitants of the capital naturally differ very much from the country-people. The character of the inhabitants of Munich is a riddle to me, and would remain ſo if I were to ſtay here many years. I believe, indeed, that it may be truly ſaid that they have no character at all. Their manners are corrupt, as muſt be the caſe with forty thouſand men who depend entirely on a court, and for the moſt part go idle at its expence.

"Amongſt the great nobles you meet here, as well as elſewhere, with very well bred, and polite people; but the people, taking the word in its full extent, are in an eminent degree deſtitute of any ſenſe of honour, without education, without any activity for the ſtate, attachment to the country, or generous feeling whatever. The fortunes of this place are from 1500 to three or four thouſand pounds *per annum*, but the poſſeſſors know no other uſe of their money, than to ſpend it in ſenſual gratifications. Many good houſes have been entirely ruined by play. The faſhionable game at the court was formerly called *zwicken*, or *pinch*; but ſince Hombeſch, the miniſter of finance, has pinched their ſalaries ſo confoundedly, they call it *Hombeſch*. Many of the court-ladies know of no other employment than playing with their parrots, their dogs, or their cats. One of the principal ladies whom I am acquainted with, keeps a hall full of cats, and two or three maids to attend them: ſhe converſes half the day long with them, often ſerves them herſelf with coffee and ſugar, and dreſſes them according to her fancy, differently every day.

"The ſmall nobles, and ſervants of the court, have a pitiable paſſion for titles. Before the preſent elector came here, the place ſwarmed with Excellencies, Honourable, and Right Honourable. As this was not the cuſtom at Manheim, an order was made to aſcertain the different ranks of nobleſſe. All thoſe whom it deprived of Excellency, Honourable, &c. and particularly (would you think it?) the women, were ſunk in deſpair, and for the firſt time, complaints were made of tyranny, of which none before ſeemed to have any conception.

"The remainder of the inhabitants are immerſed in the moſt ſcandalous debauchery. Every night the ſtreets re-echo with the noiſe of drunkards iſſuing from the numerous taverns where they have been revelling and dancing. Whoever is at all noble here muſt keep his miſtreſs; the reſt indulge in promiſcuous love. In this reſpect things are not much better in the country.

"Bavaria, indeed, well deſerves the character given it by an officer of Gaſcony, of being the greateſt brothel in the world.

"The country-people are extremely dirty. A few miles diſtant from the capital, one would hardly take the hovels of the peaſants for the habitations of men. Many of them have large puddles before the door of their houſes, and are obliged to ſtep over planks into them. The thatched roofs of the country-people, in many parts of France, have a much better appearance, than the miſerable huts of the Bavarian peaſants; the roofs of which are covered with ſtones, in order that the ſlates may not be carried away by the wind. Mean as this looks, cheap as nails are in the country, and often as half the roofs are torn away by ſtrong winds, yet cannot the rich farmer be perſuaded to nail his ſhingles properly together. In ſhort, from the court to the ſmalleſt cottage, indolence is the moſt predominant part of the character of the Bavarian.

"This

"This great indolence is contrasted, in an extraordinary manner, with a still higher degree of bigotry. I happened to stroll into a dark, black country beer-house, filled with clouds of tobacco, and on entering was almost stunned with the noise of the drinkers. By degrees, however, my eyes penetrated through the thick vapours, when I discovered the priest of the place in the middle of fifteen or twenty drunken fellows. His black coat was just as much bedaubed as the frocks of his flock, and like the rest of them, he had cards in his left hand, which he struck so forcibly on the dirty table, that the whole chamber trembled. At first, I was shocked at the violent abuse they gave each other, and thought they were quarrelling; but soon found that all the black-guard appellations which shocked me, were only modes of friendly salutation among them. Every one of them had now drank his six or eight pots of beer, and they desired the landlord to give each a dram of brandy, by way, they said, of locking the stomach. But now their good humour departed, and I presently saw, in all their looks and gestures, the most serious preparation for a fray. This at length broke out. At first the priest took pains to suppress it. He swore and roared at last as much as the rest. Now one seized a pot and threw it at his adversary's head; another clenched his fist, a third pulled the legs from a stool to knock his enemy on the head. Every thing, in short, seemed to speak blood and death; when on the ringing of the bell for evening prayer, 'Ave Maria ye—!' cried the priest and down dropped their arms, they pulled off their bonnets, folded their hands, and repeated their Ave Marias. It put me in mind of the adventure in Don Quixote, where peace is suddenly restored in the great fray, on account of the helmet of Mambrino, and the ass's collar, by their collection of what passed in the Agramantine camp. As soon, however, as prayers were over, they were all seized again with their former fury, which was the more violent, from the momentary

mentary interruption it had met with. Pots and glaſſes began to fly. I obſerved the curate creep under the table for ſecurity, and I withdrew into the landlord's bed-chamber.

"The ſame ſcenes occur in the inland towns, among the citizens, officers, clergymen, and ſtudents. They all ſalute each other with abuſive language; all vie in hard drinking; and cloſe to every church, which are ſcarce leſs than 28,700, there is regulary a beer-houſe and a brothel. A ſtudent at the univerſity of Ingolſtadt muſt carry a thick cudgel, and wear a neat cut hat; he muſt be able to drink from eight to ten quarts of beer at a ſitting, and be always ready to fight right or wrong, with the officers of the garriſon that are quartered there.—You may ſuppoſe that this does not tend to raiſe the reputation of the univerſity, which is, indeed, but thinly viſited, though the profeſſors are able men and do their duty, although a proclamation came out ſome years ſince, to forbid any Bavarian from ſtudying out of the country.

"No pen can deſcribe the ridiculous mixtures of debauchery and devotion which every day happen. The moſt notorious is that which took place in the church of St Mary, Oettingen, a few years ſince, when a prieſt actually deflowered a girl whom he had long purſued, and could only make a prize of there before the altar of the Virgin.

The country people join to their indolence and devotion a certain ferocity of temper, which often gives riſe to bloody ſcenes. When they mean to praiſe a church holiday, or ſome public feſtival which has lately been kept, they ſay,—ſuch a one was a charming affair; there were ſix or eight people killed or made cripples at it. If nothing of this kind has been done, it is called a mere nothing, a fiddle-faddle buſineſs. In the laſt century, and the beginning of this, the Bavarian troops maintained the firſt reputation among the German forces. At the battle of Hogſtedt, they

kept

kept their ground, and imagined themſelves victors, till the elector, who led them, was informed that the French had given way in the other wing. Under Tilly and Merci they likewiſe did wonders; but ſince the time of theſe generals military diſcipline has ſo far relaxed amongſt them, that they are no longer ſoldiers. Indeed no people can ſhew more abhorrence to every thing which is called diſcipline and order, than the Bavarians do. They might, however, ſtill be uſeful as freebooters, whoſe robberies and all irregularities are more pardonable than thoſe of regular troops. There are bands of robbers about, which are one thouſand men ſtrong, and would undoubtedly make good ravaging parties in time of war. There have been inſtances of their fighting againſt the military, under bold leaders, to the very laſt man. But the pooreſt peaſant conſiders it as a hardſhip to be drafted into the regular troops of his prince.

"The inhabitants of the capital, on the other hand, are the moſt weak, timid, and ſubſervient people, in the world. They have no quickneſs of parts at all, and you will ſeek in vain in the town for that liberty, which ſometimes indeed degenerates into coarſeneſs of manners, but is ſtill the moſt agreeable trait in the character of the country people. Under the laſt government, while the people of Munich were crouching under a deſpotic miniſter, and only ventured to murmur in ſecret, the country-people diſcovered their diſcontent with a freedom which threatened dangerous conſequences. At the ſame time, an unbounded and inexpreſſible love for their prince prevailed on them to pull down the incloſures of their fields at the command of the maſter of the hounds, in order that the game might paſture there. They ſpake with raptures of the amiable qualities of their lord; indeed they did not paſs over his faults, but tried to excuſe him for them, and loaded his ſervants, without reſerve, with their heavieſt curſes; and thus gave every ſtranger a juſt idea of the court,

court, while the inhabitants of the town, in the dedicatory addreſſes of books and poems, extolled the tyrants of the land to heaven. The country-people judge as impartially of the preſent government. I ſhould not, however, have obtained any account of the prince or his ſervants, if I had not got acquainted with ſome foreign artiſts belonging to the court, who were more intereſted in the ſtate of them both than the natives, who were infatuated with their beer pots. Every ſhoe-black in Paris knows all the great people of the court, pries into their private life, as well as their politics, and condemns or approves at diſcretion; but here you meet with many court-counſellors and ſecretaries, who know nothing of the great people, except their names. To conclude, the unadulterated Bavarian peaſant is gruff, fat, dirty, lazy, drunken, and undiſciplined;—but he is brave, economical, patriotic, and ſuch a ſlave to his word, that when it has once been given, it is never broke. As to his hatred of regular diſcipline, it is partly owing to the diſcouragement thrown upon the military way of life by the clergy, and partly to their being no proviſion for diſabled ſoldiers. Something too ariſes from the prince's not being military; for in the year 1778, when the Imperial troops were recruiting at Straubingen, and carried about a picture of the Emperor in his uniform, many of the natives inliſted on hearing that the Emperor was a ſoldier.

LYCANDER.

AN OLD ENGLISH TALE.

IN that age, when Rome, claſhing her blood-ſtained ſword on her ſhield, bade defiance to the univerſe; when the Imperial eagle floated on every conquered wall; while Cæſar laid wrapt in the cold embraces of the tomb, and Britannia mourned in chains the departure

parture of her liberty; faſt by a wild, near where the city of Cambridge now ſtands, a venerable old Druid, named Thermoriſis, took up his habitation. His blooming conſort had been torn from his arms by the mercileſs Romans, after preſenting him a ſon, whom he named Lycander.

With all the care that the turtle-dove nouriſhes her young, did Thermoriſis nurture his ſon; and, as the youth grew in ſtature, he grew in virtue, piety, and honour. Oft would his father relate the warlike deeds of Caractacus, Togadamus, Cunobeline, and other renowned chiefs; and dwell on the happineſs of Britain in her priſtine freedom, and original independence, contraſted with the ſlavery ſhe then laboured under; teaching him to revere the one, and deteſt even the name of the other. The captivity of his mother, at other times, proved the topic of converſation; and the reſolute behaviour of the Britons, on the landing of Cæſar, cloſed the intereſting diſcourſe. The youth treaſured up every ſtory in his mind; and the germs of his underſtanding flouriſhed ardent in the cauſe of liberty and virtue. He was gradually wrought up to a ſpirit of enthuſiaſm; and thirſted as ardently to try his ſtrength in battle, on his proud oppreſſors, as the parched earth to receive the genial and refreſhing ſhowers of rain.

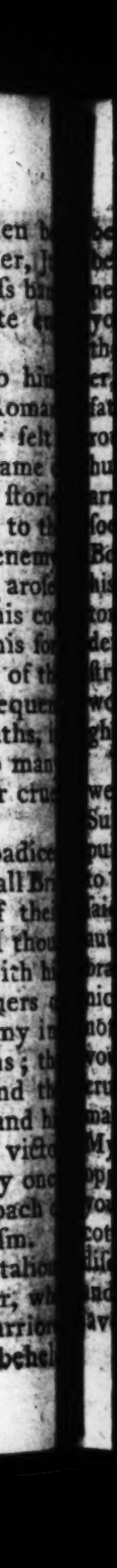
Lycander had ſcarcely arrived to manhood, when a melancholy opportunity preſented itſelf. As he was ſitting in his clay-built cot, ruminating on the ſlavery of his country, he was ſuddenly alarmed by the piercing cries of an aged perſon. He inſtantly aroſe; and, ſnatching up a huge club, ſallied forth to the aſſiſtance of the diſtreſſed. He had ſcarcely advanced a hundred paces, when he beheld his ſire, who had been out to gather fruits, binding in chains, by a party of Roman ſoldiers. Grief, indignation, and horror, aroſe in his mind; he flew to his father's reſcue on the wings of filial duty, and ſmote the firſt who oppoſed him to the ground.

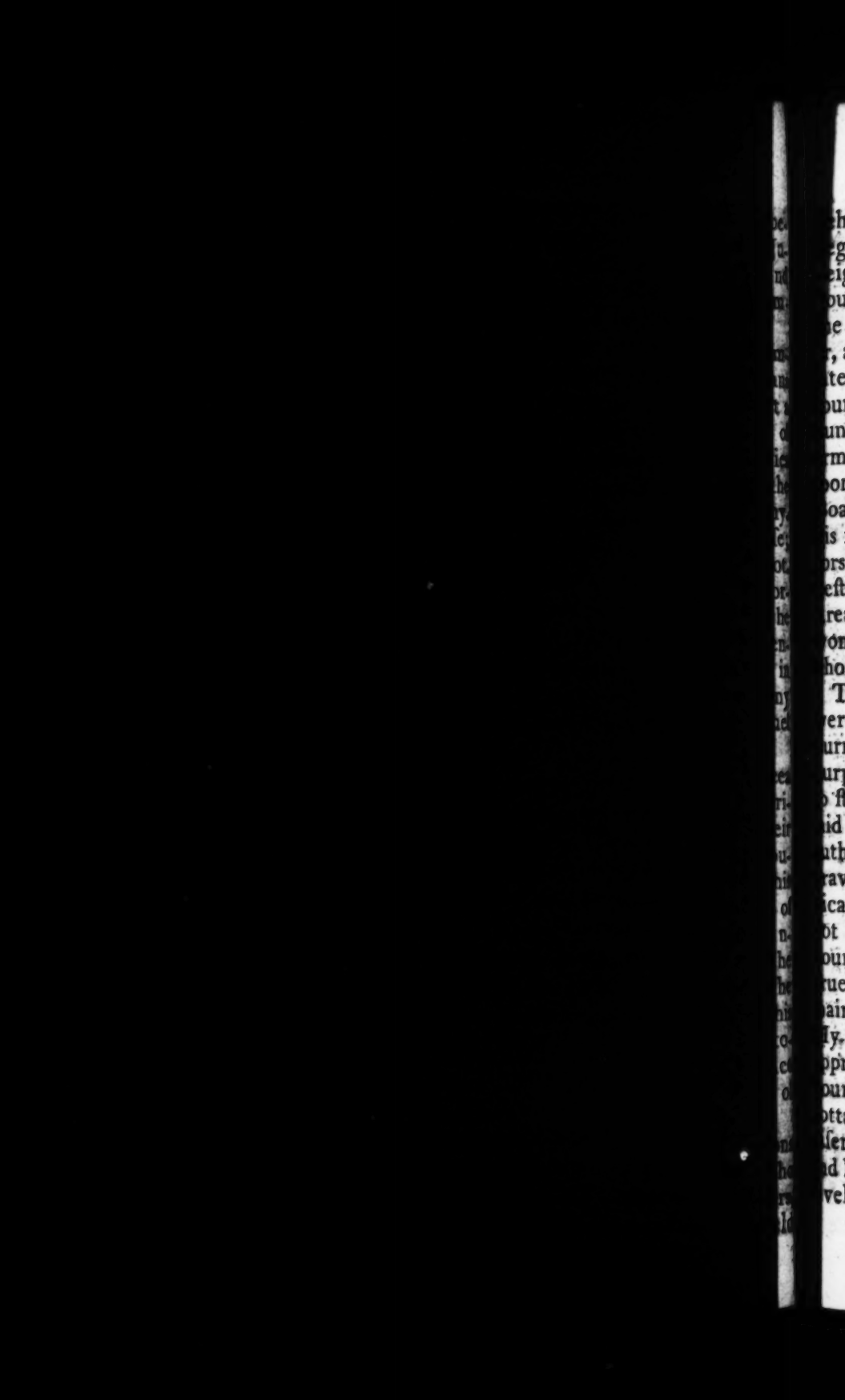
ground. Two of the ravagers had already fallen b
neath his arm; when a blow from the commander,
lius, felled him to the earth; while the mercileſs ba
hurried the weeping father from his affectionate e
brace.

It was a long time before Lycander came to hi
ſelf; and, when he did, his indignation at the Roma
revived with redoubled ardour. He no longer felt
flame raiſed by artificial means, but a divine flame
filiation and freedom. He called to mind the ſtori
which he had heard from his father, and vowed to t
gods an eternal hatred of the cruel and imperious enem
After having long lain bleeding on the ground, he aroſ
and, in the moſt dreadful anguiſh, approached his co
The wounds he had received, heightened by his ſo
row, approached a gangrene, till the application of th
all-powerful miſletoe diſpelled its baneful conſequen
ces. He now began to aſſociate with other youths,
ſecret and inacceſſible places; and there, like ſo man
Hannibals, they made ſolemn vows againſt their cru
invaders.

It was then that the bold and far-famed Boadice
headed her warlike Iceneans, and called aloud on all Br
tons to combine together for the attainment of the
primitive freedom. The pleaſing call animated thou
ſands; and among the reſt young Lycander, with h
valiant companions, haſtened to join the banners
that immortal heroine. In a ſhort time, her army in
creaſed, ſo that London itſelf fell before her arms; th
Prætor was defeated, his men were killed, and th
town of Camulodunum was taken by Lycander and h
fearleſs warriors. Every thing fell before their victo
rious enſigns; joy ſucceeded deſpair; and liberty onc
more reſumed its reign of felicity, till the approach
Suetonius revived the peſtilential flag of deſpotiſm.

On that ill-fated day, ſcarcely had the battalio
formed ready for war, when the gallant Lycander, wh
was in the firſt rank, at the head of his brave warrior
behel





held before him the deteſted Julius. The trumpets gan to ſound; the targets rattled; and the courſers, eighing, ruſhed forward to the battle; when the outhful Briton, driving his ſcythed chariot amidſt e Roman ranks, ſingled out the imperious command-, and diſpatched him in a moment to the ſhades. His te was what might be expected from his raſhneſs: ſur-ounded on every ſide, as the wild-boar by his cruel unters, after long withſtanding the force of a hundred rms, he fell bleeding to the earth. The battle was on decided; the carnage of the Britons completed; oadicea poiſoned; and Lycander, with numbers of is fellow-warriors, taken priſoners by the Roman vic-ors. Every thing proclaimed their cruelty. Rapine, eſtruction, and horror, marked their footſteps; blood reamed in every province; and even the blood of omen and children was pitileſsly poured to glut the hoſts of the ſlaughtered Romans.

Two days after the battle, Lycander, whoſe wounds ere but ſlight, was brought before the conqueror. urrounded by his peers and chiefs, mounted on a urple throne, and environed by the lictors, he thought ſtrike terror on the hardy warrior. "Barbarian!" id he, frowning ſternly, "how dared you reſiſt the uthority of your lawful ſovereign, and murder the raveſt of the Roman hoſt?"—"Imperious and tyran-ical Suetonius," replied the unpoliſhed Briton, "think ot to ſtrike terror on my dauntleſs ſoul! Your fa-ourite warrior ſeized on my aged father, and your uel ſoldiers have ſlaughtered my mother! I only re-ain of our family: ſtrike me, and the race is extinct! y heart is not to be melted by words, or ſoftened by ppreſſion. Would you wiſh to gain Lycander to our ſide, reſtore him his father, and leave him to his ottage. He aſks no wealth; he craves no aggran-ſement; give him but his parent, and his freedom, d he will yet live to bleſs you; ſmite him with your velin, and our race is no more!"

This reply, delivered with all the maſculine energy and firmneſs that can actuate the human frame, ſhook the pride, and melted the heart, of the generous Roman. Suetonius immediately reſtored Lycander to his father and his freedom; and made a decree, that they never more ſhould be moleſted by the Roman ſoldiers.

PICTURE OF MADAME ROLAND.

DRAWN BY HER OWN HAND.

IT may ſeem a little ſingular to our Engliſh ladies, that a woman of celebrity ſhould ſketch, for the public eye, a deſcription of her own perſon. They would, indeed, moſt probably entertain an idea that they might be ſuſpected of inſufferable vanity, if not great want of that feminine delicacy which ſo agreeably diſtinguiſhes our fair countrywomen; and which, we hope, they will never abandon, for the ſake of being eſteemed philoſophers in petticoats.

The celebrated and unfortunate Madame Roland, one of the chief revolutionary ladies of Paris, who has left her Appeal to Impartial Poſterity, and who loſt her life on the ſcaffold, at the age of thirty-nine, in conſequence of her political intrigues, during the *reign* of Robeſpierre, has, in that Appeal, thus deſcribed her own perſon—

"To the newly-acquired ſenſations of a frame ſanguine and well-organized, were inſenſibly joined all the modifications of a deſire to pleaſe. I loved to appear well dreſſed. This perhaps is as proper a place as any to introduce my portrait. At fourteen years, as now, my ſtature was preciſely five feet *, for I had completed

* *The French meaſure of a* foot *being conſiderably longer than ours, Madame Roland was much taller than an Engliſh reader would think her, on finding that her ſtature did not exceed* five feet.

completed my growth; my leg and foot were well formed; the hips full and bold; the cheſt large, and relieved by a fine boſom; my ſhoulders of an elegant form; my carriage firm and graceful; my walk light and quick: ſuch was the firſt *coup d'oeil*. The detail of my figure had nothing ſtriking in it, except a great freſhneſs of colour, and much ſoftneſs and expreſſion. In examining particulars—"Where," it might be ſaid, "is the beauty?" Not a feature is regular, but all pleaſe. The mouth is rather large; one ſees a thouſand more pretty: but where is there a ſmile ſo tender and ſeductive? The eye, on the contrary, is not large enough, and its iris of a greyiſh hue; but, placed on the ſurface of the face, the look open, frank, lively, and tender, crowned with brown eye-brows—the colour of my hair—and well delineated, it varies in its expreſſion, as the ſenſible heart of which it indicates the movements; ſerious and indignant, it ſometimes aſtoniſhes; but it charms oftener, and is always awake. The noſe gave me ſome uneaſineſs; I thought it too full at the end; nevertheleſs, conſidered with the reſt, and particularly in profile, the effect of the face was not injured by it. The forehead, broad, high, with the hair retiring, elevated eye-brows, and veins in the form of a Greek *Y*, that ſwelled at the ſlighteſt emotion, afforded an *enſemble* little allied to the inſignificance of ſo many countenances. As to the chin, which was rather retiring, it has the preciſe characters attributed by phyſiognomiſts to the voluptuary. Indeed, when I combine all the peculiarities of my character, I doubt if ever an individual was more formed for pleaſure, or has taſted it ſo little. The complexion was clear rather than fair, its colours vivid, frequently heightened by a ſudden boiling of the blood, occaſioned by nerves the moſt irritable; the ſkin ſoft and ſmooth; the arms finely rounded; the hand elegant, without being ſmall, becauſe the fingers, long and ſlender, announce dexterity, and preſerve grace; teeth white and well ranged; and, laſtly, the

plenitude and plumpneſs of perfect health. Such are the gifts with which Nature has endowed me. I have loſt many of them, particularly ſuch as depend on bloom and plenitude of figure; but thoſe which remain are ſufficient to conceal, without any aſſiſtance of art, five or ſix years of my age, and the perſons who ſee me muſt be informed of what it is, to believe me to be more than two or three and thirty. It is only ſince my beauty has faded that I have known what was its extent; while in its bloom I was unconſcious of its worth, and perhaps this ignorance augmented its value. I do not regret its loſs, becauſe I have never abuſed it; but if my duty could accord with my taſte, to leave leſs ineffective what remains of it, I certainly ſhould not be mortified. My portrait has frequently been drawn, painted, and engraved; but none of theſe imitations gave an idea of my perſon; it is difficult to ſeize, becauſe I have more ſoul than figure, more expreſſion than features. This a common artiſt cannot expreſs; it is probable even that he would not perceive it. My phyſiognomy kindles in proportion to the intereſt with which I am inſpired, in the ſame manner as my mind is developed in proportion to the mind by which I have to act. I find myſelf ſo dull with a number of people, that perceiving the abundance of my reſources with perſons of talents, I have imagined, in my ſimplicity, that to them alone I was indebted for it. I generally pleaſe, becauſe I have an averſion to offend; but it is not granted to all to find me handſome, or to diſcover what I am worth. I can ſuppoſe an old coxcomb enamoured of himſelf, and vain of diſplaying his ſlender ſtock of ſcience, fifty years in acquiring, who might ſee me for ten years together, without diſcovering that I could do more than caſt up a bill, or cut out a ſhirt. Camille Deſmoulins was right, when he expreſſed his amazement, that, "at my age, and with ſo little beauty," I had ſtill, what he calls adorers. I have never ſpoken to him; but, it is probable,

probable, that, with a perſon of his ſtamp, I ſhould be cold and ſilent, if not abſolutely repulſive. But he ſtumbled not upon the truth, in ſuppoſing me to hold a court. I hate gallants, as much as I deſpiſe ſlaves; and, I know perfectly how to baffle your complimenters. I have need, above all things, of eſteem and benevolence; admire me afterwards if you will; but I cannot live without being reſpected and cheriſhed: this ſeldom fails from thoſe who ſee me often, and who poſſeſs, at the ſame time, a ſound underſtanding and a heart."

We wiſh not to prejudice againſt this unhappy woman, but to hold up to due deteſtation the principles of *modern philoſophy*, of which ſhe was a rigid profeſſor, when we remark, that Madame Roland makes it a ſerious charge againſt her murdered Sovereign, the unfortunate Louis XVI. that he had the *weakneſs* to be afraid of *hell*; or, in other words, that he ſincerely believed in the doctrine taught by Chriſtianity, reſpecting a future *ſtate*!

THE HISTORY OF LAZETTA.

[From the Memoirs of Madame de Barneveldt, juſt publiſhed.]

AT a certain time of our life the fire of thoſe paſſions which have blazed in our youth is pretty well got under; and if any warmth remains, it is only then that the embers of ſenſibility, which ſhed a ſoft glow over our hearts to cheer us in the purſuit of more ſolid attainments. An old Counteſs reſided at the court of Florence, in all the *eclat* of a brilliant eſtabliſhment, till being arrived at that age when reaſon gathers together her reflecting powers, ſhe determined on quitting the gay world for the pleaſures of tranquil retirement. She had a daughter fifteen years

old, who ſhe took with her to one of their eſtates in the country, in order to finiſh her education: this young girl did not cheriſh the idea of ſolitude quite ſo fondly as her mother; the one retired to hide her growing infirmities; the other would have remained to enſlave mankind, by expoſing to their view her growing charms.

Beſides, fifty and fifteen, what ſort of companions would they make for each other?

The more ſhe thought on being confined to the ſight of her mother only, the more uncomfortable ſhe felt; ſeveral ſigns of ſecret inquietude eſcaped her, which the Counteſs perceived, and willing to remove her chagrin, fixed on a young lady, named Lazetta, to be her conſtant companion. She received her with joy; they loved each other ſincerely; and the Counteſs was pleaſed with this mutual friendſhip, becauſe in point of birth they were equal, though in fortune great, very great was the difference indeed: by the extravagance of a thoughtleſs father, Lazetta, at his death, found herſelf reduced to a horrible ſtate of dependence; ſhe was beautiful without vanity, wiſe without pretenſions, polite without conſtraint, complacent without meanneſs, and lively without affectation; in ſhort, ſhe poſſeſſed that happy art of univerſal enchantment, which Nature ſometimes beſtows on the moſt favoured of her children; ſo that it was no wonder both mother and daughter ſhould tenderly attach themſelves to an object every way ſo uncommonly amiable; *one* had hourly cauſe to congratulate herſelf on the choice ſhe had made; the *other* ſaw a bright example of all human perfection before her, which ſhe delighted to copy.

They have been ſettled ſome months in the country, when unfortunately the young Count, who had been abſent a year, came to make his mother a viſit; he ſaw Lazetta for the firſt time; he loved at the firſt ſight; and he loved her for ever. His ſoul was in

uniſon

uniſon with his eyes; that ſoul was full of Lazetta; they alone were permitted to declare its ſentiments, and they told them ſo plainly, that the Counteſs, who had expoſed him to this danger, but *too* well underſtood their language, and grew extremely uneaſy, watching every turn of his countenance, but huſhing her fears as well as ſhe could, by telling herſelf how impoſſible it was that a ſon of *hers*, though he might like the girl, would ever condeſcend to think of her but as an amuſement. This opinion ſhe ſoon eſtabliſhed as a fact; ſhe even was aſtoniſhed at her having thought ſeriouſly about the matter.

How abſurd to ſuppoſe a young man of his expectations would connect himſelf to poverty.

She did not know that young man inherited none of her avarice; ſhe did not ſurmiſe, that poor but accompliſhed Lazetta was dearer to him than all the wealth in the univerſe.

To ſmother his paſſion in ſilence would not always content ſo ardent a lover; he wiſhed to make his miſtreſs as perfect as himſelf in the leſſon his heart had taught him.

"I adore you, beautiful Lazetta," ſaid he; "my eyes have told you this truth a thouſand times before my lips ventured to pronounce it."

She betrayed neither ſurpriſe nor confuſion at receiving a declaration ſhe had long and fearfully expected; ſhe liſtened to him with firmneſs, but her anſwer did not flatter him; ſhe ſtifled an affection ardent as his own, whilſt, for the ſake of her benefactreſs, who could not be pleaſed with a union ſo much to his diſadvantage, ſhe gave to his intreaties a decided negative.

He was ignorant of her real ſentiments; he pined to death at her ſuppoſed indifference; ſhe would not more truſt herſelf alone with him; ſhe was always in his ſiſter's apartment, and thither he has conſtantly followed; yet to his ſiſter he durſt not open his heart,

leaſt

leaſt in the playfulneſs of her temper ſhe again ſhould let drop hints that might alarm the Counteſs, on whoſe bounty he ſolely depended: he knew what great views ſhe had formed for his eſtabliſhment; he conſidered how difficult it would be to humble her exalted projects; he grew ſad, and his ſadneſs ſoon put on the complexion of deſpair.

In a ſtate of utter deſpondency he went with the forlorn hope of obtaining an audience from his miſtreſs; her heart argued in his favour, and ſhe conſented to hear him. Cruel!" cried he, "will you never be touched by the woes you make me ſuffer?"

"Accuſe not me," replied ſhe; "I am neither cruel nor unjuſt; it is you who inflict on yourſelf the ſorrows of which you complain.

"Reflect on what you are; on what I am; think of the bars that divide us; ought we to give way to the paſſion which poſſeſſes us? She ſtopped at theſe words; ſhe turned pale, and repented that ſhe had uttered them.

The Count, tranſported with joy, ſeemed at once to have ſhook off all his troubles: "Since I am dear to you," he exclaimed, "my mother ſhall ſee me at her feet; ſhe will be touched with compaſſion; my ſiſter loves you; ſhe ſhall unite her prayers with mine; the Counteſs ſhall be melted by the tears of her children; ſhe will ſanction our innocent affection; ſhe will complete our felicity."

Lazetta, more prudent than the Count, did not give way to the influence of falſe hopes: "We ſhall never be ſo happy," ſaid ſhe; "nothing can be more deluſive than the expectations you have formed. No, no, do not conceive that the Counteſs will ever approve your choice, or that we ſhall ever be leſs unhappy; my fate attaches me to your ſiſter; my neceſſities fix me under the protection of your family; you have not the ſame reaſons to detain you on this ſpot; we ought to part; we muſt ſeparate; in pity leave me; in com-

paſſion return to Naples, from whence you came to trouble my repoſe; you will *there* recover your compoſure; you will there drive from your memory her who in ſolitude cauſes you ſo much vexation." As ſhe ſpoke, he regarded her with a mingled air of tenderneſs and reproach: "Ah!" cried he, "it is too plain that you meaſure my affection by the weakneſs of your own; you would ſee me depart from you; you expect that I ſhould forget you; recal your ſentence of baniſhment; ſoften this inflexible prudence; conſent that I ſhall ſpeak to my mother, or I bid her; my ſiſter, you, yes even you; I will bid all, all I hold moſt dear in the world, adieu for ever!"

Struck with his conſtancy, frightened by his threats, ſhe no longer with-held him from declaring to the Counteſs what were their ſentiments for each other. He went with this intention to her apartment; but the look with which he fancied ſhe received him threw a damp over his ſpirits that deprived him of all motion, except to fall at her feet, to hide his face in the folds of her robe, and in broken accents, to make the confeſſion of his deſperate love for Lazetta. "What!" cried his exaſperated mother, "dare you acknowledge to me this unpardonable preſumption? Dare you tell me you have fixed your affections on the poverty-ſtricken Lazetta, at ſhe very time when, by inceſſant application, I have procured for you one of the richeſt alliances in the kingdom! Raſh young man, you know my powers; you know my unbending diſpoſition; immediately renounce your romantic nonſenſe, or I ſwear, by the ſacred name of Heaven, to ſend from your ſight for ever the girl who has overturned your reaſon and reduced you to madneſs." A ſentence ſo haughtily, ſo decidedly pronounced, drove the Count from her preſence, in agonies not to be deſcribed; and ſhe, not truſting to any thing but her own management for a reform in his ſentiments, inſtantly cauſed a carriage to be made ready, and ordered Lazetta to enter it. The Count had walked out to recover

recover from the ſhock his mother's violence could not but coſt him; his ſiſter fell at her feet, and pleaded for them; the cruel woman was not ſoftened by the prayers of her daughter, or the tears of Lazetta; the weeping friends were torn from the arms of each other; ſhe was thruſt into the carriage; the horſes, as if they ſhared the Counteſs's impatience to get rid of ſo dangerous an inmate, flew with her from the caſtle, and were out of ſight in a moment.

It would be needleſs to talk about what were the frantic emotions of the Count when he came home and found that Lazetta had been ſpirited away; but the ſight of them had no effect on his mother, except to give her new occaſion for rejoicing at the wiſdom of her own conduct; yet, with addreſs peculiar to herſelf, menaces ſucceeded to careſſes, and careſſes to menaces, till ſhe had brought him to ſomething like reaſon, that made her hope he would in time forget the fair ſubject of his indiſcretion; whilſt, in truth, it was only for her ſake that he ever put on even the appearance of calmneſs; it was only to ſave her from the rage of his mother; for the ſame reaſon, though he found out that Lazetta was removed to the houſe of her aunt, he let a conſiderable time elaſpe before he attempted to ſee her: at length he could no longer reſiſt his inclinations, and ſtole a private interview, which the Counteſs never ſuſpected; but, delighted with the change in his humour, ſhe ſuppoſed he had vanquiſhed his imprudent paſſion. This calm did not laſt long; a gentleman who had happened by chance to ſee Lazetta, fell ſo violently in love with her, that he demanded her of the aunt in marriage. His propoſals were accepted by her, from the neceſſity of their ſituation; and the Count was ſoon informed of the whole tranſaction: what he had ſuffered before was in compariſon no more than the ſting of a gnat to the bite of a ſcorpion: he ran to her aunt; he offered her all he poſſeſſed in the world, if ſhe would

not

not ſacrifice her niece to his rival. Alas! ſaid ſhe, "what is it you aſk of me? You are no ſtranger to the misfortunes of my family; you know the deplorable ſtate of my niece, yet you perſuade me not to give her to a man of quality, whoſe riches will more than repair the injuries ſhe has ſuſtained from fortune; your ſituation truly touches me; I would guard her for you if I could do it with a conſcience free from reproach; but as it is, your own good ſenſe muſt tell you, that what you aſk of me it is impoſſible I ſhould be able to grant." Poor Count! diſtracted as he was, he ſaw too much truth in her aſſertion even for him to contradict it; and he cried out, in the paroxyſm of ungovernable grief, "Oh! that ſhe would marry me in ſpite of all oppoſition!" then ſeeming to recollect himſelf, he added; "Oh! no, no, this muſt not be; ſuch a ſtep would drive my mother to revenge it even by taking away the life of Lazetta; ſhe would be the firſt victim of her reſtleſs fury! What am I to do; Aid, adviſe, counſel me, I beſeech you!" What will ſignify the only advice I can give you," ſhe replied; it muſt be to forget my niece, and you will not ſubmit to my counſel," "But," ſaid he, "if you really feel for my misfortunes, accept my aſſiſtance; let me place you in a ſituation to guard my adorable Lazetta from the arms of another. Ah! I would tear her from the arms of another, and my death ſhould anſwer for the outrage."

"Stop?" cried ſhe, "you are running on at a ſtrange rate; what muſt the world believe us to be, if my niece were to take advantage of your liberality, or I ſhould permit her to accept favours from my hands but thoſe of a huſband?"

He fell on his knees; he forced upon her ſome valuable diamonds, which ſhe gently returned, but with an air of dignity that accompanied all her motions, and which he found irreſiſtible; ſo that he went back to the caſtle in a worſe ſtate than he left it. The prudent aunt had concealed her neice from his ſight, chuſing to keep

them aſunder at a juncture ſo critical; which equitable ſtrictneſs added nothing to his ſmall ſtore of comforts, for what has before melancholy, became phrenzy. The Counteſs eyed him with jealouſy, and fancied he muſt have ſeen his miſtreſs ſhe prohibited, but ſhe kept theſe thoughts to herſelf.

Next day the Count returned to the houſe where the treaſure of his ſoul was depoſited; he was not expected; he entered abruptly, he found her repoſing her languid head on the boſom of her affectionate aunt; his courage re-animated, he fell on his knees before them; he ſoon got Lazetta of his party; together they beſieged the heart of this reſpectable woman; one at a time ſhe might have reſiſted, but a union ſo ſweet, ſo ſtrong, ſo pathetic, made her better judgment captive to their will: ſhe reluctantly aſſented to their marriage, named the day when they ſhould meet to join their hands: and whilſt they enjoyed the tranſports of their own happineſs, ſhe arranged every thing for the ceremony ſo privately, that it never might have tranſpired, but for the gentleman to whom Lazetta had been promiſed. Without being the oſtenſible, he was the remote cauſe of its reaching the ears of the Counteſs; ſhe knew of his purpoſed alliance with the girl ſhe dreaded for her ſon; and being uneaſy that it was ſo long deferred, ſhe entered into a confidential diſſertation, ſo artfully contrived, that the intended bridegroom fell into the trap ſhe ſpread for him; and he confeſſed, that the lady's repugnance to his ſuit gave him no hope of ſucceſs: adding, for many weeks he could not even prevail on her to receive his viſits, which ſhe refuſed, ſometimes under pretence of indiſpoſition; at others ſhe was always from home when he called: in ſhort, ſo full was this diſappointed lover of his own misfortunes, that in complaining of them he let fall enough to alarm the Count's mother, who by her emiſſaries ſoon after came at the truth; when ſeizing on all the valuables ſhe had before preſented to

her ſon, and which in fact were her own property, as well as the whole riches of the family, ſhe ſent him her commands never to ſhew himſelf again in her preſence: nay, ſhe even kept her daughter pennyleſs, that ſhe might at no time have it in her power to aſſiſt her brother with the neceſſaries of life. The poor Count made many efforts to be recalled from baniſhment, but without ſucceſs: his wife's aunt, who on a very ſmall annuity ſupported them all, ſunk under the weight of their poverty, added to her own; ſo that now there remained nothing for him but his affection, his beautiful young Counteſs, and an infant ſhe had borne him. In hopes to melt the heart of his mother, he ſent her the child, yet ſhe turned it from the door, as ſhe had before done its father, without ſo much as once caſting her eyes on its lovely and innocent countenance.

Wild with deſpair, the Count forced his way to the preſence of this obdurate parent, whom he taxed with being the author of that crime or which ſhe now viſited him with unceaſing vengeance. "I have ſuffered," cried he, "all that your rage, joined to extreme indigence, can inflict: I am a father, without bread to ſuſtain that wretched being which is a part of yourſelf, yet you refuſe to take it under your protection—I owe the misfortune of your diſpleaſure to the temptation you placed in my path; how did you expect I could look on ſuch charms with impunity? you who have cauſed my diſtreſs, pity the conſequences of my error; hear the cries of your only ſon; receive him to the arms of your mercy, extend them to embrace the wife he adores, the child who can never have offended you, and who is dearer to him than his loathſome exiſtence."

"This is fine tragedy-cant," replied the impenetrable Counteſs; "you are no longer my ſon; I no longer acknowledge you; ſo far from being touched by your daring complaints, I behold your miſery without feeling it; I can even rejoice in your ſufferings, as the juſt puniſhment of your diſobedience."

"It is well, Madame," cried he, as he ran from her with marks of inſanity ſtamped on his features; "it is well that you can be gratified with the anguiſh of your ſon; you ſhall ſoon underſtand to what the greatneſs of his deſpair can reduce him." The barbarous anſwer of his mother he concealed from his wife, and for ſome time they contrived to ſubſiſt by the aid of their very few neighbours: but there is a ſort of pretended charity that grows languid by exerciſe, and this poor recourſe at laſt entirely failed them. Heaven, who gave them a ſon, demanded him from them, and the meaſure of their woes was filled.

This affectionate, but unfortunate and deſperate young couple, without friends, without ſubſiſtence, without hope, reſolved on quitting the world; one hid her ſorrows in a cloiſter, the other buried his griefs in a convent: entering into this ſevere penance for a paſſion they could not reſiſt; what a puniſhment did they inflict on themſelves to linger out their days of youth and love; ſeparated from each other to feed on tears; to loath life, to pray for diſſolution. Yet hard as this lot might appear, fortune was not yet tired of perſecuting them. Certain religious of the houſe Lazetta had choſen, learnt by ſome chance the adventures of their beautiful penitent, and formed ſo ſtrong a cabal againſt her, that ſhe was forced to quit their ſociety: a nun who felt for her misfortunes, wrote to a relation at Naples in her favour. Lazetta advertiſed her dear huſband of her removal after ſhe arrived there; his convent was in the ſame place, and ſhe requeſted of him an hour's audience. This new diſtreſs that had fallen on his ſtill adored Counteſs ſenſibly affected him: he dreaded to ſee her, becauſe his paſſion for her was as violent as ever, and he tenderly intreated ſhe would make choice of another retreat, without perſiſting in a wiſh, which if indulged, though the interview were to be only for a moment, might end in their eternal deſtruction.

The charming Lazetta found in the Count's anſwer ſomething

ſomething that ſhe miſconſtrued into cruelty, at leaſt indifference, and reſolved to ſee him: ſhe went to his convent; ſhe entered it whilſt he was at prayers with the reſt of his community; his down-caſt eyes, his arms folded on his penſive boſom, his fallen countenance ſallowed by grief; the habit of penitence that covered his waſted limbs: as ſhe gazed on him with intenſe ardour, her eyes were obſcured with tears, her hands expanded to heaven, and her feet were rooted to the earth: ſhe ſtrove to ſpeak, but it was only a groan that ſhe uttered. The Count ſtarted at the ſound of her voice: he ſaw her fall to the ground, he flew to ſupport her, he raiſed her in his arms, he claſped her to his heart, and from the boſom of this paſſionately beloved huſband the gentle ſpirit of Lazetta took its flight to the regions of immortality. The Count's ſoul, unable to ſuſtain the double ſhock of finding and loſing the object of its adoration in the ſame moment, gave indications of quitting its worn-out manſion of clay, which fell motionleſs by the ſide of his dead wife, from whence it was conveyed to his cell, where he concluded the ſhort remnant of his days in making preparations for a reunion to his Counteſs, which hard-heartedneſs could no more poiſon with its bitters, or death any more diſſolve.

DIEQUE AND THERESIA.

A TALE.

[From the Same.]

THERESIA, young and beautiful, the daughter of Truxillo, one of the richeſt merchants in Madrid, was beloved by Dieque, like herſelf, an only child, the ſon of a negociator. The ſingle inequality between theſe young people was the fault of fortune, not of nature; the lady had too much wealth, the lover

too little—this diſparity, though no obſtacle to love, was an unſurmountable one to Hymen. Truxillo's opulence, as well as his character, were repellants that threw their hopes at a diſtance, holding them froſt-bound in the cold atmoſphere of impoſſibility. Verdago, the father of Dieque, came to the ſmall matter he poſſeſſed by inheritance from honourable, but poor progenitors. The father of Thereſia had filled his bags by the inceſſant toil of accumulation, and he uſed his good fortune as people of mean birth generally do, who climb by chance above their expectations;—that is to ſay, he bore his proſperity with a ſort of haughty arrogance, which is ſure to make many enemies, but never one friend. He deſpiſed the poor, ſo he did every body leſs rich than himſelf. This humour was a ſpecies of indemnification for the inſults he ſometimes encountered from men whoſe origin was better than his own. He applied the balm of wealth to the ſtings of mortification; it never loſt its effect, like other medicines; he thought virtue honourable; he fancied he loved virtue, but, after all, nobody would allow that he loved it ſo well as he did his money. Generoſity, amongſt the whole family of virtues, was that on which he ſet the higheſt eſtimation; but he was a melancholy miſanthrope, therefore never exerciſed the liberality he admired, becauſe he believed that no perſon on the face of the earth was really deſerving of his bounty. He would argue by the hour, that there was no ſuch thing as goodneſs in mankind; that whatever was called good, in the beſt of men's conduct, was no more than vice palliated by the vanity of wiſhing to be thought what they were not. He knew he had no friend; he did not deſire to have what he averred—was never to be found. Men, he would ſay, ſeek to deſtroy each other—what is called friendſhip is a kind of maſked war, where man knocks down man with his face covered; in ſhort, he thought it ſafer to regard at once every body as his enemy,

enemy, than to receive their friendſhip, or miſbeſtow his own with theſe ſtrange principles.

Truxillo lived retired in the boſom of his family, as a bear does in its den; he attached himſelf ſolely to buſineſs, whilſt the ſeverity with which he carried on his dealings made him deteſted by all the other merchants who were under the neceſſity of occaſionally tranſacting their affairs with him.

It may eaſily be imagined that a miſanthrope of this deſcription was not likely to be touched with the love of Dieque for his daughter, any more than by that which his daughter felt for Dieque. He would have looked abroad from Eaſt to Weſt, from North to South, till he had found for her a more ſolid union than one made up of paſſion, ſentiment, and mutual wiſhes; and it was the fear of being ſeparated for ever that threw the bridle of reſtraint over their expreſſions, and to love by ſtealth, though not the leſs violently for loving in ſilence.

Verdago adored his ſon, he looked into the receſſes of his heart, and ſaw, to his ſorrow, nothing but the poſſeſſion of Thereſia would make him happy—what is there which a good parent will not do for the felicity of his children!—To bring about that of Dieque, Verdago formed enterpriſes perilous in the execution, uncertain in the event. With the flatterer Hope for his pilot, he purſued fortune as if he would have taken her by violence, merely to render his ſon an equal alliance for the daughter of Truxillo. His projections ſeemed to realiſe even beyond his expectations; the ſhips in which he had intereſt arrived in port laden with profits; other matters in which he was concerned turned out as well—inſtead of any longer following Fortune, it appeared as if ſhe had taken him by the hand, and never intended to abandon him. In a very ſhort ſpace of time he began to tranſact buſineſs with the chief merchants, who wondered at his adroitneſs, little leſs than at his abundant proſperity: nay, even

Truxillo would now let him frequently viſit at his houſe, inviting him to bring Dieque with him, being leſs averſe to that young man's forming an attachment to his daughter, as his father was in a fair way of getting quite as rich as himſelf. Theſe were his ſentiments as long as he ſaw the good luck of Verdago daily augmenting, but they changed with the aſpect of his affairs—cruel was the reverſe, which reduced that excellent parent to his original poverty! A veſſel richly freighted with valuables, to a vaſt amount, became the prey of Corſairs in the Mediterranean; other blows fell upon him from other quarters; the rapidity of his loſſes was greater than that of his gains, and he became a bankrupt——ſuch is the fate of man, his proſperity may be ſaid to reſemble the mechaniſm of a watch; we are half a minute in winding it up, but break the main ſpring, and it flies back in a ſecond.

Nobody could reproach Verdago with having called down misfortunes on his own head by folly, extravagance, or bad conduct; the chance of trade cauſed them, and, in all his difficulties, he neither forfeited his probity, his honour, nor his patience. He bore with firmneſs what he could not prevent, and gave up to his creditors the laſt ſhilling he poſſeſſed; they loved his virtues, they were perſuaded of his honeſty, they deſired to make up his affairs, all who were connected with him ran to offer him the ſame aſſiſtance; they agreed amongſt themſelves that he ſhould again enter into buſineſs; it only remained with one creditor to oppoſe the arrangement; this creditor was Truxillo, to whom he owed a vaſt debt, and he would yield to no ſort of compoſition. It was in vain that the unlucky trader ſpoke to him, with all the humility bad fortune is apt to inſpire, that he intreated his mercy to a poor ſufferer, blameleſs, though unfortunate.

"I believe," ſaid he, "that your being a bankrupt is the effect of accident, not of imprudence; yet I am reſolved to do nothing for you unleſs the friends, of whom

whom you fancy you have ſo many, diſcharge my demands on your eſtate."

Verdago, though well acquainted with the temper of Truxillo, could ſcarce give credit to a propoſition ſo mercenary; it is true, he could have paid this unfeeling creditor with the money of others, in their bounty, had advanced, who gave it to him for the abſolute purpoſe of applying it to the uſes of buſineſs: he therefore told himſelf he had no right to diſpoſe of it in any other manner, and returned to every man what he now conſidered as a loan, and patiently occupied the apartment in a priſon which Truxillo had taken care to provide for his reception.

Dieque, diſtracted by ſorrow no leſs deep, but more lively than that which preyed on the ſoul of his father, flung himſelf at the knees of this ſevere enemy, and tried to touch him with pity, but he remained inflexible.

"Since neither intreaties, nor prayers, nor tears can move your compaſſion," ſaid this illuſtrious ſon of a reſpectable father, "yet there is one favour, which perhaps you will not refuſe; grant me but this one, and I will acquit you of all others."

Truxillo nodded his head, it was a ſort of ſignal for him to make known his requeſt.

"It is not," proceeded Dieque, "the unconditional liberty of my father I would ſolicit; I aſk only that you give him his freedom on condition that I take his place in the priſon."—Here the ſad ſpirit of the pleader nearly failed him; he ſaw Truxillo turn his head round upon his ſhoulder, and heard him give a whiſtle, which indicated no very flattering preſage; yet he continued his implorings. "Oh, Sir!" ſaid he, "conſider that in deſiring the liberty of my venerable father, I aſk nothing that can prejudice your intereſt; on the contrary, by retaining my perſon inſtead of his, it will be the means of inſuring the payment of the debt he owes you.... Young as I am, without a guide, without

out experience, is it poſſible that I ſhould conduct the affairs of my father, which are ſo greatly entangled? He loves me beyond himſelf; let him be free, confine me in his place, and he will never reſt day or night till he has ſatisfied your demands, and reſtored me to the boſom of his family!—Ah, Sir! for Heaven's ſake, let me be his hoſtage, and take my life if he ſhould fail to fulfil a tittle of the engagement for which I make myſelf reſponſible!"

"Piſh!" cried Truxillo, half turning away, "I never heard the like of this!"—then ſhifting about as ſuddenly—"do you expect young man, that I ſhould commiſſion you directly to releaſe your father, and put yourſelf into his ſituation?"

"I fervently deſire it!" replied the other modeſtly.

"Well, then," ſaid the merchant, "I will in part gratify your wiſhes . . . Go, take your father out of priſon, bring him hither but return with him—for underſtand, my boy, I have greater deſigns againſt your liberty than you ſuſpect. I think you love my daughter, I know ſhe loves you—I will unite you to each other—I will have for my ſon-in-law the nobleſt youth in Madrid, in Spain, or in the whole univerſe!" Dieque fell at the feet of his generous benefactor, aſtoniſhment choaked his voice, joy ruſhed in torrents from his eyes; he only hoped to ranſom the parent he loved—he received the promiſe of a wife he adored, it was too much, it nearly bereaved him of his ſenſes. When reſtored to ſpeech and action, Truxillo would not truſt him to go alone to the priſon; he went with him, he embraced Verdago, declared him free without any other conditions than giving him a ſon, and receiving from him a daughter. How flat would it feel, on the palate of ſenſibility, to be told what were the old man's emotions on ſo wonderful a tranſition: the ſame objection does not prevent my ſerving up the laſt beſt fruit which virtue had prepared for the regale of her votaries. No body will think it inſipid

to

to be told, that the hands of Dieque and Thereſia were united, on which occaſion all Madrid rejoiced with them; nor did any of its inhabitants with-hold from Truxillo the praiſes his generoſity deſerved; his former blemiſhes were all forgotten; and ſo great is the glory of a good action, that every body ſaw in his manners a new grace that was reflected from the honour of his conduct.

THE ENQUIRER.

BY MR W. HOLLOWAY.

" The features of your well-known face,
In ſpite of your diſguiſe, I trace,"——MOLIERE.

——" GOD bleſs your honour! pleaſe to beſtow one halfpenny on poor Jack, who has many a time and oft riſked his life in defence of his king and country; who has been five times ſhipwrecked, three times in French and Spaniſh priſons, in upwards of twenty bloody engagements; in the laſt of which, under the gallant Admiral Rodney, on the glorious twelfth of April, he loſt his precious limbs, as you ſee; and, for the reward of paſt ſervices, is now reduced to the neceſſity of imploring the aſſiſtance of charitable Chriſtians to ſupport a wretched exiſtence!"

This lamentable narrative was addreſſed to a gentleman, by a wretch of the moſt miſerable appearance my eyes ever beheld, with a wooden leg, and his right-arm in a ſling: his phyſiognomy was ſuch as would have intereſted even Lavater himſelf in his favour, and induced him to pronounce him an undoubted object of compaſſion.

" Here, my brave fellow," ſaid the gentleman, throwing a ſhilling into his hat; " and I wiſh it was in my power to render you farther aſſiſtance. He received the

the money with eagerneſs; and, laviſhing a thouſand benedictions on the donor, depoſited it among the rags that dangled around him. He then returned to the poſt he had juſt quitted; and, extending his meagre viſage to the moſt melancholy dimenſions, uttered one of the deepeſt groans that ever aſcended from the human boſom. Not a ſoul paſſed who did not beſtow on him a look of commiſeration, or drop the charitable mite.

Here let us for a moment examine who this man is, and how true the tale of his misfortunes. He was the only ſon of a reputable grazier in the county of Somerſet, who intended to have beſtowed on him a good education; but he was poſſeſſed of a ſpirit ſuperior to the drudgery of learning, and inferior to every principle of rectitude and virtue: the exertions of parental authority he contemned and defied; and his higheſt ambition was that of being accounted the firſt reprobate, and the greateſt debauchee, in the neighbourhood in which he lived. At the age of ſixteen, he ran away from his father, and came up to London. Here he firſt began to conſider what courſe of life he ſhould purſue: to try his fortune on the high way, he wanted courage; he had not ſkill to enrich his own pockets by draining thoſe of others; and he wanted ſufficient addreſs to recommend him to the laudable ſociety of the gaming-table. His talents were of a different and inferior caſt. He ſoon became the aſſociate of the moſt notorious vagabonds and impoſtors; and, excelling in thoſe arts for which Nature ſeemed to have deſigned him, found means of acquiring a very comfortable ſubſiſtence, by aſſuming the character of wretchedneſs and diſtreſs. A few months ſince, he ingratiated himſelf into the good graces of a worthy young woman, who had, by care and induſtry, ſaved up twenty pounds; and, as he had it in his power to make a decent appearance on occaſion, at length prevailed on her to give him her hand. He conſtantly made

made it a rule to go from home in the morning, and returned as regularly every evening; ſtill amuſing his wife with ſome deluſive tale of the buſineſs in which he had been engaged: but female curioſity is not eaſily gratified; ſhe was determined to ſatisfy herſelf by ocular obſervation. One day, diſguiſing herſelf, ſhe traced him *incog.* to a houſe of ill fame in the neighbourhood of Whitechapel; from whence, to her great ſurpriſe, ſhe ſaw him iſſue completely metamorphoſed; and, following him in his diurnal excurſion, witneſſed the various acts of impoſture he played on the public. In the evening, ſhe attended him back to his place of rendezvous, where he threw off his diſguiſe; and mixing with the moſt infamous companions of both ſexes, gave a looſe to all the extravagancies of riot and debauchery. Her heart was full: ſhe hurried home before him, and impatiently waited his arrival; when, in the bitterneſs of her indignation, ſhe acquainted him with the ſteps ſhe had taken, and ſpared not to reproach him with the deſpicable meanneſs and perfidy of his heart. This unexpected detection and reproof ſtung him ſo ſeverely, that he abandoned the unfortunate woman, and formed a reſolution never to ſee her more.

This is the *man of ſorrow*, whoſe appearance and misfortunes excited the general compaſſion! the baſe intruder on the poor prerogative of the miſerable, and the diſgrace of that bounty by which he ſubſiſts. "Good heaven!" exclaimed I, "if human credulity is ſo eaſily impoſed on, ſurely we ought to keep a jealous eye on all who ſolicit our aſſiſtance. How ſhall we diſcriminate between truth and impoſture? Extremely difficult, indeed, is the taſk! But let us remember this grand axiom in the law of humanity—"*Benevolence had better err, than Virtue ſuffer.*" Far be it from me to check the overflowings of Compaſſion, or divert the current of Charity; fain would I direct them to their proper courſe.

Many, very many, are the real objects of compaſſion, who

who every day fall under our obſervation; and, however we may boaſt of our numerous charitable inſtitutions, there are various caſes in which the unfortunate muſt ſigh in vain for relief; and it muſt give a ſecret pang to the heart of Senſibility, to ſee the widow and the fatherleſs, helpleſs youth and hoary age, indiſcriminately claſſed among the number of the indolent, the worthleſs, and the undeſerving.

But, alas! how many more are there who feel the heavieſt weight of affliction and misfortune, unpitied and unknown! whoſe modeſty and diffidence make them ſhrink from public notice—who ſtruggle to preſerve the appearance of eaſe and tranquillity; while Care, that fatal worm, is corroding their boſoms, and deſtroying, with cankered tooth, every domeſtic comfort!

"Ah! little think the gay, licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, pow'r, and affluence ſurround—
Ah! little think they, while they dance along,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep, retir'd diſtreſs! - - - - -
- - - - - - - - - Thought, fond man!
Of this, and all the thouſand various ills
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life;
One ſcene of toil, of ſuff'ring, and of fate,
Vice, in her high carreer, would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs, rambling impulſe, learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,
And her wide wiſh Benevolence dilate:
The ſocial tear would riſe, the ſocial ſigh,
And into clear perfection, gradual bliſs,
Refining ſtill, the tender paſſions work!"

THOMSON.

THE

THE YOUNG SAILOR.

DURING our laſt holidays, my old maiden-aunt, Lady Elgiva Loftus, paid a viſit to my father in town, on condition that I ſhould eſcort her back to her houſe in Hampſhire.

In obedience to the commands of his lordſhip, I ſet out with a venerable lady, in her old chariot; which, I believe, had been the vehicle of her great-grandmother. We rode very pleaſantly together, Lady Elgiva entertaining me with long hiſtories of her former lovers; among whom, ſhe enumerated, with no inconſiderable ſhare of ſelf-complacence, the names of ſeveral field-officers and brave admirals. It was for the ſake of being near one of the latter, ſhe told me, that ſhe begged Lord Tirlemont to lend her the family manſion near Portſmouth. "He is married," ſaid ſhe; "but, my dear George, I cannot help loving his children. My father refuſed me to him. He united himſelf to an amiable woman; and, for his ſake, I eſteem her."

In this diſcourſe we paſſed the hours, till the carriage ſtopped at an inn on the road. My aunt wanted ſome refreſhment. We ſtepped out, and aſcended the ſtairs to a dining-room. We had not been there five minutes, before a ſplendid equipage drove into the court-yard. Lady Elgiva ſtarted up; and, looking out of the window, exclaimed—"It is my dear friend, Miſs Llangenddevry, and her two ſiſters!"

She had ſcarcely ſpoken theſe words, before the three antiquated ladies ſwam into the room with the gliding grace of the laſt century. They embraced her ladyſhip; and, beginning to aſk a thouſand queſtions of—"Where are you going?" &c. &c. I whiſpered to my aunt, that I would take a ſtroll round the inn; and, bowing, left them.

I purſued my way along the gallery, till it led me

to a pair of back-ſtairs; which I was preparing to deſcend, when my ear was arreſted by a deep groan, that ſeemed to proceed from behind. I ſtopped and liſtened. It was again repeated, and the ſound directed me to a room almoſt oppoſite. Without heſitation, I opened the door, and ruſhed into the chamber; but I ſuddenly ſtopped, on ſeeing a young man, pale and fainting, ſtretched on a bed, the curtains of which were undrawn. I approached with trepidation. As I drew near, he caught a glance of me; and, with a look of ſurpriſe and horror, aſked me from whom I came. I trembled with confuſion: I knew not what to ſay. At laſt, I fairly told him the truth; and, with a baſhful anxiety, offered him my ſervices. He ſmiled faintly, and thanked me.

"This inſtance of kindneſs in a ſtranger," ſaid he, "muſt be highly grateful to one whoſe neareſt relations treat him with barbarity. I have the brother of my father in the houſe; yet here I am left to die! I am in a raging fever; yet, ſince yeſterday evening, no being has come near to ſee if I ſtill endured my miſerable exiſtence!"

Exhauſted by the little exertion of uttering theſe few words, he ſunk, languid and almoſt ſwooning, on his pillow. I inſtantly flew to the room where my aunt and her three friends were in converſation; and, ſeizing a decanter of water and a goblet off the ſideboard, rejoined the deſerted ſtranger; and, pouring out ſome, requeſted him to drink it. He did ſo, and appeared a little refreſhed; yet ſtill the heavy dew of affliction ſwam in his ſick eye, and the pallid hue of his countenance too truly told the weakneſs of his frame. I felt my heart ſoften, as I gazed. I looked on the elegant ſymmetry of his limbs, on the extreme beauty of his face; and I felt myſelf too ſtrongly intereſted to leave him. I gently took hold of his burning hand, and again begged to know how I could farther ſerve him. He fixed his dejected eyes on mine,

with an expreſſion of gratitude ſo penetrating, that it pierced to my inmoſt ſoul—" Serve *me*! O my God! this from a ſtranger! alas! you cannot ſerve me. I am deſtined to be the moſt miſerable of human beings: I am ſo now. But, I will tell you my cruel tale, and you may judge how wretched I am, how barbarouſly I have been uſed.

" My father, Captain Dalrymple, was killed early in the American war; and my mother dying ſoon after, left me, an infant orphan, to the guardianſhip of her brother, Admiral Trevelyan. At an early age, he removed me from Eton, and placed me in the navy, in which I now hold the rank of midſhipman.

" I had been abſent from home ſeveral years; when, immediately after the taking of Gaudaloupe, under Sir John Jarvis, I returned to England. I came to my uncle's, and was introduced by him to my couſin, Eyre Trevelyan, and Miſs Lloyd, a young lady who was alſo his ward. The moment I beheld the lovely Julia, my heart acknowledged her to be the moſt finiſhed beauty I had ever ſeen; and, before I had converſed with her an hour, I felt myſelf ſtrongly intereſted in her happineſs. Indeed, I enjoyed not her ſociety long, before I felt that, ſeparated from her, I muſt be miſerable. A thouſand circumſtances conſpired to draw her to my heart: the mild perfection of her lovelineſs, which ſeemed to caſt a ſacred halo of purity and majeſty around her harmonious features; the expanſion of her mind, and the angelic refinement of her ſpotleſs ſoul, demanded my moſt fervent adoration; and the diſtreſs of her ſituation, her orphan ſtate, and the rigour of her protector, implored my ſofteſt pity, and obtained my tendereſt love. The dear girl ſoon ſhewed a preference for me. When my couſin Eyre would be entertaining her with his dangers on the continent, ſhe would turn to me, and demand why I did not repeat my perils in the Weſt Indies. She would aſk me a thouſand queſtions; and, as I deſcribed the ſcenes of

blood wherein I had been engaged, ſhe would interrupt my narrative by many a ſtifled ſob, and ſtealing tear. My heart felt too acutely the pangs of a concealed attachment, not to obſerve, with rapture, the ſwimming treaſure of her melting eye, and other marks of a tenderneſs ſo flattering to my fondeſt wiſhes.

"My uncle, I believe, obſerved our too-evident affection; for he took all poſſible pains to withdraw us from each other. One evening, he called Julia into his ſtudy; and, after bidding her ſit down, with a ſtern air commanded her, on the duty which ſhe owed to him, as the repreſentative of her deceaſed parents, to tell him truly, if I had ever made any profeſſions of regard to her. My agitated Julia anſwered him, that I had not; and ſhe told him the truth: for an unaccountable confuſion, and a dread of, I knew not what, always flayed my voice, as the tender avowal roſe to my lips. His features relaxed into a ſmile as ſhe replied; and, taking her hand, he ſaid—"My dear child, I am happy to hear it. He is too young, too poor, and too fooliſh, to be the choſen of my Julia. I beg your pardon for the ſuppoſition; but I thought that he wiſhed to make you *believe* he loved you: and, truſt me, my dear, every thing on the ſubject that he might ſay, would be dictated by rapacity alone. It is true, Antonia is handſome, accompliſhed, and, I believe, brave; but he is extravagant, an extravagant beggar, for he poſſeſſes not a guinea that is not my charity. He is a profuſe puppy, and affects feelings which are foreign to his heart. Ah! how different from him is my ſon Eyre! To him, my ſweet girl, I hope ſoon to unite you!"

"At theſe words, Miſs Lloyd, who had ſcarcely reſpired during the ſpeech, fell back on her ſeat, and burſt into a violent paroxyſm of indignation and grief. The ſight aſtoniſhed and offended my uncle: he turned from her in diſpleaſure—"By Heaven, Madam! if Antonia is the ſource of theſe tears, he quits my houſe this

this night; and, though death ſhould ſeize him, to the Weſt Indies he ſhall return. My ſon is not to be rivalled by a mere boy, a boaſting coxcomb!"

"The unhappy girl dropped on her knees; and declared, by all that is ſacred, that I never even breathed the name of love; that I was not the cauſe of her diſtreſs, but her horror at the idea of being united to Mr Trevelyan, a man whom ſhe really diſliked. This avowal inflamed the admiral to madneſs: he ſwore that I was at the bottom of that averſion, and that I ſhould not ſleep another night under his roof; that ſhe was a fool to believe my falſehoods; that my adoration was directed to her fortune, and not to herſelf; and that, as ſhe appeared ſo blind to her own happineſs, he would take upon himſelf to ſhew her the way, and compel her to marry his ſon. So ſaying, he left the room. She hurried into the garden; and, throwing herſelf down beneath the leafleſs branches of the trees, gave vent to her anguiſh in loud ſobs. The ſound chilled my blood, as I walked along under a laurel hedge that concealed her from my view. I ruſhed through the thick foliage, and advanced to her ſide. The moment ſhe beheld me, ſhe covered her face with her handkerchief; while her heaving heart ſeemed ready to burſt the white lawn that ſhaded her ſnowy boſom. I ſeized her hand; and begged, for Heaven's ſake, that ſhe would tell me the cauſe of her emotion. She tried to avoid a reply; but, finding it impoſſible, ſhe told me, that her guardian had commanded her to marry his ſon, whom ſhe could hardly bear as an aſſociate, and whom ſhe ſhould deteſt as a huſband. The idea wrought me to madneſs; and, impelled by the frenzy of the moment, I caught both her hands, and told her how fondly, how tenderly, I loved. When I concluded, ſhe looked at me with an expreſſion ſo deeply penetrative, yet ſo ſweetly modeſt, that I could have worſhipped her as a deſcended ſeraph.

"O Mr Dalrymple! dare I believe this true? Dare

I believe that you would ſhare a guardian's diſpleaſure with me? Dare I hope——"

"Hope every thing," interrupted I, preſſing her to my throbbing breaſt. "If you will conſent to unite your fate for ever with that of the man who adores you, only ſpeak, and to Heaven and ourſelves we will owe our felicity."

"I will not detain you with the repetition of a ſcene which I muſt ever conſider as the happieſt of my life, I ſhall only add, that I prevailed on my weeping Julia to fly with me that night to Scotland. She left me, and entered the houſe; and fortunate it was that ſhe did: for, the inſtant after, Admiral Trevelyan came into the garden, and ordered me to follow him to the library. He ſhut the door; and, looking at me with an air of the moſt inſolent contempt, commanded me to anſwer to his queſtion—Did I love Miſs Lloyd? Provoked by his behaviour, I replied, in a calm but determined tone—"Dearly as my life!" He turned with fury at my declaration, his eyes flaſhing ten thouſand lightnings; and, in a voice of thunder, he commanded me to leave his preſence, and quit his roof for ever. "Go, ungrateful boy!" continued he, with a gloomy ſeverity; "go, and ſting ſome other boſom with your accurſed ingratitude! Was it for this I ſaved you from ſtarvation and death! Was it for this I took the ſon of Captain Dalrymple, and nurtured him in my arms? Captain Dalrymple, a bragging pauper! who ſeduced my ſiſter into marriage, by which ſhe plucked down her ruin! A fit child for ſuch a father!"

"By the great power that made me!" exclaimed I, burning with indignation, "were you not the brother of *his* wife, this moment ſhould be your laſt! I would tear from your unmanly breaſt the villainous heart that dared to blacken the name of the beſt and braveſt of men!"

"So ſaying, I was ruſhing out of the room; but he caught me by the arm; and, looking at me with all the

the malignancy of his ſoul darting from his eyes—"You curſed offſpring of a diſobedient daughter, fly to your deſtruction! But, before you go, let me tell you, that to-morrow ſees *your* Julia a wife!"

"Perhaps it may!" ſaid I, ſmiling with a bitter ſcorn; and, bowing, quitted the room and houſe together. At night, I brought a chaiſe and four as near the back of the garden as poſſible. A railed door opened out of it into the road: this, with very little violence, I broke down, and advanced to the chamber-window of Miſs Lloyd. She appeared above, ready dreſſed for her journey; and, flinging down a ſmall parcel of clothes, tied the ſheets together, and by their aſſiſtance ſlid into my arms. I carried her inſtantly to the carriage; and, jumping in, drove off with the ſwifteſt rapidity.

"I ſhall not deſcribe to you my happineſs, nor the difficulty with which I kept up her ſpirits, which were ſinking under a thouſand nameleſs fears, and oppreſſed by a delicacy which revolted at her flight. Before ſun-ſet the next day, we ſtopped at this inn to change our horſes; and were juſt re-entering the carriage, when the equipage of my uncle drove furiouſly into the yard. The moment he eſpied us, he darted out of the coach; and, ſpringing forward, ſeized my Julia by the arm. She flung herſelf on my boſom, and conjured me to protect her. To find my heart's beſt treaſure in ſuch a ſituation, whirled me to diſtraction. I ſwore that I would hold her there, at the peril of my life; but the Admiral, regardleſs of our agonies, by the help of five ſervants, tore her from my arms. I grew mad; and, furiouſly drawing my ſword, flew at my uncle, and vowed if he did not releaſe my Julia, I would that inſtant plunge it in his breaſt.

"Do," ſaid he, "make yourſelf more precious in the eyes of your miſtreſs, by killing the brother of your mother!"

"The coward's mentioning my loſt parent, diſarmed

ed me; and, flinging down my weapon, I flew to the villains who were bearing off my love. I ſeized the firſt fellow, and threw him to the ground. The Admiral, darting forwards, levelled a blow at my head with the hilt of my own ſword, and ſtruck me to the earth. What happened afterwards, I know not, till I found myſelf lying on this bed, bound hands and feet. As ſoon as I recovered from the ſwoon into which the blow had thrown me, my paſſion knew no bounds: I raved, and raved myſelf into a raging fever; which has ſo weakened me, that I have not ſufficient ſtrength to move from the bed on which you ſee me. The ſervants of my barbarous uncle returned; and, finding that my ſickneſs was riſen to a very high degree, they unbound me: regardleſs, however, of prayers or threats, they refuſed to tell me what their maſter had done with my Julia.

"This, my dear Sir, is my ſad hiſtory; and, if you would extend your goodneſs ſo far as to learn ſomething of my injured angel, I ſhould bleſs you with my lateſt breath."

I replied to him, with many aſſeverations of friendſhip; and, warmly preſſing his ſcorching hand, left the chamber, to make my inquiries.

As I aſcended the ſtairs, I heard a ſoft female voice, which I rightly imagined was that of Miſs Lloyd. I drew near the ſound, and approached a half-open door; where I ſaw an elderly man, of a ſtern aſpect, and dreſſed in an admiral's undreſs uniform, holding the claſped hands of a very beautiful girl within his, and attempting to drag her to the door.

"O Sir!" exclaimed ſhe, "force me not from all I love! O leave me but to the world, and my Antonia, and I will for ever bleſs you!"

"Nonſenſe!" interrupted he; "Antonia is a villain! I have abandoned him to ruin; but, for you—you may conceive yourſelf too happy in being the compelled wife of my ſon."

As

As he ended, he caught her up in his arms, and advanced to the door. I flew back.

"O my father!—O my mother!" cried ſhe, caſting up her ſwimming orbs, "look from heaven, and ſuccour your miſerable child!"

He hurried her down the ſtairs, and tried to drown her agonizing ſhrieks by his vociferous ſwearing. I followed quick behind. As he paſſed the open door of the unhappy Dalrymple, Miſs Lloyd caught a glimpſe of her lover; and, caſting a look on him of mute ſupplication, dropped ſenſeleſs on the ſhoulder of her brutal guardian. The wretched Antonia half ſprung from the bed; and, ſtretching forth his arms, cried, in a voice of frantic agony—"Julia! Julia!" Overcome by the exertion, he fell back; and, drawing a heavy groan, expired! This laſt blow cracked the hard-ſtrained ſtrings of his breaking heart.

I flew to the lifeleſs form of the ill-fated Dalrymple, while his inhuman guardian carried the fainting Julia to his coach. I drew near his bed, and beheld thoſe before animated features now cold in death: the anguiſh which killed him was yet viſible on his pallid countenance; his youthful cheek was pale, his azure eye was cloſed, and his agonized heart now laid at reſt for ever. I gazed on his cold form, till the tears guſhed from my eyes, and waſhed his icy boſom. I laid my hand on that boſom: all there was ſtill. Where was that feeling, panting ſoul, that agitated it to agony? Fled for ever! and left its beauteous temple to moulder into duſt! The idea ſtruck to my heart; and, overcome with pity and ſorrow for the amiable, ill-fated Antonia, I flung myſelf on his body, and abandoned myſelf to all the diſtraction of acute affliction.

The Miſs Llangenddevry's being gone, my aunt grew alarmed at my abſence, and ſent for me. After I had a little compoſed myſelf, I related to her the melancholy ſcene that I had been witneſs to. As I proceeded, I drew the tender tears of ſympathy down her

her venerable cheeks; and, after a pauſe of ſome time, ſhe threw her arm round my neck: then affectionately kiſſing me—"My dear George," ſaid ſhe, "this ſweet victim of pride and cruelty ſhall not be left to ſtrangers: his lamented duſt ſhall moulder where mine and thine ſhall be depoſited; he ſhall be carried to Tirlemont Caſtle, and ſleep in the ſame mauſoleum that contains my anceſtors!"

POPULAR POETRY OF THE ESTHONIANS.

[From the Varieties of Literature.]

UNDER this article you are not to expect an Iliad of a Homer, or the Songs of an Oſſian. How can ſuch poetry be thought of among the poor Sclavonian races? What I intend to give are effuſions of a tender, and often an echoing heart, ſimple natural poetry; a ſmall contribution to the collections of the popular ballads of the European nations, from a people inhabiting the upper regions of the Gulph of Finnland, whom no man would ſuſpect of poſſeſſing a poetic vein.

More than once have been in doubt, at one and the other ballad, whether I ſhould commit it to paper or not. But, if we place ourſelves in the ſphere of ideas of ſuch a ſimple people, and conſider that to them with whom a plated button, a piece of linen, and old dollar, deſcends from the great-great-grandfather as an inheritance to the lateſt poſterity, a gaudy ſilken ribbon is wealth: In like manner, though to ſuch as are accuſtomed to gems and jewels, and all the tinſel of the earth, theſe artleſs lays may appear contemptible; yet, to thoſe who can enter into the feelings and views of a particular perſon, or of a particular nation, they may be welcome, if not actually pleaſing.

I was preſent at one of their marriage ceremonies. But

But many of the particulars are entirely gone out of my mind; and ſcraps and fragments are hardly worth relating. Preſents were diſtributed among the gueſts, who in return gave ſome ſmall piece of money. On the entrance of the bridegroom, a ſong was ſtruck up, which, with an Engliſh tranſlation, I ſubjoin in the Eſthonian tongue, to enable the reader to judge for himſelf of the ſound of the language; particularly as an Engliſhman will pronounce it better than his neighbours the Germans, who always give it too hard an accent, though with as much ſoftneſs as his organs will allow.

The Eſthonians, both men and women, have an extremely ſoft, delicate, and tender articulation, which is unattainable by the untractable mouth of a German.

We perceive in theſe ballads a refrein, or, as we call it, a burden. As this cuſtom prevailed in Greece, Italy, France, among the Orientals, and even in Britain, as well as with theſe more northern nations, it is highly preſumable that it muſt be naturally congenial to the unperverted feelings of the human ſpecies.—Who is not moved by the "Cras a met, qui nunquam amavit," of Catullus, and the "Begin, Sicilian Muſe, begin a plaintive ſtrain," of Moſchus?

If we do but efface from our remembrance for a moment the ſublime and delicate numbers to which we may be habituated, the poetical flowerets that grow on the ſhores of the Gulph of Finnland will certainly not diſpleaſe us.

Youthful bridegroom,
How didſt thou know how to come to us?
Kneweſt thou the ways thro' the valleys,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage-yard,
Among theſe vaſſals who have got old dollars?

Youthfu

Youthful bridegroom,
Therefore didſt thou think of coming hither.
Kneweſt the way thro' the valleys,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage-yard,
Among theſe vaſſals who have got old dollars?

A ſilvered button was on the ſill,
Two were in the garden,
Five upon the door;
Our yard was full of linen,
Our roof of hen-rooſts,
Under the thatch hung bacon,
The dreſſers were ſmeared with butter.

Therefore thou thoughteſt of coming hither.
Kneweſt the way thro' the valleys,
Over the hills,
In this great village,
To this little cottage-yard,
Among theſe vaſſals who have got old dollars.

Simple, plain, and natural! The young man wants a rich bride. He ſcours over the heaths and valleys. Caſts an eye over all the country. He ſees a peaſant's cottage-yard, with pieces of linen hanging to dry.—The door is ornamented with old plated buttons, and other flat pieces of metal nailed to it. A good ſtore of fleſh hanging under the eaves.—"This muſt be a wealthy family," ſays he. In he goes; finds an amiable young woman, generally of a ſallow complexion, of which his imagination makes lilies and roſes, with long blond hair flowing down her neck and boſom, which is the common deſcription of the natives; he renews his viſits, the father gives her to him, and unites them for ever in the bands of love.

II. Again, an epithalamium. It was doubtleſs compoſed ſo long ago as the Roman Catholic times, as we ſee by the mention of the mother of our Saviour, according

cording to the notion of the then prevailing ſuperſtition.

The hunting-line therein mentioned is the leathern thong held in the hand for guiding the horſe. "The "halters kept hanging on the beams of the ſun," is truly poetical: an agreeable image. Even the ſun is endeavouring to ſupplant the young bridegroom, by laying hindrances in the way of his rapid progreſs to his bride. It is not a ſtranger, a cold wedding-gueſt, a lazy old acquaintance, who already, for half a century, has felt the breezes and the blights of love, that unties the hunting-line from the thicket: the reſtleſs and eager youth, to whom every minute is as long as ten years, which keeps him from the embraces of his bride, ſprings out of his cabitka, ſhakes the entangled hunting-lines aſunder, mounts his horſe without delay, and haſtens forward on the wings of love.

There ſeem to be two alternate choruſes in this ballad. The chorus before the houſe, begins. The arriving chorus, anſwers. The queſtions propoſed by the former, are ſuch as might proceed from the participating heart of the mother of the inquiſitive bride, to whom every trifling circumſtance of the journey of her bridegroom is of great importance. "The hunt-"ing-lines kept hanging: therefore we ſtayed ſo long." Certainly the bridegroom (think the chorus, as entering into the thoughts of the bride) ſnatched them haſtily from the buſhes. He therefore aſks, "Who "took them from the apple-tree?"—This the young bridegroom did, (replies the other chorus), drawn by the centre of all attraction to youth, the kindling ſpark of company. But to the ſong itſelf:

Welcome, welcome, wedding-company!
Welcome, after the journey!
Who kept you well upon the journey?
Who ſhewed to you the tract?
"God kept us well upon the journey;
"Maria ſhewed to us the tract.

What kept you on the way ſo long?
" The hunting line was hung upon the apple-tree,
" The halters on the beams of the ſun."
Who took the hunting-line from the apple-tree?
The halters from the beams?
" That the youthful bridegroom did,
" He took the hunting-line from the apple-tree,
" The halters from the beams of the ſun."

III. But the damſel, his beloved, the deſire and the life of his ſoul, for whoſe ſake he undertook this wearifome journey, and deſpiſed every difficulty, is fled. The virgin has concealed herſelf from female modeſty. " Where is my promiſed, my betrothed?"—The parents and relations of the bride, who have hid her, make anſwer:

Very well, very well, thou bridegroom!
Who bid thee come with company?
Could'ſt thou not have come in private?
The bride heard the bagpipes blow *.
She fled into the alder-buſhes,
She ſprang into thepoplar woods,
In Vierland we ſaw her laſt,
In Harrien ſhe gives her gifts †,
With white beads her head was dreſſed,
Delicately ſhe was attired.

How naïve! " Who bid thee come with company? Could'ſt thou not have come in private?"—Now thou mayeſt go and ſeek her, traverſe the whole country. Run over all Vierland, ſpeed through all Harrien (two circles of Eſthonia). In Harrien her nuptial preſents are already diſtributed: ſhe has already another bridegroom. And how was ſhe dreſſed? As gaily as the people of the city; with white beads her headdreſs was adorned. In city-manners did ſhe appear, perfume

* *The bridegroom approaches with muſic.*

† *The nuptial preſents given by the bride.*

perfumed with liquid odours.—Every thing is combined that could render his ardent paſſion ſtill more ardent. He runs about the fields, and then ſearches every corner of the houſe, till at laſt he finds his jewel.—He that does not perceive nature here, perceives her no where. It is the language of inſulting jocularity, the ſportive taunts of ſuch as find pleaſure in teazing a lover. The treaſure, however, is only kept from him for a time, to make it of more value to him afterwards.

Is the bride fitted out by her parents? then they give her ſomething towards houſe-keeping, linen, wearing-apparel, and a cow or a ſheep, &c. But if ſhe be an orphan, this cannot be expected. How trifling and ſcanty muſt the preſents appear, in compariſon of thoſe uſually given about among the gueſts on ſuch occaſions!—The following ballad is ſung by an orphan at the time of diſtributing the preſents:

IV. I am alone, like the ſparrow-hawk;
And yet the ſparrow-hawk has five beſides herſelf.
I am alone, like the duck;
And yet the duck always goes in pairs.
I am alone, like the crane;
And yet the crane has ſix beſides herſelf.
I am alone, like the pelican;
Yet ſhe has two children.
I am quite alone,
Have no father,
No mother,
To whom ſhall I lament my woes?
To whom ſhall I unboſom my diſtreſs?
On whom ſhall I lean, when people ſcold me?
Shall I complain to the crow-toe flowers?
The flowers will fade:
Shall I complain to the flowers of parſley?
They will decay:
Shall I complain to the meadow-graſs?

The meadow-graſs will wither:
And yet it hears my lamentation,
The ſong of the wretched orphan.
Riſe up, my loving mother!
Riſe up, my loving father!
Riſe up, and ſhut my box;
Make faſt the trunk that holds my bridal preſents *!
" I cannot riſe up, my daughter!
" I cannot riſe up, I am not awake!
" The green graſs is grown over my head;
" The blades of graſs grow thick on my grave,
" The blue miſt of the foreſt is before my eyes,
" And on my feet the weeds and the buſhes are
" grown."

An elegy, which, for truth of expreſſion, may be ranked with thoſe of Ovid. Who does not here participate in the bitter reflections of an orphan! She is going to enter on a new condition; and ſhe has no one on whom ſhe can lean. And yet ſhe muſt make preſents!—She calls to her parents in the grave, in doleful mockery, " Dear father, help me to ſhut the great " cheſt which contains my dowry. It is ſo full that I " cannot of myſelf ſhut down the cover. Give me, " mother, the bridal preſents, which the gueſts are ex- " pecting!" But their ſituation is their ſufficient excuſe.

If this ballad fails to pleaſe on the firſt peruſal, it will certainly meet with better ſucceſs on the ſecond or third. It is expreſſive language of nature. The ſimiles of the duck and the pelican, (or rather the ſpoonbill, are probably ſhocking in our more refined, nations, where we are frequently hearing of oſtriches, phœnixes, cameleons, and creatures of which nothing is

* *Irony—it is too full of preſents. She cannot ſhut the lid alone, it is ſo heaped with precious things.*

is known, in general, except the name. But if we conſider, that a poor country-girl is here ſpeaking, who can only take her ſimiles from the objects ſhe is daily converſant with, we ſhall eaſily pardon her for uſing them. After frequently reading the foregoing, we enter into the genius of the poetically-complaining maid; we think with her ſpirit, ſympathiſe with her feelings, and are pleaſed with her language, as the language of nature.

V. A ſong of the reapers. At the corn-harveſt, the females have no other clothing than a ſhift, tied about the waiſt with a ſtring, or a ſtripe of liſt. No coat or gown have they, no neckcloth or handkerchief: their whole apparel conſiſts in a ſhift, a ribbon about the head to tie up the hair, and a few beads that hang about their neck.—The men wear a pair of linen trowſers beſides the ſhirt; all go barefoot. How cutting to the German landlords ought the laſt line but one of the following ſonnet to be! As its proper effect, it ſhould teach them a little humanity: for never were human creatures treated with leſs than the Eſthonian and Livonian peaſants. The 3d, 4th, and 5th, are certainly ingenious and ſignificant. They are a tiſſue of delicate ſentiment, ſarcaſm, and ſimplicity.

Shine, ſhine, thou ſun!
Bright and cheerful be the day!
Shine, that we may be warm without cloth,
Drive with thy heat the linen aſunder,
And make us to ſweat without any clothes.
Shine, ſun, upon the perg *,
And upon the ſilver beads:
The heat does not ſpoil the perg,
Nor fair weather the gaudy beads!

* *Perg is the head-dreſs of an unmarried woman, conſiſting of a circle of paſteboard, decorated with pieces of ſillas tied about with artificial treſſes, and keeping the hair together.*

Shine not on the Germans at all,
But ſhine on us for ever!

VI. The ſummer is ſhort in Eſthonia. So early as the middle of Auguſt, heavy rains and bleak winds frequently interrupt the hay-making. They are therefore obliged to toil with redoubled force at this employment on the ſun-ſhining days. If the boor were free, and might call what he mowed his own, there would be no need of having recourſe to coercion to increaſe the velocity of his arm. But a large plot of ground is preſcribed him as a taſk: "This muſt be "mown to-day, or there is no reſt for thee." The overſeer ſtands by him with the ſtick in his hand, which he lays plentifully on the backs of thoſe, who, in his judgment, do not move their arms quick enough. The bailiff receives an order, at the hay-ſeaſon, to turn out all the people of the eſtate, *i. e.* not to ſuffer even the little children, who have ſcarcely more ſtrength than to enable them to go alone, to remain at home, but all to be taken to work in the fields. Some of my readers may perhaps be inclined to think, to hope at leaſt, that I exaggerate. — But let people viſit them as I have done. —— As that probably may not be convenient, let them hear the language of theſe poor human creatures in the ſongs of their own compoſing, the repreſentations which they make of it, their feelings, which they are forced at the time to confine within their heart——and then, if they affirm the contrary, I will willingly ſubmit to the reproach of not having adhered to the truth.

So long the hay-making laſts,
Till the graſs is all mowed down.
So long muſt we ted the ſwathes
Till the weeds are all away,
Till the ſabines are raked off,
While the ſtack is not yet made.—
Ah! 'tis better to live in the bottomleſs pit,

More

More happy to be unhappy in hell,
Than to belong to our farm;
Before ſun-riſe we are already at work,
By moon-light the hay muſt be cocked,
After ſun-ſet we muſt ſtill be working.
The oxen feed while under the yoke,
The poor geldings are always in the team,
The labourer ſtands on pointed ſticks,
His little help-mates on the ſharp thorns,
Our lord walks upon a white floor!
Our lady wears a golden crown!
Our young maſters wear ſilver rings!
They ſit down in eaſy chairs,
Or walk up and down the hall.
Let them but look on us poor boors,
How we are tormented and plagued—
How the little ones are tortured
If they run but a finger's length from their work;
And we muſt all be kept diſperſed.

A great broad piece of meadow is ſet them as a taſk, they muſt divide it in breadth, and thus are kept mowing at a diſtance from each other.—Accordingly, the comforts of ſociety and converſe are denied them at this ſeaſon; and to this it is that the laſt line alludes.

VII. A counterpart to the former. In the ſpring ſeaſon, there is frequently ſuch a dearth, that the peaſants are obliged to fodder their cattle with the half-rotten ſtraw of their thatched roofs. This is neceſſary for me to premiſe, for rendering intelligible the ſecond line.

For the elucidation of the fourth line, it muſt be remarked, that the boor has no chimney in his thatch, but the ſmoke, after curling round his room, at length finds its way out at the door. Only the German houſes have the luxury of chimnies. "Ever ſince "the chimnies came into the village," is the ſame

as

as to ſay, Ever ſince the Germans ſettled themſelves in the country.

The lord may take as many people as he pleaſes, and what people from the farm, to be domeſtics in his houſe—and this explains the laſt line.

I muſt not leave it unnoticed, that the tributes paid to the lord are called righteouſneſſes. This makes the meaning of the ſeventh line clear.

This is the cauſe that the country is ruined,
And the ſtraw of the thatch is eaten away,
The gentry are come to live in the land.
Chimnies between the village,
And the proprietor upon the white floor!
The ſheep brings forth a lamb with a white forehead,
This is paid to the lord for a righteouſneſs ſheep:
The ſow farrows pigs,
They go to the ſpit of the lord:
The hen lays eggs,
They go into the lord's frying-pan:
The cow drops a male calf,
That goes into the lord's herd as a bull:
The mare foals a horſe-foal,
That muſt be for my lord's nag:
The boor's wife has ſons,
They muſt go to look after my lord's poultry.

Can one deſire a more juſt and lively diſplay of the wretched ſituation of theſe poor people in regard to their lords, than this ballad, the reſult of their feelings, and their woful experience?

VIII. To whomever has been preſent with a woman in labour, has been witneſs to her agonies, has heard her groans in bringing forth, how juſt will the following images appear! The ſympathiſing feelings of the aſſiſtants are even excruciating. But how great is the joy when the hour of pain is over, and the family is increaſed by a ſon or a daughter!

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A crooked piece of wood, in the form of a half-circle, or rather a large horſe-ſhoe, connects the two poles or ſhafts of the cart, over the horſe's head. The fabricating of theſe crooked and elaſtic pieces, which requires a great deal of pains, particularly as every piece of wood will not anſwer the purpoſe, is the buſineſs of the men. Krummholtzmacher, Krummholtzhohler, or crooked wood-maker, is therefore, in the following ſpecimen, as much as to ſay, a man.

To play the reel, is the ſame as to wind off yarn, the employment of the women, and is here uſed to denote that ſex.

Song at a Lying-in.

The lovely lying-in woman
Went ten times the way to the kitchen,
A hundred times the way to the bagnio *,
A thouſand times about the rooms of the houſe,
She is looking for a beam to hang herſelf upon,
Or a piece of timber to knock out her brains.
The boors weep under the bench,
The children cry under the table,
The huſband in the room.

Pauſe.

Jeſus aſked through the door,
Maria looked in at the window.

Pauſe.

" What has the Creator ſent you?
" Has he ſent you a Krummholtzhohler?
" Or a ſecretary for the landlord?
" Or one that plies the reel?

God

* *The hot-bath is a neceſſary of life here as well as Ruſſia; it is uſed weekly, and ſometimes much oftener, by people of all conditions.*

God has made a Krummholtzhohler *!
The boors laugh under the bench,
The children under the table,
The husband in the room.

IX. A ballad sung while swinging. The swing is a dear pastime with the Esthonians. By this vibrating motion, the soul sinks into a kind of slumber, and for a time forgets its misery. What the "gate" was among the Orientals, ("He shall be praised in the gate."—"Haman saw him in the gate." "They are crushed "in the gate." "They that sit in the gate speak a "gainst me." "Shall not be ashamed when they "speak with their enemies in the gate." "Lay a "snare for him that reproveth in the gate." "Establish judgment in the gate," &c.), that same is the swing with this nation. Here the young and old assemble together; the father enjoys himself with his sons, the mother with her daughters. Here they talk over all the news of the place, discuss characters, and perhaps quarrels. Every one brings some provision with him, because, on a holiday, they pass the greater part of the afternoon here, and the whole of the evening. He that has, gives to him that has not.

The Kubijas is a person placed over the boors, who, with his family, is exempt from all work as a serf; he therefore has the means of managing his own acres, and looking after their produce, as he and his people have nothing else to do; accordingly he is much richer than the other boors. One or other of his fellow-vassals is ever bringing him some present, by way of bribe, either to remit him a day's work, unknown

* *My worthy correspondent is an ingenious commentator, though somewhat prolix. However, instead of his explanation on the foregoing page, I should rather think, that krummholtzhohler is merely wood-fetcher. Krummholtz is a species of pine; the pinus montana; and hohlen signifies to fetch; krumm likewise means crooked.*

known to the lord, or otherwiſe to ſpare him. It is therefore with great naivete, ſaid in the laſt line,—"Of the Kubija's daughter, I found a golden coiff." How different from the poor fatherleſs and motherleſs orphan! "Of the orphan I ſaw only the falſe treſſes." All theſe findings were things which the girls had dropped in running away as faſt as they could. The two upright poſts to which the ſwing is ſuſpended, ſometimes by the velocity of the motion become looſe, and the perſons in it are tumbled together on the ground. Of Liſa (Eliſabeth) ſhe found ſome handſome garters, becauſe, doubtleſs, ſhe was taken as a maid-ſervant to the great houſe. The poeteſs picked up all theſe fine articles, comes joyfully tripping along with them to the village, where the ſwing ſtands, and calls the other women and girls to the ſwing.

Village-women, come to the ſwing!
Bring your chickens, and bring your eggs,
Bring breeding geeſe,
Bring ducks by couples,
Bring the feet of ſwimming fowl,
Come to the ſwing, and let us ſwing.
Shove the children into the cradle,
The father will nurſe the children.
I went to the ſwing to ſwing,
And there I found many black ſtockings,
Of Anna two ſtripped ribbons,
Of Liſa handſome garters,
Of the Kubija's daughter golden treſſes,
Of the poor orphan only falſe treſſes.

By way of concluſion, I will preſent you with a few more nuptial ſonnets. The firſt of which muſt inconteſtably have been written ſomewhere in the period between the beginning of the year 1580, and the cloſe of the year 1583, when the Swedes, Poles, and Ruſſians, were all in the country at once. The Turks herein mentioned muſt be ſynonymous with Tartars.

a

a miſtake that may eaſily be pardoned in a nation ſo very deficient in the ſcience of geography.

X. A Wedding-ſong. The good luck of a girl brought up in the manſion-houſe of the eſtate with the nobleman's family, who is probably to be married to one of the upper ſervants, is here celebrated. "Thou "knoweſt thy ſtation, where thou ſafely ſleepeſt: but "we, thy parents, (it was doubtleſs in war time), we "know not where we ſhall ſleep. Perhaps the moraſs "or the field will be our death-bed."

Worſted ſtockings are, it ſeems, quite a luxury. The female boors wear narrow aprons. Broad aprons, therefore, contrariwiſe, denote "riches."

Hark, my maid, my little bride!
Thou greweſt up in the nobleman's room,
In a room where people go in worſted ſtockings,
Amongſt worſted-ſtocking company;
Where there are large windows *,
On the floors of the folks with broad aprons,
In a great ſtone-houſe.
The Riga flints do not ſpoil thy feet,
Nor the Ruſſian bloody ſwords wound thee,
Nor the Turkiſh fiery darts.
The lord of the manor was thy father,
The lady thy mother,
The lord's daughters thy ſiſters,
His ſons thy half-brothers.
There thou kneweſt where thou didſt grow up,
Kneweſt the life thou leddeſt,
Kneweſt the place where thou ſhould ſleep.
The gooſe knows not the place,
The duck knows not the little place
Where it ſhall fall down to die.
I perhaps ſhall die in the bog,

Leſt

* *Large windows. The habitations of the boors are without any, or very ſmall ones, conſiſting only of one pane of green glaſs, about a ſpan ſquare.*

Left to periſh upon the earth,
Or breathe out my life upon the hay-mow.*

XI. Bridal ſonnet. A man in boots comes up to a German. The boor goes in a kind of flipper made of ruſh-matting, tied faſt to his feet by pack-thread.

Yervin is held to be the moſt fertile province in Eſthonia. The condition of the peaſants here is, in general, better than in the other circles. Hence the luxury of a cocked hat. The maiden flatters herſelf with the hope of marrying a German, conſequently to one above her rank, but at length gets nothing better than a boor from Yervin. Now to the ſong itſelf:—

Hark, my maid, my little bride!
As thou greweſt up in the houſe,
Thou wenteſt like a ſwan in the ſnow,
Like a grey gooſe in the hedge,
Thou waſhedſt thy hair in the water of the lake,
And thine eyes with the ſuds of white ſoap;
Thou thoughteſt to conquer a man with boots,
And to get thee one with a handſome hat.
Thou ſcornedſt the eager youths,
As the vileſt ſlaves of Vierland,
For one cocked hat from Yervin—
And this is the man whoſe locks thou didſt comb,
And uſe every art to win †.

XII. A Nuptial Song.

Young maid, young woman!
When thou greweſt up in the houſe,
Thou wert precious as gold at home,
As ſilver in the father's hoard,
As copper in thy brother's treaſure.

* *This ſong rather appears to be ſung in the perſon of a poor village-maiden, than in the perſon of the parents of the bride.*

† *Literally, Such is the man whoſe feet thou didſt tickle.*

But now, my Marichen, thou goeſt to a ſtranger's abode.
There thou wilt come like a fiſh to a different ſhore,
Like a duck to a different place.
I know not whether to praiſe or blame thee,
Whether thou there wilt be valued ſo much as the earth
Over which the geeſe ſo rapidly run,
Or as much ground as a ſparrow can ſtand on.

XIII. Another; ſhewing the beſt way of pleaſing the new parents, and of gaining their favour. But again, how ſarcaſtic is it throughout!—

Young maiden, young woman!
Get up betimes in the morning,
Be ſtirring before the ſun!
Go then and milk the cow,
And ſtroke her between the horns.
Findeſt thou that the cow has a calf—
Then make it known to thy mother-in-law firſt.
Findeſt thou a lamb with a white forehead,
Shew it kindly to thy brother-in-law,—
So will the mother-in-law give thee praiſe,
So will the father-in-law give thee praiſe,
The ſiſters-in-law will ſmile upon thee,
The brother-in-law will tell it in the village,
Then thou'lt be called a clever girl,
The daughter of a clever woman,
An excellent woman brought thee forth,
An excellent woman rocked thy cradle,
And happy he that has married thee.

I have given what I collected, while I was among theſe people, without pretending, as I ſaid at firſt, to equal them with the ſongs of the deathleſs bards. Nevertheleſs, the unprejudiced reader will diſcover ſeveral artleſs beauties in one or other of them, and the inveſtigator of mankind will get an inſight into the genius of the nation.

For

For ſuch as can diſcern no traces of delicate ſentiment in them, for ſuch as have obſerved no poignant ſtrokes of ſarcaſm in theſe ſpecimens of national poeſy; for ſuch as do not conclude from them, that with better uſage, greater culture, and a little allowance of liberty, we might expect this nation to produce beautiful pieces in the various departments of poetry, and that then the delightful and melodious language of this people, by a greater cultivation, and a freer ſcope, would be rendered more and more melodious and delightful,—for them I did not write down theſe ſpecimens, either in their original or in a tranſlation. The ſeeming harſhneſs of ſeveral vowels ſtriking on one another in this language, entirely vaniſhes when heard with all its nuances from the mouth of an Eſthonian.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE PEOPLE IN AND ABOUT NAPLES.

[From the Same.]

A REMARKABLE air of gaiety ſtrikes one every moment here, which inſpires the ſtranger with participating pleaſure. The flowers and fruits of a thouſand brilliant dyes, with which nature preſents them, ſeem to invite mankind to adorn themſelves, and all their utenſils, as much as poſſible, with the like glowing colours. Silks and ribbands, flowers in the hats, and every diverſified mark of gaiety, decorate every perſon according to his means. The chairs and commodes, even in the pooreſt houſes, are ornamented with gold and gaudy flowers. Even the caleſhes in the ſtreets are painted in ſcarlet, the carvings are gilded, the horſes are decorated with bouquets, ſcarlet trappings, and glittering tinſel. Many of them have plumes of feathers, others little ſtreamers on their heads, which

nod and flutter as they go along. It is uſual with us to deride, as barbaric and vulgar, a fondneſs for tawdry colours; and in ſome ſort it may be ſo, and actually is: but, under a bright and always azure ſky, nothing is properly tawdry; for nothing can outſhine the luſtre of the ſun, or its reflection in the ſea. The livelieſt colours will be deadened by the powerful light of day; and as all colours, the various greens of the trees and plants, the yellow, brown, and red complexion of the earth, act in full energy on our eyes, ſo the motley hues of flowers and dreſſes combine in perfect harmony. The roſe-coloured boddice and blue gowns of the wives and daughters of Netuna, edged with broad gold and ſilver, the national dreſſes of other colours, the painted ſhips, all ſeem contending in cheerful rivalſhip to make themſelves ſome way viſible under the blaze of heaven, and the effulgence of the ſea.

And as they live, ſo they bury their dead; here no long, diſmal, ſilent, ſable train, diſturbs the harmony of the feſtive world.

I ſaw a child borne to the grave. A large red-coloured piece of tapeſtry, embroidered with gold, covered a broad bier, whereon was placed a carved caſe, highly gilt and ſilvered, in which lay the corpſe arrayed in white, and decked all over with roſe-coloured ribbands. At all the four corners of this caſe, ſtood angels, about two feet high, holding in their hands large noſegays of flowers over the child; and, as they were only fixed on wires beneath, ſo, as the bier moved on, they made correſpondent motions, and ſeemed to ſprinkle the child with the odoriferous dew of the flowers. The faſter the carriage proceeded along the road, the quicker was the movement of the angels and the prieſts that went before; and the torch-bearers by the ſides might more properly be ſaid to run than to walk.

There is no ſeaſon of the year, but one is ſurrounded with eatables at every turn; and the Neapolitan not only delights in eating in common with all other mortals,

tals, but he will have his food adorned before he buys it.

At Sancta Lucia, the fiſh, in their various aſſortments, are put in clean and neat baſkets; crabs, oyſters, ſhads, muſcles, each apart, ſpread upon a nice board, with green leaves under them. The ſhops for dried fruits and pulſe are ornamented in the greateſt variety of ways. The oranges and lemons, of all ſorts, diſplayed with green twigs, ſtuck between them, tempt the eye of the paſſenger. But no where do they ſhew a greater taſte for ornament than in the butcher's meat, by which the ſight of the populace is particularly caught; as the appetite is ſharpened by periodical abſtinence.

In the ſhambles, the parts of oxen, calves, ſheep are never expoſed to the public view, without having the border of fat, or the caul, highly gilt. Several days in the year, particularly Whitſuntide, are ſacred to good cheer. It is then a general cocagna, at which 500,000 men all join in concert. At this time, the ſtreet of Toledo, and ſeveral other ſtreets and ſquares, are ornamented in the moſt ſtriking taſte. The ſtalls and ſhops where greens are ſold, where grapes, melons, and figs, are ſet out, moſt agreeably attract the eye. The eatables hang in feſtoons and garlands acroſs the ſtreets; large chains of ſauſages, gilt, and tied with red ribbands; turkies, with all of them a red ſtreamer ſtuck under their rumps. I have been aſſured, that 30,000 of them are ſold, without reckoning thoſe fattened at home by private perſons. Beſides this, a vaſt number of aſſes, loaded with garden ſtuff, capons, and young lambs, are driven about the market and through the city; and the heaps of eggs that are ſeen in various parts are ſo great, that no creature alive could imagine ſo many could be collected together. And it is not enough that all this is conſumed; every year an officer of the police goes through the city, attended by a trumpeter, to proclaim in all the ſquares and croſſ-

ways, how many thouſand oxen, calves, lambs, hogs, &c. the Neapolitans have conſumed. The people liſten with extreme attention to the proclamation, and are immoderately delighted at the huge amount, while each individual recollects with pleaſure the ſhare he has had in the enjoyment.

What relates to the paſtry diſhes, which our cooks are ſo well ſkilled in preparing under a great diverſity of denominations, is greatly attended to by this people who are very adroit in ſuch matters. The macaroni, a preparation of the dough made with fine meal, is to be had of all the different kinds, at a trifling price. It is for the moſt part only boiled in water, and the grated cheeſe melts with it, and ſeaſons the diſh. At every corner almoſt of the principal ſtreets, ſtand paſtry cooks, with their pans of boiling oil, particularly on faſt-days, cooking fiſh and paſtry for their caſual cuſtomers, who drop in, in incredible ſhoals. Theſe fellows ſupply many thouſand perſons with their dinner and ſupper; which they carry away on a piece of paper.

The ſtalls of theſe frigitori, are ſplendidly ſet forth on the day of St Joſeph, their patron. The ſhed is decorated with the image of the ſaint, and with a number of pictures repreſenting ſouls ſuffering the pains of purgatory; as an alluſion to the flames on which the fiſh are dreſſed. A large pan is heated over a fire; one man is making the paſte, and another is putting the pieces into the boiling oil; but the perſons of both, who, with large two-pronged forks, are heaving out the cakes and pyes, are the moſt remarkable; they repreſent angels; but how they repreſent them, is what no man would gueſs.

Guided by the idea that angels muſt have large flowing golden locks, they put flaxen full-bottomed perriwigs on the heads of the boys who are to appear as angels in the ſolemn proceſſions; perhaps theſe perriwigs are become bald by age and repeated ſervice, or perhaps

haps they are not always to be had with their proper complement of curls: in ſhort, in a country where, generally ſpeaking, every one wears his own hair, only the aſſociated ideas of perriwigs and angels have remained, and the main idea of flowing locks is totally loſt: ſo that theſe two fellows, who withal are as ragged as any blackguard in Naples, think it quite ſufficient for ſupporting their dignity as angels, if they can but get any old perriwig that will cover one ear; and, for the reſt, their diligent plying of the pan makes them complete repreſentatives of the good ſpirits whoſe office is to hawl ſouls out of purgatory. This wonderful ingenious decoration, with the inceſſant noiſe they make, and ſtill more the cheap price of their commodities on this day, draw a multitude of buyers about them, who gratify their appetite for a few half-pence, and at the ſame time ſend up a pious ejaculation in behalf of the poor ſouls that lie howling in purgatory.

INTERESTING ANECDOTE

OF PETER III. OF CASTILE.

A CANON of the cathedral of Seville, affected in his dreſs, particularly in his ſhoes, could not find a workman to his liking. An unfortunate ſhoemaker to whom he applied, after quitting many others, having brought him a pair of ſhoes not made to pleaſe his taſte, the canon became furious, and ſeizing one of the tools of the ſhoemaker, gave him with it ſo many blows on the head, as laid him dead on the floor. The unhappy man left a widow, four daughters, and a ſon of fourteen years of age, the eldeſt of the indigent family. They made their complaints to the chapter; the canon was proſecuted, and condemned *not to appear in the choir for a year.*

The young ſhoemaker having attained to man's eſtate,

eſtate, was ſcarcely able to get a livelihood; and, overwhelmed with wretchedneſs, ſat down on the day of a proceſſion, at the door of the cathedral of Seville, in the moment the proceſſion paſſed by. Among the other canons he perceived the murderer of his father. At the ſight of this man, filial affection, rage, and deſpair, got ſo far the better of his reaſon, that he fell furiouſly on the prieſt, and ſtabbed him to the heart. The young man was ſeized, convicted of the crime, and immediately condemned to be quartered alive. Peter, whom we call the cruel, and whom the Spaniards, with more reaſon, call the Lover of Juſtice, was then at Seville. The affair came to his knowledge; and, after learning the particulars, he determined to be himſelf the judge of the young ſhoemaker. When he proceeded to give judgment, he firſt annulled the ſentence juſt pronounced by the clergy; and, after aſking the young man what profeſſion he was, "I *forbid you*," ſaid he, "*to make ſhoes for a year to come.*"

THE COLLEGE FRIENDS.

ROBERT RUTHERFORD had received his education at Weſtminſter, and had, while there, become warmly attached to Hyacinthus De Montmollin, a boy of his own age, and expectations in life. Rutherford was lively, miſchievous, and ungovernable, and for ever the firſt in riotous ſcrapes of all kinds; but he poſſeſſed the happy art of always gloſſing over his actions with ſome ſpecious falſehood; and never failed, by ſuch means, to bring off himſelf and his confederates with conſiderable eclât. De Montmollin was alſo impetuous, high ſpirited, and full of vivacity; but he had a haughty ingeniouſneſs in his nature that diſdained concealment, even where it was indiſputably prudent. It is, therefore, not to be wondered at, that he ſhould diſlike the ſubterfuges of his friend; which indeed were always

ways clever, and by no means deſpicable; and that he ſhould often ſeverely talk to him on the ſubject. But Bob laughed; ſaid they were *white lies*; produced no harm; and, he would ſwear, were told more for the ſake of ſobbing their genius of an uſher, than for that of eſcaping puniſhment or reprimand. Hyacinthus, tired of ſpeaking, and conceiving time would alter his diſpoſition in that point for the better, gave over lecturing him.

At ſeventeen, the latter was taken from Weſtminſter to Cambridge; and the former remained till he was nineteen, at which time he quitted College for a commiſſion in the army. Rutherford, was an only, a beloved child; and his father gave him an eſtabliſhment more befitting the ſon of a peer than of a mere baronet: but Rutherford was innately good, and the liberality of his parent betrayed him into nothing like vice; yet, the romancing genius of his boyiſh days was not forgotten. The beautiful ſiſter of De Montmollin had ſecured his heart, and owned a mutual regard. Happy in the poſſeſſion of her affection, in the kindneſs of his father, and the admiration of all the women in high life, he had nothing elſe to wiſh for.

About this period, Hyacinthus, who had concluded his ſtudies, arrived in London. After ſpending a few hours with his mother and ſiſters, he flew to the houſe of Sir John Rutherford, to embrace his dear Robert. The meeting of the friends was affecting. Their firſt tranſports of joy gave place to mutual wonderments, and lively remarks on the alterations in the perſons of each other; for three years had altered both. They had parted two wild, little fellows, with all the boy in their looks and manners; they met, now, in the dreſs and bloom of youth. De Montmollin ſmiled at the military air of Rutherford; and Rutherford, in return, laughed at the claſſic elegance of Hyacinthus. Yet ſtill, in each other, they recognized ſouls equally dear. Rutherford ſtill ſaw the lovely boy in Hyacinth, whoſe light

light hair waved over a roſy cheek, and whoſe radiant blue eyes breathed ſpirit, life, and fire: yet in thoſe eyes there did not really exiſt the ſame expreſſion; their luſtre was ſtill as ſweetly lucid, but a ſoftened penſiveneſs diffuſed through them a character widely different from that of former days. Rutherford eagerly aſked his friend if he meant to go into the Guards, and was overjoyed at finding him anſwer in the affirmative. Propoſing a ſaunter out, De Montmollin took the arm of Bob, and proceeded with him to one of the theatres. As they ran their eyes over the oppoſite boxes, Rutherford bowed to ſome one haſtily. The young lady roſe to return the ſalute, and diſcovered to view a form as beautiful as her face. She was gracefully tall, and a profuſion of raven hair ſtreamed over the rich folds of the turban ſhe wore. Her eyes, as they darted acroſs the theatre, ſeemed to blaze with more than ſunny ſplendour. Hyacinthus eagerly aſked Bob, if he knew her. "O yes! her name is Ludlow, one of our firſt-rate fortunes and beauties: her brother and I are friends; and, to ſpeak plainly to you, ſhe and I are on the beſt terms imaginable."—"How! What!" exclaimed De Montmollin, the blood ruſhing over his fair cheek, "*you* and *her!*"—"I'll tell you the ſtory," replied his friend—

"Lord Laudborough, her father, has a houſe in Berkſhire. About the time they were there, I was upon a viſit to my uncle Tarleton, in the ſame county. Though I viſited at Laudborough Park, yet I owed my intimacy with Miſs Ludlow to a mere accident. Being, you know, very fond of rambling about, I often ſauntered, late in the evening, through my uncle's plantations, to a romantic walk near them. It was one of thoſe long-winding lanes, ſo beautiful, and ſo frequently found, in the country. I had never yet ſeen its termination; and, being in a curious mood, I one night determined to purſue it to the end. I did ſo; and found myſelf, after many meanders, at the wicket

wicket of a cottage, on whoſe little caſements the moon ſhone with ſoft luſtre. The dwelling ſeemed ſo peaceful, the ſituation was ſo lovely, and, in ſhort, I was ſo fatigued, that I opened the gate; and, croſſing the miniature garden, tapped at the door for admittance. It was opened to me by a ſweet girl of ſixteen; who, finding I was a ſtranger, and fatigued, welcomed me kindly; and, leading me through a neat parlour, on the windows of which the eye of night had beamed, conducted me to a dairy, or kitchen, where I partook with her of fruits and milk"——"But Miſs Ludlow," interrupted De Montmollin, totally forgetting the ready invention of his friend. "Not to tire you," reſumed the other, "I had not ſat long, when a bell was rung, and my fair ruſtic flew away to open the gate. I heard her re-enter the room I had paſſed through, and ſpeak—"Not come yet? Good God!" exclaimed a male voice, "this is far beyond her hour. O, Auguſta! at this time to forget me—*this* time, when my ſinking heart calls for all your tenderneſs to ſupport it!" Here Suſan interrupted him with a joyful exclamation, and haſtened again to open the gate. A female's voice called him her dear Edwin; and then Suſan joined me. I found it eaſy to get out of my ſimple hoſteſs the names of this enamoured pair; and, at length, found the gentleman was an officer, of little fortune, going abroad, and whoſe betrothed wife ſhe was, though her father had before refuſed her to him. She was no other than Auguſta Ludlow; who, at this dead hour of night, met her beloved Edwin at the houſe of a peaſant devoted to her, whoſe daughter my informer was. I took my leave of the pretty ruſtic; and being led by her out at a back-door, I was obliged to come round the little incloſure, to go out at the wicket. My eyes ſtrayed to the caſement, over which hung a grape vine almoſt concealing it. But, as I gazed, I ſaw it opened by the hand of an elegant young man, upon whoſe other lay Auguſta in a ſwoon. He called

to

to me, with thoughtleſs deſpair, for aſſiſtance; and, ruſhing in, I recovered her. You may gueſs her confuſion on ſeeing me; however, ſhe made me *her* friend and that of Edwin; and I parted from the gallant ſoldier, with the tendereſt promiſes of keeping her for him. He has now been gone for half a year, and ſhe correſponds with him conſtantly. Her father ſeeks to force her into a marriage; and ſhe, to avoid ſuſpicion, affects obedience: however, the regiment of my friend will be in town in the courſe of a fortnight, and then ſhe will be his irrevocably. And now, Hyacinth, what think you of going to their box?"

Rutherford, during this eloquent narrative, did not obſerve the tortured expreſſion of De Montmollin's countenance, whoſe lip quivered, and whoſe cheeks grew pale, and then red, alternately. He urged his propoſal again; and Hyacinth, in moody ſilence, followed him out. When they entered the box in which Miſs Ludlow was, Rutherford was amazed to ſee her addreſs Hyacinth, with the air of one well known to her. "Do you know Auguſta?" aſked he, in a whiſper. "Very ſlightly," returned De Montmollin, coldly, at the ſame time drawing a deep ſigh. "You look ill, De Montmollin!" ſaid Auguſta, raiſing her fine black eyes, with tender ſoftneſs: "I am afraid the houſe is too warm for you. Our box is very crowded; ſhall my brother and ſome of his friends leave it?"—"You are too good, madam," returned he with a bitter ſmile: "the deception is admirable! At any other time this affected concern would have touched me ſenſibly; but now—O madam!—it does not ſit well on the betrothed bride of Edwin!" The tears ſtarted into the eyes of Auguſta:—"What do you mean, Hyacinth?" ſaid ſhe, in a low voice. "Who is this Edwin!"—"Aſk your own heart, madam! returned De Montmollin ſternly. "Be aſſured, from this moment we part for ever!" His voice ſhook, as he ſpoke, with renewed tenderneſs; then, ſuddenly riſing, he ſprung away, and left her.

Miſs

Miſs Ludlow haſtily daſhed away her tears, and, ſtruggling to hide her emotion, called to Rutherford, who was in the front of the box with her brother, telling him his friend was ill, and had left the theatre. "Not he," replied Bob, careleſsly; "for there he is, on the oppoſite ſide: he was too warm here. Indeed, you muſt pardon him this rudeneſs, when you are told, that he this day declared his love for a lady, from whom as yet he has received no reply. Did he not talk rather wildly to you Auguſta?" Auguſta bowed an aſſent, for ſhe could not ſpeak. Transfixed with anguiſh, ſuffocating with concealed ſobs, ſhe turned away, and leaned her cheek on her hand, to hide the tears which rolled over her face. Rutherford ſoon after left them; and, joining De Montmollin, inquired if he was well. De Montmollin ſaid,—"Not very well;" and left the houſe with him inſtantly. On their arrival at the houſe of Sir John, Hyacinth complained of being very ill indeed, and quitted Rutherford haſtily.

The next morning brought Rutherford to his houſe, to inquire after his health; when, to his ſurpriſe, he heard he was already riſen, and gone out. Imagining he might meet him at Lord Laudborough's, with whoſe family he appeared acquainted, he ſallied forth; and, wandering up to Portman Square, inquired for Miſs Ludlow. Finding ſhe was within, he ran up ſtairs, with his uſual unceremonious flightineſs; and, ruſhing into the ſitting-room, the firſt object that met his eyes was Auguſta; who, even in the moment of his entrance, drew a deep ſigh, and ſunk breathleſs on the ground. He ſprung forward, and, catching her in his arms, gazed at her with mute terror. A letter lay at her feet: the characters were thoſe of his friend. Trembling with a thouſand uneaſy apprehenſions, and alive only to the anxiety of friendſhip, he caught up the paper; and, while the unhappy Auguſta leaned lifeleſs on his breaſt, peruſed with a beating heart theſe words—

"Forgive, madam, the conduct of laſt night; impute it to the agonies of a heart madly attached to you; a heart that once fondly thought it was beloved. I have no right to reproach you, and I ſolicit your pardon. I know I am not worthy of you: I dare not hope it. I love you too ſincerely to ſeek to humble a character I have hitherto ſo idolatrouſly worſhipped. For the wealth of worlds, I would not wiſh to eſtrange your heart, but for a moment, from that fortunate Edwin to whom you are affianced. May you be happy, Auguſta! happy as you deſerve! and may you forget the cruel, the too-well-acted deceit you have practiſed on my unſuſpecting nature. Yet, O Auguſta! was it humane, was it worthy of you? But I will not reproach you. I am wretched! I am diſtracted! I care not what becomes of me. I have now no wiſhes to gratify. You are never to be mine! I can now return to the former object of my father's approbation; to her whoſe faithful heart has ever held my image within it; who loved me, even at a time when my whole ſoul, devoted to you and love, knew not what it was to be grateful. I will now fly to her; and, as I can no longer taſte of happineſs myſelf, as I am no longer neceſſary to yours, I will afford it to the gentle nature of Lady Wadepha Caulfield."

The unfiniſhed letter fell from the hand of Rutherford, as an awakening ſob burſt from the lips of Auguſta. He haſtily ſeated her on the ſofa, and ſpoke to her in the voice of comfort. A flood of tears was his only anſwer: her heart laboured with agony, and her voice failed her, as ſhe attempted to ſpeak. "Compoſe yourſelf, dear Miſs Ludlow," cried Rutherford, the drops of compaſſionate ſympathy riſing into his eyes; "I will fly to Hyacinth, and bring him back to you as true as ever. I foreſee this is ſome deception."—"O no, no!" exclaimed Auguſta, the tears ſtreaming from her radiant eyes, as ſhe raiſed them upwards, "he ceaſes to look on me; and the beauties of Lady Wadepha are my deſtruction!" [Rutherford

Rutherford did not reply; but, rushing out of the room, flew with eagle swiftness to the house of De Montmollin. His heart beat violently, when he inquired for his friend. He was not at home. "Merciful Heaven! where is he gone?"—"To the Earl of Castleton's," replied the servant. "Great God!" cried Robert, striking his head with his hand, "it is all over then! But how long has he been gone!"—"Half an hour, Sir." Rutherford rushed out, in silence, and hastened on to the Earl's. Lady Wadepha Caulfield was within. He darted up stairs; and, flying into the room, beheld the lovely Wadepha, blushing, trembling, and enraptured, listening to the voice of De Montmollin; who, with a melancholy energy, was breathing out vows of the tendereſt kind. Struck to the heart with a scene so touching, so destructive to the future peace of Hyacinth, he flung himself breathless on a seat, and exclaimed in the bitterness of his soul,—"My God! my God! what have I done?" De Montmollin started up, and flew to him with friendly warmth; but Robert pushed him away, repeating wildly—"You are deceived, Hyacinth! You are deceived in Augusta; and I am a wretch!" The truth now flashed on the mind of De Montmollin; his eyes rolled back on themselves with frantic horror. "O! let me hear no more, or you will for ever destroy me! I am Wadepha's by the strongest vows—No, no, lovely Wadepha!" added he, melting into tears, and flinging himself at her feet, "I will never desert you! You *are*, you *shall* be mine! This dear hand shall never belong to another! It is mine! It is mine!" He bathed the ivory hand with his scalding tears, as he spoke. Lady Wadepha comprehended the whole affair: her tender heart was rent with a thousand pangs. De Montmollin, the lovely, the beloved De Montmollin, was at her feet; he was wildly impressing the kisses of madness on her arm. He was vowing eternal constancy, even while his heart was devoted to another, when he was again convinced

ſhe was worthy of it all. She raiſed him gently from the ground; and, ſeating herſelf beſide him, looked at him with an eye beaming forth all the heroiſm of the moment. "Hyacinth! I ſee the ſtruggle within you. I comprehend the meaning of Mr Rutherford's words. Auguſta Ludlow is ſtill deſerving of you. Let not, therefore, a dread of what I ſhall ſuffer, let not a falſe romantic honour, bind you to the fate of me, who never can be completely wretched while you are bleſſed. Believe me, the hour that gives you the hand of Auguſta will ſee my heart unagitated by any ſelfiſh ſorrow. No, Hyacinth! though I would have been ſupremely happy in your affection, yet I can relinquiſh it, to ſee you ſincerely ſo. Take back, therefore, the generous vow you made to one, who does not bluſh to own ſhe did, and *does*, love you enthuſiaſtically. All ſhe can aſk in return will be your friendſhip. Leave me, dear De Montmollin! leave me! Fly to the unhappy Auguſta. Alas! ſhe muſt now be ſuffering ſuch tortures as I am doomed——" The agitation of her heart could no longer be concealed: the tears of agonized regret burſt from her ſoft eye; ſhe ſobbed aloud. The grateful arms of Hyacinthus were open to receive her; ſhe ſunk unconſciouſly into them: he preſſed her paſſionately to his heart; and their tears ſtreamed together; their ſighs, their ſobs, were the only ſounds that echoed through the lonely apartment. Rutherford, ſtupified with diſtreſs, was ſilently mingling his watery ſorrows with theirs, as he hung over them.

Ah! what were the feelings of Wadepha, held to the beating boſom of her dear De Montmollin, whoſe agonizing kiſſes burned on her lips! The flood of tears, which guſhed from her eyes, were more delicious than all the ſmiles of pleaſure; yet ſuch tears ſhe ſhould never ſhed again. She was herſelf determining her own fate; ſhe was herſelf flying from thoſe arms in which ſhe could have died in extaſy. The thought was madneſs! She

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dared truſt herſelf no longer; but, making a ſtrong effort, ſhe broke from his twining arms; and, wiping off the tears from her baſhful cheek,—"Leave me, I conjure you, once more!" ſaid ſhe, tenderly: "I can never now be happy as your wife; why then ſhould I ruin the felicity of Auguſta, and my De Montmollin, for no benefit to myſelf!—O Rutherford! if you have any pity on me, take him away! Let me look on him no more! Take him to the wretched Auguſta!"

"Heavenly, heavenly angel!" exclaimed Hyacinth, ſtarting up, and ſnatching her ſtill more fondly to his boſom, "I cannot now be the huſband of Auguſta. My heart is now all yours. Ah!—no!—it is divided; it is torn; it is diſtracted!—O Wadepha! I am a wretch!" He folded her to his heart, in a tranſport of deſperate fondneſs. She ſtruggled to get free—"By all my hopes of happineſs, I ſwear," exclaimed ſhe. "O ſtop! ſtop!" cried Hyacinth; "for the ſake of your De Montmollin, do not proceed! O Wadepha! I have now no hopes but in you; my heart is no longer Auguſta's; it belongs to thee, and to thy virtues!" What could the fair Caulfield ſay? She wept, ſhe ſighed, in unutterable tranſport; but it was a melancholy one. Rutherford attempted to ſpeak—"And will you deſert Auguſta! Will you leave her to call you faithleſs? to hate you?" Hyacinthus ſtarted at the ſound. "What! *her* I once loved! once loved ſo fondly! O no! no!" His voice died away: he ſunk on the boſom of Wadepha, who, weeping, conjured him to haſten to Miſs Ludlow; but De Montmollin yet lingered in her ſnowy arms. A tap at the door awakened him from his trance. It was a ſervant with a letter for Mr De Montmollin, which had been ſent from his father's, the ſervant who left it having ſaid it was on particular buſineſs. Rutherford tore it open, and read theſe words—

"You renounce me for what I am innocent of. You renounce me for Lady Wadepha Caulfield; and this Edwin, this myſterious ſtory, is of your own fabrication.

tion. You too well know, you *were* once maſter of my whole heart; but you are ſo no longer. This ungenerous treatment has opened my eyes; and the guſt of tears, in which your friend left me, waſhed away every trace of you from a heart now the right of him to whom this inſtant, I have yielded my hand—he whoſe conſtant love could never before gain aught but my pity. "AUGUSTA ARLINGTON."

The paper fell from the hands of Robert: he could only utter an exclamation of joy; while, as if touched with one emotion, De Montmollin and Lady Wadepha flung themſelves into each other's arms, in ſpeechleſs extaſy. "And art thou, then, mine for ever, my Wadepha?" exclaimed Hyacinth, paſſionately gazing on her lovely face. "Thine—thine for ever!" returned ſhe, with fondeſt rapture; while her melting eyes met his, expreſſive of all the ardour of love.

Rutherford now broke in upon their tenderneſs, by entreating the pardon of his friend for what he had done; begging him to forgive the wild levity of his diſpoſition, which led him into the fooliſh imprudence of telling a romantic ſtory of Auguſta, which never had any exiſtence in truth. "Believe me," added he, "the incidents of this day will ſufficiently warn me againſt the like actions; which, I now find, though not maliciouſly intended by me, were capable of producing the moſt fatal effects."

As he thus ſpoke, Hyacinthus turned, with a look of inexpreſſible tenderneſs, to Lady Wadepha: her azure eye was bent on the letter of Auguſta; and her gentle heart was paying the ſoft tribute of pity to her loſs. "O my Wadepha!" exclaimed Hyacinth, tranſported at the ſight, "what a treaſure of virtue have I not found in thee! Tho' Auguſta ſtill calls the bitter drop of fond regret for hours gone, never to return; yet, when I look on thee, thy beauty, thy ſenſibility, thy love, more than recompence me. Surely that attachment has been weak, too weak, when ſhe could ſo ſoon triumph

umph over her tenderneſs, and ſacrifice to pride, perhaps, the future happineſs of her whole life. O! I am bleſſed in thee, indeed!" He put her hand to his lips with eagerneſs. She ſmiled through her tears. She looked an angel!

SOLYMAN.

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

THE reſplendent beams of Mithra ceaſed to play on the mighty ſurface of the Euphrates; and, beneath the weſtern ſummits, retired to reſt from his diurnal journey: Favonian breezes fanned the purple ether, and all the celeſtial concave diſplayed an enamelled picture; when the royal and mighty Solyman, burſting from his banquet, wound his tedious ſteps along a ſolitary path in his garden. The dulcimer's ſound was inſipid, the tuneful lute became duſt, wine was ſurfeiting, and even beauty yielded no pleaſure to his torpid mind. A heavy care ſat on his brow, and his ſoul became harrowed with all the horrors of grief. A deep melancholy corroded his mind; and, though he knew not for why, a ſad and painful remembrance ſat upon his reaſon.

A ſerpentine rivulet, that murmured gently along, ſounded reſponſive to his woe; and an aged pine ſupported his body, while he poured forth his ſorrow.

"Alas!" ſaid he "why was I born if deſpair was to be my lot; why was I created, if ſorrow was to be my portion? Was I uplifted to the imperial purple, to be a prey to woe? Or does the regal diadem encircle my brows, that I may ſtand as a butt for the ſhafts of melancholy? Wherever I turn, magnificence ſurrounds me; but my ſoul, alas! is darkened by deſpondency! O Mahomet! thou art too cruel!"

"Blame not Heaven, thou infirm ſon of clay!" reſounded

ſounded a voice in the air; and immediately the Genius of Inſtruction alighted on the earth. In one hand he held the mirror of Truth: and in the other were upheld the tablets of Literature and Wiſdom. A divine fire blazed in his eye, and rays of empyreal brightneſs encompaſſed his head. Like a hind couching before the mighty lion, ſo did the petrified Solyman couch down before the heavenly Genius. "Solyman!" ſaid he, in a voice melodious and ſoft, "ariſe, and learn wiſdom. The errors of education have obſtructed the flow of truth to thy heart; and flattery has rendered the ſound of veracity obnoxious to thine ear; but Alla, in his almighty wiſdom, hath decreed thy converſion from ignorance. Ariſe! Look into this glaſs, and ſay, what doſt thou ſee?"

"I ſee," replied Solyman, trembling, "a view magnificent and glorious; both grateful to the ſight, and gratifying to the mind. A monarch ſits exalted on his throne, a throne far ſurpaſſing the Perſian—covered with rubies, gold, and emeralds. His officers bend around on every ſide, like reeds bending around an oak, while he ſits, firm and glorious, above them. Guards of ſoldiers fill every avenue to the throne, and thouſands of courtiers are ſtanding around him; yet his looks appear wild; fear ſits heavy on his brow, and corrodes his ſoul. He is fearful of treaſon; he thinks he ſees faction in every face; and diſtruſt and ſuſpicion marks his actions. His country is ſterile and waſte; the people groan beneath the iron road of oppreſſion; and not one trace of liberty or happineſs is to be ſeen."

"Look again, Solyman," ſaid the Genius, moving the mirror, "and ſay, what thou ſeeſt?"

"I behold," replied he, "a ſight that the hoary-headed philoſopher would rejoice to ſee, but from which the courtier would turn with diſdain. A king is ſeated on a plain throne, from whence he diſpenſes juſtice to his ſubjects. Benevolence is in his eye; rapture

rapture is ſeated on his brow; and he holds a ſceptre in his hand. No gaudy trappings ſurround him. His officers are few, and of guards he hath none. Meanneſs and flattery are baniſhed his preſence; and merit obtains its due reward. The country is flouriſhing, cultivated, and fruitful, happineſs is every where conſpicuous; and content ſeems univerſal."

"Look again Solyman," ſaid the heavenly Inſtructor, "what doſt thou behold?"

"I ſee," replied he, "nothing but horror, murder, and confuſion. A mighty army has invaded the territories of the rich king; and, like the reſiſtleſs Ganges, ſweeps all before it. No one is found to commiſerate with him. His ſoldiers deſert, his courtiers fly, and his officers are all faithleſs. The people are regardleſs of their fate; they think they cannot be worſe; and therefore are torpid. Unhappy prince! He dies, alas! by ſuicide!"

"Look again," ſaid the Genius, once more turning the reflector, "and ſay what doſt thou view?"

"I behold," returned the Sophy, "a far different ſcene from the laſt. A furious army of barbarians hath invaded the dominions of the other king; but far different are his actions from the laſt. He calleth his armies around him; he appointeth his commanders with deliberation and ſagacity; and marcheth forth himſelf to the battle. The people flock to his banners: all their property and happineſs depend on the iſſue of the war; this nerves their arms, and inſpires them with intrepidity. Patriotiſm is every where viſible, from the king to the peaſant the flame extends, the cauſe of freedom is victorious, and the invaders are ſlain."

"Take then the moral of theſe ſcenes," ſaid the celeſtial Monitor, "and apply them to thyſelf. The one king is a deſpot; the other is a patriot. The deſpot breaks all law; the other is governed by it, and diſtributes it to his people. The unhappy ſubjects of the tyrant are wretched; the ſubjects of the good king

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are happy. One people, glad to be rid of their oppreſſor, leave him to woe and deſtruction. The others, like children clinging round a fond parent, obliges his enemies to fly, or be ſlain. Imitate then, O Solyman! the conduct of the good prince. Be law your guide; juſtice your inſpirer. A well-governed liberty is the preſervation of a ſtate; the protection of property diffuſes bliſs. Baniſh from your court flattery and folly, and ſubſtitute in their places truth and wiſdom. Be impartiality only your aim; and, while you diſcriminate betwixt merit and iniquity, happineſs ſhall ſhine over your extenſive kingdom."

Theſe were the laſt words of inſtruction: for, lo! while the Genius yet ſpake, a cloud received him; and, mounting to the empyreum, he left Solyman a proſelyte to virtue.

THE HOUSE OF HILDEBRAND.

ESCAPING, a month ago, from a *row* in Dean's Yard, where diſputes ran high on a ſubject too excentric to be forgotten by my companions, I ſtrolled towards St James's Park; where, as I was inwardly ſmiling at what had paſſed, I found myſelf caught hold of by one of my College friends, who, a year before, had left Weſtminſter, for a commiſſion in the Guards. "Where are you roving to Henry?"—"Roving! to the devil, I believe, for I have no place of deſtination fixed on earth."—"Well, then, rove with *me*," returned Crofton; "for I am going to my tailor's in —— Street." I put my arm through his without a word, and away we went. As we ſtrode along—for Crofton appeared to have got on ſeven-league boots—I entertained him with the diſputation of the morning, and the eloquent Cicero of Dean's Yard, from whoſe oration I had juſt flown. But, in fact, my rhetoric was uſeleſs; for Charles ſeemed loſt in thought, and replied only

only by—" Ah! Indeed! Yes! Vaſtly good!" which happened to be all m.ſ-timed. At the tailor's, however, we landed.

Mr Watſon's houſe was ſituated in a genteel ſtreet, and fronted a manſion uncommonly magnificent.—" Who lives there?" ſaid I to the tailor, pointing acroſs the way. " One Sir Philip Hildebrand," replied he, " an old gentleman, of a very antique family, who has reſided there for years. He was left a widower, with three children."—" Girls, or boys?"—" Girls, Sir; two of them as ugly as devils, and as prudiſh as duennas." I ſaw my gentleman was a wit, in his own opinion, by the grinning approbation he gave theſe ſimiles; and, being malicious enough to enjoy the mortification of ſelf-ſufficiency, I ſpoke no more. Crofton had, by this time, advanced to the window with Mr Watſon, who held a regimental coat in his hand. " I don't like the cut of this cape, Mr—Mr—Mr—Mr—you know your name." I burſt out a laughing at the ſerious ſtyle in which my friend told the man he knew his own name; and, looking up in his face, ſaw his eyes fixed on the caſements of the oppoſite houſe! " What," cried I, " admiring theſe deviliſh duennas?" Charles turning round again inſtantly, and began about his unfortunate coat. Mr Watſon beckoned, bowed, ſcraped, apologized, remonſtrated—but all to no effect, the coat *was* to be altered; and Charles promiſed to look in upon him the next morning, to ſee how it went on. " I'll ſend it, Sir, for your inſpection," ſaid the obſequious Mr Snip. " O no, no! I'll call.—Henry, it will be between ſchool-hours; you can come with me." I acquieſced, and made a move to go. " O yes, I am going. Yes, yes! Stop one moment. What odd windows that houſe has, Mr Watſon! it is very old." He ſtood, with the ſaſh thrown open, gazing at the oppoſite manſion. Mr Watſon entered into a detail of—when it was built; the attachment of the owner to it, the age of the young Miſſes, which

which was above forty each; and that of the gentleman and lady. He ſpoke of one of the ſifters having married an Iriſh Duke, who was ſince dead; but that her daughter was then on a viſit to old Sir Philip: what ſhe was like, he could not ſay, as he never troubled himſelf to watch for her; but, he believed, ſhe was full as ugly as her aunts.

Sick of ſuch a curſed *bore* about people I neither knew nor cared for, I kept worrying Charles to go. At length, by main force, I dragged him away. We paſſed the houſe of Hildebrand: one of the fore-windows was open; in it ſat a hideous figure, who was talking, in a ſhrill, ſharp pipe, to ſome one in a diſtant part of the apartment, the mellow tone of whoſe voice contraſted admirably with her's. Crofton was all ears: I was a fool not to obſerve it—"Some female viſitor, I ſuppoſe?"—"I ſuppoſe ſo," ſaid he. "What a *cur* that tailor of yours is!" cried I: "an awkward, blundering dog! If he can't pleaſe you, why don't you leave him? Binks uſed to make for you formerly; why did you change him for ſuch a dunderhead as this? A prating coxcomb too! as pert, and as familiar——" "O! a damned fool!" interrupted Charles, impatiently. "A dam'd fool!" echoed I; "why then do you employ, and chatter to him!"—"Did I ſay he was a fool?" aſked Charles: "I did not mean it. I am ſure he is as good ſort of a fellow as ever I knew: a man of great information too; I like him vaſtly."—"His information lays deviliſh deep," ſaid I; "for, on a firſt interview, I could not fiſh it up. However, to-morrow, I hope, will enable me to make clever obſervations." Crofton again aſſured me of the worth of Watſon; and, after a ſilent walk, we ſeparated; he towards St James's Street, I for Weſtminſter.

The next day ſaw him and I treading the path to the tailor's. Once more the coat was found defective; the cloth was to be thrown away, and a new one begun. Snip grew ſaucy, at firſt; but, finding the mate-

rials were all to be paid for, and conſcious that the coat was to become his property, was well enough made to find a purchaſer, he acquieſced, in ſmiling good humour; the family of the Hildebrands was again brought on the tapis; and the niece mentioned, by the name of Lady Caroline Tyronne. The ſucceeding day I was again called on by Charles, whoſe regular walk was over to the tailor's: there would he ſit an hour, after he had given his orders, liſtening to the ſhallow gabble of Snip, with patient attention. I began to think he had, by ſome ſtrange means, loſt all his money, and was forced to be ſo over-complacent, to keep his tailor in temper; but that was done away, by my ſeeing him draw out his purſe, and diſcharge his bill. The ſcarlet coat was now finiſhed; and a blue one, with red cape and cuffs, was ordered. Still he continued his viſits, and ſtill I was his companion. Now the ſleeve was too large; then too little; then the red cape was grown vulgar, and it ſhould be black; then his mind took t'other turn, and there ſhould be no cape at all. One time, he would deſire waiſtcoats to be made; which, every future viſit, would require alterations, till they were all cut to ſhreds. I talked to him, in vain, of his extravagance, of the fooliſh foppiſhneſs he had of late fallen into, and called him as whimſical as a girl; and, at length, ſo wrought on him, that for a week he ordered nothing: yet, during that week, he was as aſſiduous in paying his compliments to Mr Watſon as ever; who, upon every viſit, grew more and more free, till at laſt he treated him like an acquaintance, not a gentleman who obliged him by his cuſtom. When he and I were ſtrolling through the Park, or were ſauntering up St James's Street, though we might be ſurrounded by officers, if Snip met us, it was nothing but a familiar nod, and "How d'ye?" as he paſſed. I ſpoke to Crofton of it, with indignation; but all the ſatisfaction I could get, was a long ſpeech about our original equality. One morning, coming to call

on Charles, I told him positively, that if Mr Watson was not spoken to about his insolent freedom I would accompany him no more to his house. "Upon my soul," said I, warmly, "one would think, Charles, you were turned idiot! Such an attachment to such a fellow! Better sell out, and hire yourself his journeyman. I wonder you don't send your servant every night to inquire after his health. By Heaven! you had best lodge at his house at once."—"Lodge!" echoed Crofton; "lodge!" and then was silent. I again repeated my dislike of Watson's conduct; and Charles assented to it, with equal warmth. "I own it is very insolent," said he; but we *must* suffer it."—"*Must* suffer it! for what?"—"I don't know: I really—But we will talk to him of it." He took my arm, and forth we sallied. Mr Watson received us with the usual inquiry of—"What commands?"—"Why," said Crofton, drawing out his pocket-book, a variety of designs, "I have got here a new constructed pantaloon, which I wish to introduce, having invented it myself, and beg you will make me a pair. Look at the plans; they will explain." Mr Watson took up the sketches, while my friend walked up to the window. "Pray, Mr Watson," cried he, suddenly turning round, "do you let lodgings?"—"O yes, Sir," replied Snip, smirking: "I have a set of as elegant apartments as you could desire to inhabit. Give me leave to conduct you up stairs; they are parallel with the first floor of Sir Philip Hildebrand, and his windows are down to the ground: you may conceive how amusing your views will be."—"Ah!" cried Charles, joyfully, are they? I suppose there is a bed-room and a sitting-room, for myself, and places for my servants?"—"Why, we will make shift," returned the tailor. "But how many servants do you keep?"—"Only two men"——"And three women, I suppose," interrupted Snip. "The men must sleep out, then; if they do, it will suit you to a hair. Vastly reasonable, too; only five guineas-a-week!"——"Well,

"Well, then, they are mine," cried Charles; "I will remove here this very night."—"Why, what the devil, Crofton!" exclaimed I, awakening as if from a dream, "you are mad, ſure! What, leave your father's houſe for lodgings?"—"O yes, I ſhall! ſurely I may"—He ſtopped and flew to the window. I followed him. His eyes were fixed on the houſe of Sir Philip Hildebrand, where were two Sycoraxes, and an Ariel. One of the old dowagers was ſettling her dogs on the ſtep of the door; while, behind her, ſtood a beautiful girl of ſeventeen, whoſe long light hair fell in profuſion over her graceful form, and whoſe azure eyes were bent with expreſſive eagerneſs on the figure of Miſs Hildebrand. So lovely a creature I had never before ſeen. She raiſed her head: her eyes met thoſe of Charles. I ſaw her bluſh, even at that diſtance, and look down, the ſoul of Crofton ſeemed exhaling from *his* glowing orbs, as they reſted on her form. The old ladies went on. The antiquated footman followed. Caroline lingered for a moment; kiſſed her hand haſtily; bowed; turned round; bowed again; and haſtening to the loud call of her aunts, hurried onwards with the light ſtep of a wood-nymph. Crofton threw up the ſaſh! Love, joy, hope, were all expreſſed by his eyes, as they followed her figure. When ſhe diſappeared, he flung down the ſaſh, drew a deep ſigh, and caſt himſelf on a chair. "I only hope I have not found out the reaſon of your viſits to the tailor, good Charles!" thought I. Snip, luckily for my friend, had been employed in ruminating on the new-conſtructed pantaloons; and he now offered his aſſiſtance, if his *dear* Mr Crofton was ill. "I'll follow her, by Heaven!" exclaimed Charles, ſuddenly ſtarting up, and ruſhing out of the room. I bolted after him, with as little ceremony; and breathleſs, trembling, flying, we at laſt got ſight of the ladies. Charles now kept at a diſtance: loſt to every thing but Lady Caroline, he forgot he had any reaſons to give *me* for

his conduct. The beautiful Tyronne looked back; ſhe ſaw him, and haſtily falling behind the ſervant, as if to put up the heel of her ſlipper, flung a letter from her; waved her hand, as if to bid us go back; and haſtened on. Crofton ſprung forward, and caught up the note; and, tearing open the ſeal, turned haſtily down an adjoining ſtreet. I gave him free leave to peruſe it unmoleſted; for I ſtood patiently waiting by his ſide, reading the epiſtle very leiſurely over his ſhoulder. The words of it were theſe—

"I have this day learned the reaſon of my ſtrict confinement. Sir Philip is anxious to unite me with his nephew, Colonel Davey, who will be in town in a few days. I have conſidered of your propoſal, and will trifle with you no longer. We have no time to loſe, Crofton! The windows of my chamber look into the corner of the next ſtreet; be in waiting there, the night after you receive this, at the hour of twelve, and I will jump into your arms; and, flying from tyrannical grandfathers, parents, and aunts, truſting to a kind brother to be my advocate, make ever yours, CAROLINE TYRONNE."

"Bravo! well ſaid, by Jove!" exclaimed I, ſlapping him triumphantly on the back? "that's the go, my boy! A poſt-chaiſe and four, a couple of tight poſtilions, and away you drive! Venus and Mars, damme!" Crofton turned on me with a ſtare of ſurpriſe. I ran on—"Command me, my dear fellow, to the world's end, to aſſiſt you! Curſe me, if ſhe is not one of the moſt ſpirited girls in Europe! ſuch a lovely burden! But, do you think my arms would hold her, though?" added I, whimſically. "Confound your nonſenſe!" cried Charles, flying forward; "you know not that to-morrow is the day; that I have a thouſand things to ſettle, to prepare! O heaven, ſuch rapture!"—"Poh! poh, Charles!" ſaid I, drawing him back, "be not in ſuch haſte; you forget that you have to convey

vey your apparel, and your moveables, and your trunks, and your furniture, and your ſervants, and yourſelf, to your lodgings. Decline this invitation: ſurely you have forgotten the civility due to Mr Watſon! You would not leave your *very good friend*, the next night after you entered his houſe!" Charles laughed, and begged me to proceed. I aſſented. During our walk, he gave me a ſhort hiſtory of his acquaintance with Lady Caroline Tyronne, with whoſe brother he was intimate, and at whoſe father's houſe, in Dublin, he had ſpent a couple of months, during a tour he had made through Ireland, a year before. He had then propoſed for her, but the Duke had refuſed him; but now, certain of the Marquis of Wicklow's mediation, he was reſolved to hurry with her to Gretna Green. Having, ſince then, correſponded with her clandeſtinely, he had become acquainted with her viſit to Sir Philip Hildebrand; and thence his frequent journies to the tailor's. I ſmiled at the motive of theſe viſits; and promiſed to accompany him, on the ſucceeding evening, to the houſe of Hildebrand, and aſſiſt him in carrying off this ſecond Helen.

The following night, at the appointed hour, we purſued our way to ——Street. The moon ſhone in an unclouded ſky. Not a breath of wind ſtirred. The clear light fell on the windows of Caroline's room. The diſtant foot-fall of a retiring patrole, alone ſounded through midnight. A ladder of ropes brought down the lovely Tyronne: timid, trembling, and irreſolute, ſhe gave her hand to my friend. Crofton never looked ſo handſome as at that moment: his ſoft blue eyes glittered with fond expectation; his cheek grew richer in its colour—

"His lips bluſh'd deeper ſweets;
"He breath'd of love!"

The face of the fair Lady Caroline was hid by her

luxuriance of hair; and I could only catch the humid lightning of her eyes, as ſhe paſſed me; juſt ſteal a glance at her ſlender ancle, and elegant foot, as ſhe lightly vaulted into the carriage. I ſaw her white hand faintly return the fervent preſſure of Crofton's, as he aſſiſted her in. She flung herſelf on the ſeat: tears, natural to youth, beauty, tenderneſs, and timidity, burſt from her lovely eyes; ſhe hid them in her handkerchief. Charles leaped in, and flinging his arms with graceful fondneſs round her waiſt, preſſed her to his heart with grateful enthuſiaſm. I gave the word; the wheels ſtruck fire from the flinty pavement, as they flew; the crack of the poſtilions whips are yet ſounding in my ear. I kiſſed my hand—"God bleſs you both!" burſt from my full heart, when they were far from the reach of my voice. I muſed for a moment, my eyes fixed on the ſpot where I caught the laſt glance of the vehicle—turned round—pauſed—ſighed—muſed—ſighed—pauſed again—and then went on.——"Why did you ſigh! Why did you muſe?" If thou art a man who aſks this, thou haſt no feelings, or thou wouldſt have ſighed with me; ſighed for *ſuch* a companion, in *ſuch* a journey!

.....

MURPHY'S TRAVELS IN PORTUGAL.

[We have already given ſome of the moſt entertaining paſſages from this work: We ſhall now copy what the Monthly Reviewers ſay of Mr M. and his work.]

IN the Review for March 1793, we introduced to our readers the ſeveral parts then publiſhed of plans, &c. by Mr Murphy, of the church and royal monaſtery of Batalha; the journey and neceſſary attendance for which, in that country, afforded the author

thor an opportunity for collecting the obſervations contained in the preſent work: and thus he prefaces the volume.

"When firſt I collected theſe fragments, it was not with an intention to publiſh them; but in order to obtain ſome knowledge of the manners and cuſtoms, the ancient and preſent ſtate of Portugal. My friends, however, at length intreated me to commit them to the preſs; aſſuring me that I *would* meet with the ſame indulgence which artiſt's uſually claim, and generally receive from the public, whenever they attempt any literary performance."

We admit an apology ſo becoming in a young writer; and we ſhall proceed, in our Review, chiefly to notice thoſe objects, which, as an artiſt, more immediately attracted his obſervation; neither expecting nor requiring from him a learned reſearch into the antiquities and political ſituation of that country.

Mr M. ſet ſail from Dublin December 27. 1788, and in ſeventeen days reached Oporto, which place he deſcribes; remarking, among other particulars, that "the churches are large, ſtrong, and magnificent, but totally devoid of every thing that conſtitutes ſcientific architecture: theirs is a ſpecies between the *Teutonic* and *Tuſcan*. The materials are excellent, and the maſonry part not without merit. It is ſcarcely credible what riches are laviſhed on the inſide of them; the altar-pieces, baldachins, &c. however defective in deſign, exhibit a profuſion of gilding."

It is ſomewhat difficult to comprehend what Mr M. means by *Teutonic* architecture, unleſs he intends it as a new epithet for Gothic: which is certainly irrelevant in the caſe of architecture. It is generally deſcribed as the old Gothic or Saxon, and later Gothic architecture; terms given to thoſe ſeveral ſpecies, not as being derived from Teutonic countries, but as being in uſe when thoſe people held this country in ſubjection.

ſubjection. The old Gothic or Saxon architecture well known to be in no reſpect different from the examples left by the Romans in the declining ſtate of the empire; chiefly conſiſting of arches reſting on ſive columns; and this, we conjecture, is the ſty which Mr M. means to deſcribe, by calling it a mixture of *Teutonic* and *Tuſcan*. Want of better diſcrimination, we apprehend, has led Mr M. to confound the different ſpecies; this, of which he treats, would have been well underſtood under the old name of Saxon architecture. The affectation of new terms often tends to confuſe a ſubject; and we are ſorry to obſerve, that it is a complaint which will apply to Mr M.'s manner of writing in the courſe of this work.

After a month ſpent in Oporto, and in a journey thence, the author arrived at Batalha; the deſcription of which, in this work, is nearly a tranſcript of the publication before mentioned. In obſerving on the ſculpture there, he ſays,

"In point of workmanſhip, neither the pen nor the pencil is adequate to expreſs its real merits; for though moſt objects, when transferred to the canvaſs, appear to advantage, this, on the contrary, though delineated by the moſt ingenious artiſt, upon examination, will appear more beautiful than any repreſentation of it upon canvaſs or paper. And for theſe reaſons the marble is poliſhed, the ſculpture in many parts detached from the *centre of the block*, and ſo minutely carved, that to obſerve all the expreſſive marks and touches of the chiſel, it is not poſſible to condenſe them into a ſmaller compaſs; ſo that, *to convey a true idea of the whole, the picture would require to be as large as the prototype.* To give an inſtance; there is a figure at the entrance, repreſenting one of the fathers of the church, not more than twelve inches in height, yet the ſculptor has expreſſed its worn tunic in a thread-bare ſtate."

This is an obſervation which we ſhould not have

expected

expected from an artiſt by profeſſion. Does the merit of a piece of ſculpture depend on the imitation of the threads in a garment? As well might it have been ſaid, that a ſculptor of Cameos could not execute, with any degree of merit, a profile of Alexander the Great, becauſe, from the nature of his work, he muſt ſuppreſs the eye-laſhes. The mind which is capable of forming a judgment on the greater qualities of character, form, &c. in works of art, ſeldom deſcends to ſuch minutiæ. It is true, that a work of art may poſſeſs merit by an exact imitation of all the minute parts of its prototype: but it marks a deficiency of ſcience, where that obtains attention in preference to the more material objects of graceful outline, &c.

The deſcription of the monaſtery and church of Batalha occupies a large portion of this volume; which having been noticed in the other publication by the author, we forbear to enlarge on it in this place; wiſhing that Mr M. had purſued the ſame conduct, as we cannot ſee any juſt reaſon for repeating ſo great a quantity of what is already given to the public in his work expreſsly on that building.

After his arrival at Liſbon, Mr M. ſeems to have collected the principal matter which occupies his journal. Among other obſervations which he has made on this capital, there is one which we ſhall take the liberty of ſelecting for the purpoſe of animadverſion. The remarks on the cuſtom-houſe there ſeem to be introduced purpoſely for the opportunity of conveying a cenſure on an edifice of the ſame kind lately erected in our ſiſter-kingdom. He ſays, "Here are no palaces for commiſſioners to dwell in, nor dark cells for clerks to write in, nor cellars floating with water to hold dry goods; whoever wiſhes for theſe improvements, will find them, and a great deal more, in the new cuſtom-houſe of Dublin." This is a round aſſertion, which we ſhould not have repeated, but that we think it incumbent on us to expoſe its fallacy, at leaſt

leaſt in part. We regret our not being ſufficiently ſ
quainted with all the particulars of this building
Dublin; having ſeen it only during its progreſs
erection, ſome time ſince: our recollection of it
however, ſufficient to reply to that part of Mr M
obſervation which reſpects the cellars. The ſituati
of it is by the river's ſide, and on a ſwampy groun
ſuch as rendered it neceſſary to ſink the foundatio
to a conſiderable depth. The architect ſeems to ha
taken advantage of this circumſtance, in leaving t
whole vacuity, below the ground floor, for cellars,
caſe they may ever be rendered fit for uſe, by ge
ting rid of the humidity, which may probably be e
fected in the courſe of time, after the wall of emban
ment ſhall have been built, and a few years have ſu
ficiently compreſſed the now ſwampy ground betwe
the river and the building. In the mean while, pr
per warehouſes were to be erected for dry good
which might hereafter be turned to any other uſe.
all this, inſtead of cenſure, there is much commend
tion due to the intelligent foreſight of the deſigne
who, without incurring any additional expence, ha
taken advantage of making the depth of his buildin
an eventual benefit.

We do not find any notice of the curious church o
the convent of St Jerom, in the neighbourhood o
Liſbon, which partakes ſo much of the Mooriſh ſty
of architecture, having been originally a place unde
the Mooriſh government, and which is ſaid to be no
leſs than ſeven hundred years old.

The plates are elegantly engraved, particularly
thoſe of the Roman antiquities; of which Portuga
can boaſt of ſeveral fine examples. The repreſenta
tions of *Coſtume*, we fear, are ſometimes defective i
character, nor are the dreſſes always accurate: the
ſeem to partake more of the Spaniſh than of the tru
Portugueſe. The fruit-woman of Liſbon, plate IX. i
certainly much more *trim* and *tight* than ſuch cha-
racter

ters ever actually appear; and the woman of Beira, the ſame plate, is altogether Spaniſh. Plate XI. ough well in character, is miſnamed; the Fandango a Spaniſh, and not a Portugueſe dance.

Having ſaid thus much on thoſe parts which ſtand oſt prominent, as coming from the hand of an *artiſt*, ſhall now proceed to lay before our readers ſome ſpe-mens of the *traveller's* remarks. Speaking of Oporto, ſays,

"Nature has almoſt cut off all communication be-een this city and the ſea: the channel, in ſome rts, being not more than double the breadth of a ip; and ſo full of windings, that it requires the ut-oſt ſkill to paſs it with ſafety, even in a calm day; t in a tempeſt like this, the ſcene is tremendous, d called forth the united efforts of the crew, to ob-ate the danger of the rocks, ſands, and waves, hich oppoſed our entrance. The river Douro alſo creaſed the difficulty, as it now ran with the velo-ty of nine miles an hour, in conſequence of its be-g ſwelled beyond its uſual bounds by a ſucceſſion of iny days. It is eaſier to conceive than deſcribe the onflict which enſued between this current and the aves of the Atlantic, as they met in a narrow chan-el at the mouth of the river."

"Oporto, in common with moſt ancient cities, has he defects of being narrow, and ſo irregularly diſpo-ed, that there is ſcarcely a houſe in it with four right-ngles. Hence, a ſtranger would be led to ſuppoſe, hat the forty-ſeventh propoſition of the firſt book of uclid had not yet found its way thither. The cor-er-houſes of the ſtreets in general, being obliquely iſpoſed, render the adjoining houſes of the ſame fi-ure, as every one follows the crooked plan of his next eighbour. Thus all becomes rhomboids and trape-iums, defects which at firſt might have been avoid-d, by relinquiſhing a little ground; but there are very few in commercial cities, who would ſacrifice a

few

few feet of their property, even for what Pythagoras ſacrificed a hetacomb.

" Many of the ſtreets are ſo ſteep, that a man may be ſaid rather to climb than walk them. But this defect is compenſated by their cleanlineſs, which they owe more to nature than police; for as often as rains, the floods of the adjoining mountains ruſh down in torrents, and ſweep away all the impurities of the town. Lamps have not yet been introduced in the ſtreets, except thoſe which are placed as the *Sacrari* of the Madonas.

" The houſes, when viewed at a moderate diſtance have a clean agreeable appearance, owing to the colour of the materials, the lowneſs of the roofs, and their not being diſfigured by a multiplicity of chimnies, thoſe vehicles of dirt, which make ſo conſpicuous an appearance in the buildings of northern climates. Here no apartment is furniſhed with a fire-place, but the kitchen, and this is uſually placed in the attic ſtory."

Of Liſbon, where Mr M. reſided ten months, he ſays the population may be eſtimated at " two hundred and twenty-eight thouſand ſix hundred and twelve. To theſe are to be added the religious of both ſexes, with their attendants, who dwell in convents and monaſteries, the ſoldiery, the profeſſors and ſtudents of ſeminaries of education, and ſuch of the Galician labourers as have no fixed dwelling; their aggregate amount, if my information be correct, is not very ſhort of twelve thouſand. Then, according to this ſtatement, the population of Liſbon exceeds two hundred and forty thouſand."

" All the new ſtreets erected in Liſbon, in the place of the old, are capacious, regular, and well paved, with convenient path-ways for foot-paſſengers, as in the ſtreets of London. The houſes are lofty, uniform, and ſtrong. (See plate V.) The manner of building them is rather ſingular: the carpenter is the firſt

firſt employed: when he has raiſed the ſkeleton of ſame-work, the maſon is then employed to fill up the interſtices with rubble-ſtone and brick. The reaſon they aſſign for building in this manner, is, that the concatenation of the walls with the wood-work, contributes to reſiſt the ſlight concuſſions of earthquakes with which this city is conſtantly viſited.

" The firſt ſtory of each dwelling-houſe, when not converted into a ſhop, is a magazine for merchandiſe of one kind or other. The merchants uſually keep their coaches in the halls, and ſometimes they anſwer for both coach-houſe and ſtable.

" Notwithſtanding the excellent building-materials with which the diſtrict abounds, the rearing of a houſe here coſts more than one of the ſame dimenſions in London. This, in a great meaſure, is owing to the want of proper machines for tranſporting the materials, and of convenient tools to facilitate the work; and yet it is extraordinary with what dexterity the people ſupply the want of theſe apparatus.

" Of a houſe four ſtories high, the attic is the pleaſanteſt floor; it is often furniſhed with a balcony, elegantly ornamented with rails of iron gilt, and furniſhed with an awning of ſilk or linen; under which the ladies ſit on cuſhions during the hot weather, employing their time in reading, ſewing, or caſting love-ſignals in the ſilent language of the fingers; a method of conveying their ideas, which they have reduced to an alphabetic ſyſtem.

" The principal apartments of many of the nobility and merchants are furniſhed in a magnificent manner. The manufactures of India and of China are more common in their houſes than thoſe of Europe. In the diſtribution of the apartments, coolneſs and ventilation are conſulted, in preference to warmth. Here grates and chimney-pieces are almoſt unknown; in winter, a warm cloak is the common ſubſtitute for a

fire. The hall-doors are generally left open, and bells ſupply the place of knockers.

"In point of cleanlineſs, Liſbon is no longer a ſubject of animadverſion for ſtrangers; but all is not yet done; it ſtill wants common ſewers, pipe-water, and *chambres des aiſances*.

"There is no court-end of the town here, nor a houſe that will let to advantage merely on account of its ſituation. One of the principal modern ſtreets is chiefly inhabited by copperſmiths and tinmen.

"The merchants and wealthy ſhop-keepers chiefly dwell in the neighbourhood of the Royal Exchange, near their warehouſes. The *Ribeira Velha* is the principal mart of traffic: here are ſome warehouſes belonging to the Hamburgh merchants, that have a very formidable appearance; the firſt I ſaw of theſe I took for a military magazine; but, on a cloſer inſpection, I found that the balls, which were piled up in heaps, were not cannon-balls, but ſimple cheeſes; each was about the ſize of a thirty-two pounder, and very nearly as hard. They are ſaid to import annually ſixty thouſand of theſe bullets.

"The Circus for the bull-feaſts is but a ſhort diſtance from the Theatres. This amuſement is declining very faſt in the capital. The performances I witneſſed here were inferior to thoſe which I ſaw at Leira, but not quite ſo cruel. And after all, perhaps the manner of tearing the bulls with maſtiffs, as in England and other parts of Europe, is not leſs barbarous than the manner of tormenting them in Spain and Portugal; but we are apt to ſee defects in our neighbours, whilſt we are blind to our own, like the Lamian witches, who, according to the facetious Rabelais, in foreign places had the penetration of a lynx, but at home they took out their eyes, and laid them up in wooden ſlippers.

"As we have already given an account of a bull-feaſt at Leiria, it is unneceſſary to add that of Liſbon,

which is almoſt ſimilar. A ſcene of a more novel nature invites our attention; that is, the manner of catching black cattle in Brazil.

"I was preſent at the Circus when this curious ſpectacle was exhibited, the firſt of the kind, as I was told, ever repreſented in Liſbon. It conveyed a good idea of the manner in which the inhabitants of that fertile region catch their cattle. They kill the animals for the ſake of the hides, which are brought to Portugal to be manufactured. Of the fleſh I underſtand the Brazilians make but little account; they barely take as much as is ſufficient for preſent exigence, and leave the reſt a prey to the birds and beaſts of the foreſts.

"The Circus was very crowded on this occaſion: about five in the afternoon a native of Pernambuca entered the arena, mounted upon a ſpirited horſe of the Arabian breed. The rider was of a copper colour, of a ſtrong and active figure, his hair black, and his head uncovered. He wore a looſe mantle, ſomewhat like the palueamentum of the ancient Romans. The ſkin of a wild beaſt was thrown looſely over the horſe inſtead of a ſaddle, from which were ſuſpended two cords for ſtirrups. The whole appeared quite in character.

"As ſoon as the cavalier had paid his obeiſance to the audience, a bull, whoſe natural ferocity was heightened in the ſtall, ruſhed in, and had nearly overturned him in the firſt onſet; the fleetneſs of his horſe, and the dexterity with which he managed the reins, only could have ſaved his life. The furious animal purſued him ſeveral times round the arena, till he became tired, after which he ſtood panting in the middle of the ring.

"The horſeman ſtill continued his circular courſe at an eaſy pace, holding a long cord in his hand, with a ſlip-knot at the end of it; having watched a proper opportunity, he caſt it over the horns of the bull, and

rode twice round him; then ordering the gate to be thrown open, he made off in full ſpeed till he came to the full length of the cord; upon which he received a check that drew him on his back, and made the horſe caper on his hind feet: nevertheleſs he clung to him by his knees, and, in this reclined poſture, held the cord in both hands, and the bridle in his mouth. The bull at this time was entangled by the rope, with his head drawn in between his fore-feet, and incapable of motion. The Brazilian diſmounted, approached, and drew from beneath his mantle a ſhort hunting-ſpear, which, with an apparent ſlight force, he darted into the head of the animal, in conſequence of which, he inſtantly fell down and expired."

We cannot entirely reconcile the paſſages in which Mr M. ſays—"The common people of Liſbon and its environs are a laborious and hardy race: many of them, by frugal living, lay up a decent competence for old age;" and, in the next page, "All the drudgery is performed by Gallicians." Again, he ſays, that the Portugueſe ladies "are chaſte and modeſt;" and immediately follows an account of their activity and addreſs in affairs of gallantry; in which, unfortunately, the moſt ſacred ſervices of religion are made the vehicle of their correſpondence. Theſe contrivances *may* indeed be applied only to the advancement of honourable but concealed courtſhip, though the repreſentation is liable to a different conſtruction.

Although we have thought it incumbent on us to animadvert on a few of the ſlight defects which have occurred to our notice, in turning over the pages of the volume, which we are now cloſing, we cannot, in juſtice to the ingenious author, conclude without acknowledging the rational amuſement which we have received in the peruſal of his entertaining and informing publication.

Published by R. Morison & Son Perth.

Account of the famous Equestrian Statue of Peter the Great, at St Petersburgh.

With a fine Engraving.

[From Chantreau's Travels through Ruſſia—juſt publiſhed.]

NOT far from the Neva, and near the bridge of boats juſt mentioned, is a monument, that *Gratitude and Admiration have erected to Peter the Great.* It is an equeſtrian ſtatue of this prince, of bronze, of Coloſſean ſize, and the work of the celebrated Mr Falconet. It was raiſed at the expence of the Empreſs, in honour of the memory of a prince, whom ſhe has made it her duty to take for her model, and we may add, without flattery, whoſe virtues and abilities ſhe poſſeſſes without his vices.

It is really a maſterly performance. Mr Falconet has completely hit the figure of the monarch. His leading features are expreſſed with wonderful art. They ſay this part is the work of his daughter-in-law. The prince is repreſented ſcrambling up a ſteep rock, and almoſt reaching the ſummit. He is crowned with laurel, and dreſſed after the manner of the Aſiatics. His right-arm is ſtretched with nobleneſs, and in his left-hand he holds the reins of his courſer, whoſe beauty and attitude deſerve to fix the attention of the beſt critic.—He is ſupported only on the hind feet, and is in the movement of a vigorous courſer darting on a height. What conſtitutes the merit of this monument, is, that it was difficult to join ſolidity with perfection, conſidering the weight of the maſs. Yet nothing has been neglected in this work. A brazen ſerpent, which the horſe treads on, has been ſince, and very ingeniouſly,

added as an ornament, and to procure a more perfect balance to all this mass, of which the point of rest is imperceptible, the courser's tail, long and flowing, falls slightly on the serpent.

The pedestal is an enormous rock of granate; the very rock which Peter I. ascended, when on the frontiers of Finland, and in the beginning of the war with Sweden, he wished to view the country, where he was going to engage in battle. It was Catharine the Second, who thought on removing this heavy mass from its natural situation to Petersburgh; an undertaking which cost a hundred and eighty thousand roubles, and immense labour to the peasants employed in it.

An anecdote is told, highly descriptive of courtiers, but especially of favourites. When an attempt was made to dig up the rock entire, and put it in motion, the workmen employed for this purpose, being either awkward, or incapable, tried every method without success. Others were sent, but they succeeded no better. Then Mr Betzkoi, who was and stills is superintendant of the buildings belonging to the Empress, published a premium of seven hundred roubles to whoever would devise a method of transporting the rock to St Petersburgh. A poor farrier repairs to the house of Lascaris, an adventurer patronised by Betzkoi, and entrusted with this undertaking. He mentions a simple way of lifting the rock. Lascaris grasps at it, as well as the roubles it insured—A score was given to the poor devil, the inventor, to keep him silent—He was in misery, he took the twenty roubles, kept silent, and at Court nothing was talked for several days, and till the arrival of the rock, but the plan of the engineer Lascaris. How many Lascaris's have we seen in other places, and in all periods!

The rock is of the most beautiful granate, and every day is acquiring a better polish. Many ladies get

get fragments of it for ear-rings, necklaces, and other ornaments, with which they chooſe to deck themſelves.

On this ſingular pedeſtal is the following inſcription, which, for its ſimplicity, is worthy of Peter and of Catharine.

PETRO I. CATHARINA II.
POSUIT
An. 1782.

It was on the 27th Auguſt 1782, that the inauguration of this ſtatue took place, to the ſolemnity of which Catharine eſteemed it incumbent on her to add, by diſtinguiſhing herſelf by ſeveral acts of beneficence. She pardoned all the criminals, who had incurred capital puniſhment, the deſerters that ſhould join their regiments within a limited time, and all thoſe who had been condemned to public works, provided they were not guilty of murder.

An ACCOUNT of MADAME ROLAND's Appeal to Impartial Posterity.

[From the Monthly Review.]

IN our reviews of the firſt three parts of this work, we dilated ſo much on the ſtyle, talents, and character of the celebrated and unfortunate appellant, whoſe hiſtory and opinions are recorded in it by herſelf, that we muſt compreſs into a ſmall compaſs our obſervations on the fourth and laſt part, now before us.

Madame Roland began to compoſe literary works at an early age; but ſhe did not then write for the public;

public; her productions ſhe kept locked up in her cloſet. Her ideas of becoming an author are thus expreſſed.

"I had already begun to make ſome collections: I augment and entitle them, "The Works of Leiſure Hours, and different Reflections." I had no other object, than by theſe means to fix my opinions, and to poſſeſs a regiſter of my ſentiments, which I could ſome day compare with each other, in ſuch a manner, that their gradations or their changes might ſerve to myſelf at once as a leſſon and a record. I have a pretty large packet of the *works* of a young maiden, piled up in the duſty corner of my library, or perhaps in a garret. Never did I feel the ſlighteſt temptation to become one day an author: I perceived, at a very early period, that a woman who acquires this title loſes far more than ſhe has gained. The men do not love, and her own ſex criticiſe her: if her works are bad, they ridicule her; and they are in the right: if they are good, they bereave her of the reputation annexed to them: if they areforced to acknowledge that ſhe has diſcovered merit, they ſift her character, her morals, her conduct, and her talents, in ſuch a manner, that they balance the reputation of her genius by the publicity which they give to her errors."

Her ſelf-complaiſance, however, we will not ſay *vanity*, increaſed with her years; and the following paſſage will ſhew, that ſhe did not wiſh it to be unknown, after her death, that ſome parts at leaſt of the literary works aſcribed to her huſband, and which had procured for him the applauſe of learned bodies, were in fact compoſed by her.

"Ah! my God, what an injury did thoſe do me, who took it upon them to withdraw the veil under which I loved to remain concealed. During twelve years of my life, I have laboured along with my huſband, in the ſame manner as I ate with him, becauſe the one was as natural to me as the other. If one

part

part of his works happened to be quoted, in which were diſcovered more graces of ſtyle than another; or if a flattering reception was given to an academic triſle, he was pleaſed to tranſmit to the learned ſocieties, of which he was a member; I participated in his ſatisfaction, without remarking the more particularly on that account, whether it was I who had compoſed it; and he often ended, by perſuading himſelf, that he had been in a better vein than uſual when he wrote ſuch and ſuch a paſſage. During his adminiſtration, if it was neceſſary to expreſs great or ſtriking truths, I employed the whole bent of my mind: and it was but natural that its efforts ſhould be preferable to thoſe of a ſecretary. I love my country; I was an enthuſiaſt in the cauſe of liberty; I was unacquainted with any intereſt, or any paſſions, that could enter into competition with theſe; and my language ought to be pure and pathetic, as it was that of the heart, and of truth.

"I was ſo much penetrated with the importance of the ſubject, that I never thought of myſelf. Once only I was amuſed with the ſingularity of the relative ſituations. This occurred while employed in writing to the Pope, to claim the French artiſts, impriſoned at Rome. A letter to the Pope, in the name of the Executive Council of France, ſketched ſecretly by the hand of a woman, in the auſtere cabinet, which Marat was pleaſed to term a *boudoir* *, appeared to me to be ſuch a pleaſant thing, that I laughed heartily after I had finiſhed it."

That ſhe had no mean opinion of her powers for criticiſm, appears from the following words; which ſhew alſo, that ſhe was acquainted with, and could do juſtice to, authors who were not of French birth, nor of the religion of France. "I

"* *A private apartment, decked out with all the refinements of Aſiatic luxury, and conſecrated to voluptuouſneſs.* —Tranſ."

"I had often heard the logic of Bourdaloue much vaunted; I dared in ſome meaſure to differ from his admirers, and actually drew up a criticiſm on one of his moſt eſteemed diſcourſes; but I never ſhewed it to any one. I love to render an account to myſelf of my own opinions; but I do not chooſe to ſubmit them to the eye of another perſon. Maſſilon, leſs lofty than Bourdaloue, and far more affecting, obtained my eſteem. I was not then acquainted with the Proteſtant orators, among whom Blair, more eſpecially, has cultivated, with equal ſimplicity and elegance, that ſpecies of compoſition, whoſe exiſtence I readily conceived, and which I could have wiſhed to have ſeen adopted."

It appears, that in 1784 ſhe viſited England in company with her huſband; and that ſhe became acquainted with many intereſting perſonages in this country, and kept up a correſpondence with them. In a familiar letter to a friend, ſhe pays the following compliment to our fair countrywomen.

"Ah! truly I ſhould be happy to ſee you in England; you would be quite in love with all the women there; I was ſo, although a female myſelf; they do not in the leaſt reſemble ours, and generally poſſeſs that curve in the face ſo much eſteemed by Lavater.

"I am not at all aſtoniſhed, that a man of ſenſibility, who is acquainted with the Engliſh, ſhould have a deſire to viſit Pennſylvania. Believe me, every individual who does not feel an eſteem for them, and a tender attachment, mingled with admiration towards their women, is either a coward, a madman, or an ignorant fool who ſpeaks without judgment."

In politics Madame R. was violent; her zeal hurried her beyond the limits of morality and humanity; patriotiſm in her mind juſtified the means employed in eſtabliſhing liberty, though thoſe means, conſidered in themſelves, might by others be deemed not only criminal, but murderous. For inſtance, ſhe ſays, in a letter

letter to a friend at Paris, after the meeting of the States General.

" I have not received the letter from you which Anthenas announced. You do not tell me a word of news, and yet Paris muſt abound with it. You are all mightily buſied about a municipality, and allow thoſe to eſcape who will conſpire new horrors againſt you.

" You are mere children; your enthuſiaſm is nothing more than a lighted wiſp of ſtraw; and, if the National Aſſembly puts not two illuſtrious heads on their trial, or if ſome generous Decius does not ſmite them, you will all go to the devil.

" If this letter ſhould not reach you, let the cowards who read it bluſh on learning it comes from a woman, and tremble at knowing ſhe is capable of making a hundred enthuſiaſts, who will make millions more in their turn."

Of the kind of government eſtabliſhed in France on the ruins of monarchy by thoſe who triumphed over her favourite Briſſotine party, ſhe ſpeaks in moving terms. Of the effects of that government on the city of Lyons, ſhe thus expreſſes herſelf.

" During two of the winter-months we reſided at Lyons, which I know well, and of which I could ſay much. A city ſuperb on account of its ſituation and its buildings, flouriſhing in conſequence of its manufactures and commerce, intereſting by its antiquities and its collections, brilliant from its riches, of which the emperor Joſeph was jealous, and which announce it a magnificent capital: at preſent a vaſt tomb, in which are buried the victims of a government a hundred times more atrocious than the very deſpotiſm on the ruins of which it is elevated."

Of the French legiſlators of her day, and of the effects of their ſyſtem, ſhe thus ably delivers her opinions.

" Our legiſlators of the preſent day endeavour to form

form a general good, whence is to ſpring the happineſs of individuals; I am much afraid, that this is putting the cart before the horſe. It would be more conformable to nature, and perhaps to reaſon, to ſtudy well what conſtitutes domeſtic happineſs, to inſure it to individuals in ſuch a manner, that the common felicity ſhall be compoſed of that of each citizen, and that all ſhall be intereſted in preſerving the order of things, which has procured them this. However charming the written principles of a conſtitution may be, if I behold a portion of thoſe who have adopted it in grief and tears, I muſt believe that it is no other than a political monſter: if thoſe who do not weep rejoice in the ſufferings of the reſt, I ſhall ſay that it is atrocious, and that its authors are either weak or wicked men.

"In a marriage where the parties are miſmatched, the virtue of one of them may maintain order and peace, but the want of happineſs will be experienced ſooner or later, and produce inconveniences more or leſs hurtful. The ſcaffolding of theſe unions reſembles the ſyſtem of our politicians; the baſes are rotten, and the whole will ſome day give way, in ſpite of the art employed in its conſtruction."

"In one of her familiar letters to a very intimate male friend, ſhe ſhews that ſhe could live in friendſhip with a profeſſed atheiſt, "As to me (ſhe ſays, p. 153. at the cloſe of her letter), I will not commend you to the care of any one, for I believe you as much ridicule our God, either alone, or preceded with an *A*, as the *God dam-me* of our neighbours."

If the following paſſage in the ſame letter be a correct tranſlation, (we have not ſeen the original of this part), it is pretty evident, that ſhe herſelf was little better than an atheiſt. "I belong to the man whom you know, laugh at the devil, and ſcrace believe in God." If the original meant—I belong to the man, who, you know, laughs at the devil and ſcarcely be-

lieves in God;—the charge of infidelity would then be thrown on the ſhoulders of her huſband. Some of the enemies of that huſband have charged him with being a mere time-ſerver, and have inſiſted, that his diſplay of attachment to republican principles ſince the Revolution, was a political farce; he himſelf having a few years before ſhewn ſo little diſlike to hereditary diſtinctions, that he earneſtly ſolicited the honour of being ennobled by the king. The defence which ſhe makes for him on this ſubject, is thus ſtated. Whether it be weak or ſtrong, we will leave our readers to determine.

"Roland has been reproached with ſoliciting letters of nobility: behold the truth. His family poſſeſſed its privileges during ſeveral ages, in conſequence of employments, which, however, did not render it hereditary; and the opulence which ſupported all the attributes, coats of arms, chapel, livery, fief, &c.—This opulence diſappeared; it was ſucceeded by a genteel mediocrity; and Roland had the proſpect of ending his days in a domain, the ſole one remaining in his family, and which ſtill appertains to his elder brother: he thought that he poſſeſſed a right, in conſequence of his labours, to inſure to his deſcendants an advantage which his anceſtors had enjoyed, and which he would have diſdained to purchaſe.

"In conſequence of this, he preſented his claims, in order to obtain letters recogniſing his nobility, or ennobling him. This was at the commencement of 1784: I do not know the man, who, at that epoch, and, in his ſituation, would have deemed it derogatory to his wiſdom to have done as much. I repaired to Paris: I ſoon ſaw, that the new ſuperintendants of commerce, jealous of his ſeniority in a branch of the adminiſtration he was better acquainted with than themſelves, and oppoſing him in opinions relative to the liberty of commerce, which he defended with vigour, while they gave him the requiſite atteſtations reſpect-

ing his labours, which indeed they could not refuſe, did not diſplay that eagerneſs which inſures ſucceſs: I accordingly conſidered it as an idea that ought to be allowed to go to ſleep; and I did not puſh my endeavours any further. It was then that, learning the changes of which I have made mention in the curious article of Lozowſki, I demanded and obtained the removal of Roland to Lyons, which brought him nearer to his family, where I knew that he would at length be deſirous to retire. Patriots of the day, who ſtood in need of the Revolution to become ſomething, adduce your labours, and dare to compare them."

The private memoirs of Madame Roland end in p. 66; the reſt of the work, making up 128 pages, conſiſts of detached notes and familiar letters. *Boſe*, the editor, ſpeaking of her epiſtolary ſtyle, rates it above that of Madame de *Sevigne*. For our part, we are not able to diſcover in thoſe letters a full juſtification of ſuch a preference. Some of them indeed are admirably well written; but others are below mediocrity. Of the former deſcription, we give the following as highly creditable to the good ſenſe and ſound judgement of this lady.

"*Amiens, July* 29.

"It is ſufficient if you lay down your arms; I do not demand that they ſhould be delivered up to me: I wiſh not to receive the law, but I alſo do not pretend to impoſe it on any perſon.

"You are not deceived in reſpect to the pretenſions of your ſex: I ſay more, its right; but exceedingly in the manner of defending them. You have not expoſed them in the leaſt with regard to me, who do not wiſh to attack any of them: you have forgot the *mode*, and that is all. What are the deference, the regard of your ſex in reſpect to mine, but the diſcretion of powerful magnanimity exerciſed in behalf of the feeble, which it honours and protects at the ſame time? When you

you ſpeak as maſters, you inſtantly make us think that we could reſiſt, and do more perhaps than yourſelves, however ſtrong you may be. (The invulnerable Achilles was not ſo every where.) Do you offer your homage? It is Alexander treating as queens his priſoners, who were not ignorant of their dependence. In reſpect to this ſole object, perhaps our civilization has not placed us in contradiction to nature; the laws leave us under an almoſt perpetual guardianſhip, and cuſtom offers us all the little honours of ſociety; we are not any thing on the ſcore of action, we are every thing by courteſy.

"Do not imagine any longer, then, that I deceive myſelf relative to what we can require, or what it belongs to you to pretend to. I think I ſhall not ſpeak more favourably than any woman, but as much as any man, reſpecting the ſuperiority of your ſex in all reſpects. You poſſeſs ſtrength in the firſt place, and every thing that appertains to or reſults from it, courage, perſeverance, great views, and great talents; it belongs to you to make laws in politics, as well as diſcoveries in the ſciences; govern the world, change the ſurface of the globe, be proud, terrible, ſkilful, and learned: you are all theſe without us, and you ought to govern us in every thing. But were it not for us, you would neither be virtuous, nor loving, nor amiable, nor happy; preſerve then the glory and authority in all points; we have not, we wiſh not to have, any empire but that of manners, and no throne but what is to be erected in your own hearts. I ſhall never claim any thing beyond this; it often makes me angry, to behold women diſputing ſome privileges with you that ſit ſo badly upon them; not even the title of author, but ſeems to me ridiculous when aſpired to by the fair ſex. Whatever may be their powers in ſome reſpects, it is never before the public that they ought to exhibit their knowledge or talents.

"To conſtitute the happineſs of one only, and ac-

quire the eſteem of many, by all the charms of friendſhip and decorum, I cannot conceive a lot more happy than this. No more regret, no more war, let us live in peace. Recollect only, that in order to preſerve your ſuperiority over women, you muſt avoid making it evident in their eyes. The ſkirmiſhing I have had with you, to amuſe us in the fulneſs of confidence, would be carried on againſt you in another manner by adroit coquetry; and you would not then come off ſo eaſy. Protect always, that you may never be obliged to ſubmit but of your own accord: this is the great ſecret. But how good am I to tell you this and other things, which you know better than myſelf. You wiſhed to make me chatter; very well, we are now even—Adieu."

Of the tranſlation we are ſorry that we cannot ſpeak in favourable terms; in almoſt every page, ſomething occurs to remind us (even without having ſeen the original), that it is not an original work that we are reading. Our tranſlators ſucceed in general tolerably well in giving the ſpirit of French hiſtorians or orators: but the true meaning of various expreſſions uſed in familiar converſation in France, they often mar, or but very imperfectly convey. The tranſlator ſeldom hits the multifarious meaning of the French word *ſage*. Page 2. he ſays, "Naturally wiſe and good, virtue did not ſeem to coſt her any effort." The word *ſage*, in the original, "*Naturellement ſage et bonne*," does not mean wiſe, but prudent, diſcreet, &c. *L' homme ſage*, or *le ſage*, means the wiſe man; but *la ſage femme* does not mean the wiſe woman, but the *midwife*. The word *devot*, or *devote*, is not always to be tranſlated *devout*. The tranſlator ſays, p. 12. "And aſſuredly there are fathers of the church, and others, whom one may peruſe without being *devout*;" he ſhould have ſaid, without being a *devotee*. *Armateur* he calls a *captain* of a ſhip; the word means a ſhip's huſband or owner. Page 107. he ſays, "This ſame dear Eudora has recovered

vered the vigour of her health at the expence of *two medicines.*" The whole conſtruction of the ſentence is awkward, but the laſt two words of it do not at all expreſs the meaning of the original; the tranſlator ſhould have ſaid *two doſes of phyſic.* Page 161. the word *gentil* is miſerably tranſlated *genteel.* In general, the conſtruction of the phraſes is completely French, though the words are Engliſh; and this ariſes from a ſervile adherence to the original, and a neglect of the good rule laid down by Horace:

Nec verbum verbo curabis reddere fidus
Interpres.

The tranſlator is not very correct even in his Engliſh. P. 164. ſpeaking of a man who was reduced to the ſituation of a teacher, after having once poſſeſſed a fortune of 30,000 livres a-year, he ſays, "The principal of which he has either *ate* [eaten] or loſt."

This work is publiſhed for the benefit of Madame Roland's only daughter, who is deprived of the fortune of her parents, their property, we are told, being ſtill under ſequeſtration; the editor's deſign is truly benevolent; and we ſincerely wiſh it all poſſible ſucceſs: the poor orphan-child cannot poſſibly have offended any party.

DISSERTATION *on the Subject of the* MAN *with the Iron Maſk. By the late* Edward Gibbon, *Eſq. the celebrated Hiſtorian.*

THE myſterious hiſtory of the famous French priſoner, known by the name of "l'Homme au Maſque de Fer—the Man in the Iron Maſk"—is related by M. Voltaire, in the "Siecle de Louis XIV.;"

and in the "Queſtions ſur l'Encyclopedie." That writer, the moſt ſceptical and lively of his age, never attempts either to conteſt the truth, or to reveal the ſecret of this wonderful affair. "Je ne connois point de fait ni plus extraordinaire ni mieux conſtate," is the juſt concluſion of his firſt account. In his ſubſequent additions, he refutes, with full force and contempt, the idle ſuppoſitions that this unknown priſoner was the Duke de Beaufort, the Count de Vermandois, or the Duke of Monmouth. At length, breaking off abruptly, he throws out a dark intimation—"Qu'il en fait peut-etre plus que le Pere Griſet, et qu'il n'en dira pas davantage."

If we are diſpoſed to exerciſe our curioſity and conjectures on this hiſtorical anecdote, we muſt ſteadily remember, that no hypotheſis can deſerve the ſmalleſt credit, unleſs it correſponds with and explains the following circumſtances.

1. The priſoner, who paſſed his melancholy life in the iſles de St Marguerite and the Baſtile, was called *Marchiali*. As the name was moſt aſſuredly fictitious, this circumſtance ſeems, and indeed is, of ſmall importance. However, in caſe an Italian was either the author of his birth, or the guardian of his infancy, a name drawn from that langnage would moſt naturally preſent itſelf.

2. Marchiali was buried ſecretly, and by night, in the pariſh-church of St Paul's, on the third day of March, in the year 1703, as is proved by the journal of the Pere Griſet, who was intruſted with the very delicate employment of confeſſor to the Baſtile. A few days before his death, the unknown priſoner told his phyſician, that he believed himſelf about ſixty years of age. If he reckoned with preciſion, he was born in the ſpring of the year 1643, about the time of the death of Louis XIII. But the dreary hours of a priſon move ſlowly; and the infirmities of age are haſtened by grief and ſolitude. Marchiali could ſpeak only

only from conjecture; nor is it unlikely that he might be ſomewhat younger than he ſuppoſed himſelf.

3. He was conducted to the iſles de St Marguerite, on the coaſt of Provence, ſome months after the death of Cardinal Mazarine; that is to ſay, about the end of the year 1661, or the beginning of 1662. This is the firſt among the few events of his life. M. de Voltaire mentions, in one place, a previous confinement at Pignerol; but without being perfectly clear, or even conſiſtent, on that head.

4. Marchiali, whoever he was, had never acted any diſtinguiſhed part on the public theatre of the world. The ſudden abſence of ſuch a perſon, in any part of Europe, would infallibly have occaſioned much wonder and inquiry, ſome traces of which muſt have reached our knowledge. But, in this inſtance, uſing the ampleſt latitude of time, we cannot diſcover even any one important *death* that leaves the minuteſt opening for our moſt licentious ſuſpicions.

5. An illuſtrious birth was therefore the only advantage by which the priſoner could be diſtinguiſhed; and his birth muſt indeed have been illuſtrious, ſince, when Monſieur de Louvois made him a viſit, he ſpoke to him ſtanding—"Et avec une conſideration qui tenoit du reſpect." We muſt aſcend very high, ere we can attain a rank which that proud and powerful miniſter of the French monarchy could think it his duty to *reſpect*.

6. The moſt extraordinary precautions were employed, not only to ſecure, but to conceal, this myſterious captive; and his guards were ordered to kill him, if he made the leaſt attempt to diſcover himſelf. That order, as well as the ſilver-plate, which he threw out of the priſon window, after writing ſomething on it, and which fell into the hands of an illiterate fiſherman, ſufficiently prove that he was acquainted with his own condition. The maſk, which he never was permitted

to

lay aſide, ſhews the apprehenſion of the diſcovery of ſome very ſtriking reſemblance.

7. Priſoners of ſuch alarming importance are ſeldom ſuffered to live. Of all precautions, the dagger or the bowl are undoubtedly the ſureſt. Nothing but the moſt powerful motives, or indeed the tendereſt ties, could have ſtopped the monarch's hand, and induced him rather to riſk a diſcovery, than to ſpill the blood of this unfortunate man. He was lodged in the beſt apartment of the Baſtile; his table was ſerved in the moſt delicate manner; he was allowed to play on the guitar; and ſupplied with the fineſt laces and linen, of which he was paſſionately fond. Every kind attention was ſtudiouſly practiſed, that could in any wiſe alleviate the irkſomeneſs of his perpetual confinement.

8. When Monſieur de Chamillard, in the year 1721, was on his deathbed, his ſon-in-law the Marechal de la Feullade, begged on his knees that he would diſcloſe to him that myſterious tranſaction. The dying miniſter refuſed to gratify this unſeaſonable curioſity. It was the ſecret of the ſtate, he ſaid, and he had taken an oath never to divulge it. The priſoner had then been dead eighteen years, and Louis XIV. almoſt ſix. It muſt have been a ſecret of no common magnitude, that could ſtill affect the peace and welfare of future generations.

Before we proceed to a probable ſolution of theſe ſtrange circumſtances, let us try to connect them with ſome facts of a more public and general nature.

1. The doubtful birth of Louis XIV. often occurs in converſation as the topic of hiſtorical ſcepticiſm. The firſt grounds of the ſuſpicion are obvious. He was born after a ſterile union of twenty-three years between Louis XIII. and Anne of Auſtria. But as ſuch an event, however unfrequent, is neither deſtitute of poſſibility, nor even of example, the ſcandalous rumour would long ſince have died away in oblivion, had

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it not derived additional ſtrength from the character and ſituation of the royal pair.

2. Though Louis XIII. wanted not either parts or courage, his character was degraded by a coldneſs and debility, both of mind and body, which had little affinity with his heroic father. Had his indifference towards the ſex been confined to the Queen, it might have been conſidered as the mere effect of perſonal diſlike; but his *chaſte* amours with his female favourites, betrayed to the laughing court, that the King was leſs than a man.

3. Without reviving all the obſolete ſcandal of the *fronde*, we may reſpectfully inſinuate, that Anne of Auſtria's reputation of chaſtity was never ſo firmly eſtabliſhed as that of her huſband. To the coquetry of France, the Queen united the warm paſſions of the Spaniard. Her friends acknowledge that ſhe was gay, indiſcreet, vain of her charms, and ſtrongly addicted, at leaſt, to romantic gallantry. It is well known, that ſhe permitted ſome diſtinguiſhed favourites to entertain her with ſoft tales of her beauty, and their love; and thus removed the diſtant ceremony, which is perhaps the ſureſt defence of royal virtue. Anne of Auſtria paſſed twenty-eight years with a huſband alike incapable of gratifying her tender or her ſenſual inclinations. At the age of forty-three, ſhe was left an independent widow, miſtreſs of herſelf, and of the kingdom.

4. The civil wars which raged during the minority of Louis XIV. aroſe from the blind and unaccountable attachment of the Queen to Cardinal Mazarine, whom ſhe obſtinately ſupported againſt the univerſal clamour of the French nation. The Auſtrian pride, perhaps, and the uſeful merit of the miniſter, might determine the Queen to brave an inſolent oppoſition; but a connection formed by policy might very eaſily terminate in love. The neceſſity of buſineſs would engage the Princeſs in many a ſecret and midnight conference with an Italian, of an agreeable perſon, vigorous conſtitution,

ſtitution, looſe morals, and artful addreſs. The amaſing anecdote, hinted at in the honeſt Memoirs of La Porte, ſufficiently proves that Mazarine was capable of employing every expedient to inſinuate himſelf into *every part* of the royal family.

5. If Anne of Auſtria yielded to ſuch importunities, and to ſo artful a lover, if ſhe became a mother after her huſband's death, her weakneſs, and the conſequences of it, would have been carefully ſcreened from the eye of curious malignity. When Louis XIV. ſucceeded to the poſſeſſion of the kingdom, and of the fatal ſecret, he was deeply intereſted in the guard of his own, and of his mother's honour. Had her frailty been revealed to the world, the living proof would have awakened and confirmed all the latent ſuſpicions, diffuſed a ſpirit of diſtruſt and diviſion among the people, and ſhaken the hereditary claim of the monarch. If the ſtrong graſp of Louis XIV. retained the ſceptre, the doubt and the danger were entailed on future ages. In ſome feeble or infant reign, an ambitious Conde might embrace the fair pretence to aſſert the right to his genuine branch, and to exclude from the ſucceſſion the ſpurious poſterity of Louis XIII.

In a word, the child of Anne of Auſtria and of Cardinal Mazarine, would have been at once the brother and the moſt dangerous enemy of his ſovereign. The humanity of Louis XIV. might have declined a brother's murder; but pride, policy, and even patriotiſm, muſt have compelled that prince to hide his face, and his exiſtence, with an iron maſk, and the walls of the Baſtile.

It is ſcarcely neceſſary to add, that I ſuppoſe the unfortunate Marchiali to have been that child. If the ſeveral facts which I have drawn together, blend themſelves, without conſtraint, into a conſiſtent and natural ſyſtem, it is ſurely no weak argument in favour of the truth, or at leaſt of the probability, of my opinion.

BIOGRAPHICAL

BIOGRAPHICAL ANECDOTES OF BUFFON.

[The following intereſting particulars reſpecting that "great ſearcher into the ſecrets of Nature," are extracted from a periodical work of M. Peltier's, entitled, "Paris pendant l'annee 1795 et l'annee 1796." Numbers 34. and 35. contain the following ſtriking traits of Buffon's character, which the editor ſays, he owes to the pen of Herault de Schelles, who undertook a journey to Montbart in 1785; an account of which was actually in the preſs, when Robeſpierre ſent the author to the ſcaffold.]

I BEHELD a fine figure, noble and placid. Notwithſtanding he is 78 years old, one would not attribute to him above 60 years; and although he had ſpent ſixteen ſleepleſs nights, in conſequence of being afflicted with the ſtone, he looked as freſh as a child, and as calm as if in health. His buſt, by *Houdon*, appears to me very like, although the effect of the black eyes and brows is loſt.

His white hair was accurately dreſt—this is one of his whims, and he owns it. He has it papered at night, and curled with irons ſometimes twice in a day, in the morning and before ſupper. He had five ſmall curls on each ſide. His bed-gown was a yellow and and white ſtripe, flowered with blue.

His voice is ſtrong for his age, and very pleaſant: in general, when he ſpeaks, his looks are fixed on nothing, but roll unguardedly about. His favourite words are *tout ſa* and *pardieu*, which recur perpetually. His vanity is undiſguiſed and prominent: here are a few inſtances.

I told him I read much in his works, "What are you reading!" ſaid he. I anſwered, the *Vues ſur la Nature*,

Nature. "There are paſſages of the higheſt eloquenc in them," replied he inſtantly.

His ſon has erected a monument to the father in th gardens of Montbart. It is a ſimple column, near loſty tower, and is inſcribed,

Excelſæ turri humilis columnæ
Parenti ſuo filius BUFFON, 1785.

The father burſt into tears on ſeeing this monumen and ſaid to the young man, "Son, this will do yo honour."

The ſon ſhewed me about the grounds. We cam to the cloſet in which this great man laboured; it i in a pavilion called the Tower of St Louis, and it is u ſtairs. The entrance is by a green folding door. Th ſimplicity of the laboratory aſtoniſhes. The cieling vaulted, the walls are green, the floor is in ſquare it contains an ordinary wooden deſk, and an arm-chai but not a book nor a paper. This nakedneſs has its e fect. The imagination clothes it with the ſplendi pages of *Buffon*. There is another ſanctuary in whic he was wont to compoſe—"The Cradle of Natura Hiſtory," as Prince Henry called it, when he wen thither. It was there that *Rouſſeau* proſtrated him ſelf, and kiſſed the threſhold. I mentioned this cir cumſtance to *Bouffon*. Yes, ſaid he, *Rouſſeau* bowe down to me. This cabinet is wainſcotted, furniſhe with ſcreens, a ſofa, and with drawings of birds an beaſts. The chairs are covered with black leather, an the deſk is near the chimney, and of walnut-tree. A treatiſe on the loadſtone, on which he was then em ployed, lay on it.

His example and his diſcourſes convince me, that he who paſſionately deſires glory, is ſure in the end to obtain it. The wiſh muſt not be a momentary, bu an every-day emotion. *Buffon* ſaid to me, on this ſub ject, a very ſtriking thing—one of thoſe ſpeeche which may be the cauſe of a great man hereafter:

"Genius

"Genius is only a greater aptitude to *patience*." Obſerve, that patience muſt be applied to every thing: patience in finding out one's line, patience in reſiſting the motives that divert, and patience in bearing what would diſcourage a common man.

I will mention ſome facts of *Buffon*. He would ſometimes return from the ſuppers of Paris at two in the morning, when he was young. A boy was ordered to call him at five, however late he returned; and, in caſe of his lingering in bed, to drag him out on the floor. He uſed to work till ſix at night. "I had at that time (ſaid he) a miſtreſs of whom I was very fond: but I would never allow myſelf to go to her till ſix, even at the riſk of finding her gone out."

He thus diſtributes his day. At five o'clock he riſes, dreſſes, powders, dictates letters, and regulates his houſehold-matters. At ſix he goes to the foreſaid ſtudy, which is a furlong diſtant from the houſe, at the extremity of the garden. There are gates to open, and terraces to climb, by the way. When not engaged in writing, he paces up and down the ſurrounding avenues. No one may intrude on his retreat. He often reads over what he has written, and then lays it by for a time. "It is important (ſaid he to me) never to be in a hurry: review your compoſitions often, and every time with a freſh eye, and you will always find that they can be mended." When he has made many corrections in a manuſcript, he employs an amanuenſis to tranſcribe it, and then he corrects again. He told M. de *S*——, that the *Etudes de la Nature* were written over eighteen times. He is very orderly and exact. "I burn (ſaid he to me) every thing which I do not intend to uſe; not a paper will be found at my death."

I reſume the account of his day. At nine, breakfaſt is brought to him in the ſtudy. It conſiſts of two glaſſes of wine and a bit of bread. He writes for about two hours after breakfaſt, and then returns to

the houſe. He does not love to hurry over his dinner; during which he gives vent to all the gaieties and trifles which ſuggeſt themſelves while at table.

He loves to talk ſmuttily; and the effect of his jokes and laughter are heightened by the natural ſerioufneſs of his age, and calmneſs of his character; but he is often ſo coarſe as to compel the ladies to withdraw. He talks of himſelf with pleaſure, and like a critic. He ſaid to me, "I learn every day to write; in my later works there is infinitely more perfection than in my former. I often have my works read to me, and this moſtly puts me upon ſome improvement. There are, however, paſſages which I cannot improve." In this openneſs there is a ſomething intereſting, original, antique, attractive.

Speaking of *Rouſſeau*, he ſaid, "I loved him much until I read his Confeſſions, and then I ceaſed to eſteem him. I cannot fancy the ſpirit of the man; an unuſual proceſs happened to me with reſpect to him; after his death I loſt my reverence for him."

This great man is very much of a goſſip, and, for at leaſt an hour in the day, will make his hairdreſſer and valets tell over all the ſcandal of the village. He knows every minute event that ſurrounds him.

His confidence is almoſt wholly engroſſed by a Mademoiſelle *Bleſſeau*, a woman now forty years old, well made, who has been pretty, and has lived with him about twenty years. She is very attentive to him, manages in the houſe, and is hated by the ſervants. Madame de *Buffon*, who has long been dead, could not endure this woman. She adored her huſband, and is ſaid to have been very jealous of him.

Mademoiſelle de *Bleſſeau* is not the only one who manages *Buffon*. Father *Ignatius Prouzut*, a capuchin friar, born at Dijon, divides her empire. He is, it ſeems, a convenient confeſſor. Thirty years ago, the author of the *Epoques de la Nature*, ſent for him at Eaſter, and confeſſed to him in the very laboratory

in

in which he had put together his materialiſm, in which *Rouſſeau* proſtrated himſelf at the threſhold. *Ignatius* told me, that M. de *Buffon*, when about to ſubmit to this ceremony, heſitated a while—"The effect of human weakneſs"—added he—and inſiſted on his valet-de-chambre's confeſſing himſelf firſt. This will ſurpriſe at Paris. Yes; *Buffon*, when at Montbart, receives the annual communion in his ſeignorial chapel, goes every Sunday to high maſs, and diſtributes a louis weekly among different deſcriptions of pious beggars. M. de *Buffon* tells me, that he makes a point of reſpecting religion; that there muſt be a religion for the multitude; that in little places every one is obſerved; and that we ſhould avoid giving offence. "I am perſuaded (ſaid he to me), that in your ſpeeches you take care to let nothing eſcape you that ſhould be remarked, or excite alarm on this head. I have ever had that attention in my writings, and have publiſhed them ſeparately, that ordinary men may not catch at the connection of ideas. I have always named the Creator; but it is only putting, mentally, in its place, the energy of nature, which reſults from the two great laws of attraction and impulſe. When the Sorbonne plagued me, I gave all the ſatisfactions which they ſolicited; 'twas a form which I deſpiſed, but men are ſilly enough to be ſo ſatisfied. For the ſame reaſon, when I fall dangerouſly ill, I ſhall not heſitate to ſend for the ſacrament. This is due to the public religion. Thoſe who act otherwiſe are madmen. The arietation of *Voltaire*, of *Diderot*, of *Helvetius*, often wounded themſelves. The latter was my friend: he ſpent more than four years at Montbart on different occaſions. I recommended more reſerve to him. Had he attended to me, he would have been better off."

In fact, this ſpirit of accommodation anſwered to M. de *Buffon*. His works demonſtrate materialiſm, yea they were printed at the royal preſs.

"My early volumes appeared (ſaid he) at the ſame

time with the *Spirit of Laws*. We were teazed by the Sorbonne, both *Monteſquieu* and I, and aſſailed by the critics. The preſident was quite furious: "What ſhall you anſwer?" ſaid he to me. "Nothing at all, Preſident," replied I. He could not underſtand ſuch cold-bloodedneſs.

I was reading to *Buffon*, one evening, ſome verſes of *Thomas* on the immortality of the ſoul. "*Pardieu*, (ſaid he), religion would be a noble preſent, if all that were true." He criticiſed theſe lines ſeverely; he is inexorable as to ſtyle, and does not love poetry. "Never write verſes (ſaid he,): I could have made them as well as others: but I ſoon abandoned a courſe in which reaſon marches in fetters: ſhe has chains enough already, without looking about for new ones."

"*Buffon* willingly quits his grounds, and walks about the village with his ſon, among the peaſantry. At theſe times he always appears in a laced coat. He is a ſtickler about dreſs, and ſcolds his ſon for wearing a frock-coat: I was aware of this, and had taken care to arrive in an embroidered waiſtcoat and laced clothes. My precaution ſucceeded wonderfully: he ſhewed me repeatedly to his ſon. "There's a GENTLEMAN for you!" He loves to be called *Monſieur le Comte*.

After having riſen from dinner, he pays little attention either to his family or his gueſts. He ſleeps for an hour in his room; then takes a walk alone; after which he will perhaps come in and converſe, or ſit at his deſk and look over papers that are brought for his opinion. He has lived thus theſe fifty years. To ſome one who expreſſed aſtoniſhment at his great reputation, he replied, "Have not I paſſed fifty years at my deſk." At nine he goes to bed.

He is at preſent afflicted with the ſtone, which ſuſpends his employments. While I was at his houſe, he had acute pains, ſhut himſelf up in his chamber, would ſcarcely ſee his ſon, and not his ſiſter. He admitted me

me repeatedly. His hair was always dreſt; and he retained his fine calm look. He complained mildly of his ill health, and bore his pangs with a ſmile. He opened his whole ſoul to me: made me read to him the treatiſe on the loadſtone, and, as he liſtened, would reform the phraſes. Sometimes he would ſend for a volume of his works, and requeſt me to read aloud the finer efforts of ſtyle; ſuch as, the ſoliloquy of the firſt man, the deſcription of an Arabian deſert, in the article *Camel*, and a ſtill finer piece of painting (in his opinion), in the article *Kamichi*. Sometimes he would explain to me his ſyſtem of the formation of the univerſe, the geneſis of beings, the internal moulds, &c. Sometimes he would recite whole pages of his compoſitions; for he knows them almoſt all by heart. He liſtens gladly to objections, diſcuſſes them, and ſurrenders to them when his judgment is convinced.

Of natural hiſtory and of ſtyle he loves to talk, eſpecially of the latter. No one better underſtands the theory of ſtyle, unleſs it be *Beccaria*, who did not poſſeſs the practice. "The ſtyle is the man (ſaid he): our poets have no ſtyle; they are coerced by the rules of metre, which makes ſlaves of them." How do you like Thomas? I aſked. "Pretty well (ſaid he), but he is ſtiff and bloated." And *Rouſſeau*? "His ſtyle is better: but he has all the faults of bad education, interjection, exclamation, interrogation, for ever." Favour me with your leading ideas on ſtyle. "They are recorded in my Diſcourſe at the Academy:—however, two things form ſtyle, invention and expreſſion. Invention depends on *patience*: contemplate your ſubject long: it will gradually unrol and unfold—till a ſort of electric ſpark convulſes for a moment the brain, and ſpreads down to the very heart a glow of irritation. Then are come the luxuries of genius, the true hours for production and compoſition, hours ſo delightful, that I have ſpent twelve and four-

teen ſucceſſively at my writing-deſk, and ſtill been in a ſtate of pleaſure. It is for this gratification, yet more than for glory, that I have toiled. Glory comes if it can, and moſtly does come. This pleaſure is greater if you conſult no books: I have never conſulted authors, till I had nothing left to ſay of my own."

I aſked him, What is the beſt method of forming one's ſelf? He anſwered, "Read only the capital works, read them repeatedly, and read thoſe in every department of taſte and ſcience; for the framers of ſuch works are, as Cicero ſays, kin-ſouls, and the views of one may always be applied with advantage, in ſome very different branch, by another. Be not afraid of the taſk. Capital works are ſcarce. I know but five great geniuſes—*Newton*, *Bacon*, *Leibnitz*, *Monteſquieu*, and *myſelf*. Newton (continued he) may have diſcovered an important principle; but he ſpent his life in frivolous calculations, and was no maſter of ſtyle." He thought higher of *Leibnitz* than of Bacon. He ſpoke of *Monteſquieu*'s genius, but thought his ſtyle too ſtudied, and wanting evolution. "This, however, (ſaid he), was a natural conſequence of his frame of body. I knew him well; he was almoſt blind, and very impatient. If he had not clipt his ideas into ſhort ſentences, he would have loſt his period before the amanuenſis had taken it down."

He ſpoke to me of the paſſion for ſtudy, and of the happineſs which it beſtows. He told me that he had voluntarily ſecluded himſelf from ſociety; that at one time he courted the company of learned men, expecting to acquire much from their converſation, but he had diſcovered that little of value could be ſo gleaned, and that, in order to pick up a phraſe, an evening was ill ſquandered; that labour was become a want to him, and he hoped to conſecrate to it much of the three or four years of life which probably remained to him; that

that he feared not death—that the hope of an immortal renown was the moſt powerful of deathbed-conſolations.

He ſhewed me a letter from Prince Henry of Pruſſia, and another from the Empreſs of Ruſſia, with his anſwers. Over this lofty correſpondence between power and genius, where the latter retained its innate aſcendancy, I felt my ſoul ſwell. Glory ſeemed to aſſume as it were a ſubſtantial form, and to bend down at its feet what the world has moſt exalted.

In a few days I left this *good* * and great man; repeating, as I withdrew, two lines of the Oedipus of Voltaire:

L'amitie d'un grand homme eſt un bienfait des dieux,
Je liſais mon devoir et mon ſort dans ſes yeux.

.....

CURIOUS ACCOUNT

OF A WONDERFUL CANARY-BIRD.

BY MR PRATT.

I WAS reſiding at Cleves with a Pruſſian family, during the time of the fair, which I ſhall paſs over, having nothing remarkable to diſtinguiſh it from other annual meetings, where people aſſemble to ſtare at, cheat each other, and divert themſelves; and to ſpend the year's ſavings in buying thoſe bargains, which would have been probably better bought at home. One day, after dinner, as the deſert was juſt brought on the table, the travelling German muſicians, who commonly ply the

* *How low are the ideas of moral excellence in the minds of atheiſtical philoſophers!*

the houſes at theſe times, preſented themſelves, and were ſuffered to play; and, juſt as they were making their bows for the money they had received for their harmony, a bird-catcher, who had rendered himſelf famous for educating and calling forth the talents of the feathered race, made his appearance, and was well received by our party, which was numerous and benevolent. The muſicians, who had heard of this bird-catcher's fame, begged permiſſion to ſtay; and the maſter of the houſe, who had a great ſhare of good nature, indulged their curioſity—a curioſity, indeed, in which every body participated. For all that we have heard or ſeen of learned pigs, aſſes, dogs, and horſes, was ſaid to be extinguiſhed in the wonderful wiſdom which blazed in the genius of this bird-catcher's Canary. The Canary was produced, and the owner harangued him in the following manner, placing him on his fore-finger—"Bijou (jewel), you are now in the preſence of perſons of great ſagacity and honour; take heed you do not deceive the expectations they have conceived of you from the world's report; you have got laurels, beware of their withering. In a word, deport yourſelf like the bijou (jewel) of Canary-birds, as you certainly are.

All this time the bird ſeemed to liſten; and, indeed, placed himſelf in the true attitude of attention, by ſloping his head to the ear of the man, and then diſtinctly nodding twice when his maſter left off ſpeaking; and if ever nods were intelligible and promiſſory, theſe were two of them.

"That's good, (ſays the maſter, pulling off his hat to the bird); now, then, let us ſee if you are a Canary of honour: give us a tune." The Canary ſung. "Pſhaw, that is too harſh; it is the note of a raven with a hoarſeneſs upon him: ſomething pathetic." The Canary whiſtled, as if its little throat was changed to a lute. "Faſter," ſays the man. "Slower,—very well. But what a plague is this foot about, and this little head?

ad? No wonder you are out, Mr Bijou, when you rget your time. That's a jewel!—Bravo! bravo! y little man."

All that he was ordered, or reminded of, did he do admiration. His head and foot beat time, humoured e variations both of time and movement; and "the ound was a juſt echo to the ſenſe," according to the ricteſt laws of poetical, and—as it ought to be—of uſical compoſition. "Bravo! bravo!" re-echoed om all parts of the dining-room. The muſicians wore the Canary was a greater maſter of muſic than ny of their band. "And do you not ſhew your enſe of this civility, Sir!" cries the bird-catcher, with n angry air. The Canary bowed moſt reſpectfully, to he great delight of the company. His next atchievement was going through martial exerciſe with a ſtraw gun; after which—"My poor Bijou, (ſays his owner), hou haſt had hard work, and muſt be a little weary; a few performances more, and thou ſhalt repoſe. Shew the ladies how to make a curtſey."

The bird here croſſed his taper legs, and ſunk and roſe with an eaſe and grace that would have put half our ſubſcription-aſſembly belles to the bluſh. "That is my fine bird! And now a bow, head and foot correſponding." Here the ſtriplings, for ten miles round London, might have bluſhed alſo. "Let us finiſh with a hornpipe, my brave little fellow. That's it! Keep it up! keep it up!"

The activity, glee, ſpirit, and accuracy, with which this laſt order was obeyed, wound up the applauſe—in which all the muſicians joined, as well with their inſtruments as with their clappings—to the higheſt pitch of admiration. Bijou himſelf ſeemed to feel the ſacred thirſt of fame, and ſhook his little plumes, and carolled an *Io Pæan* that ſounded like the conſcious notes of victory.

"Thou haſt done all my biddings bravely, (ſaid the maſter, careſſing his feathered ſervant); now, then, take

take a nap, while I take thy place." Hereupon the Canary went into a counterfeit ſlumber, ſo like the effect of the poppied god, firſt ſhutting one eye, then the other; then nodding: then dropping ſo much on one ſide, that the hands of ſeveral of the company were ſtretched out to ſave him from falling; and juſt as thoſe hands approached his feathers, ſuddenly recovering and dropping as much on the other. At length ſleep ſeemed to fix him in a ſteady poſture; whereupon the man took him from his finger, and laid him faſt upon the table; where the man aſſured us he would remain in a good ſound ſleep, while he himſelf had the honour to do his beſt to fill up the interval. Accordingly, after drinking a glaſs of wine—in the progreſs of taking off which he was interrupted by the Canary-bird's ſpringing ſuddenly up to aſſert his right to a ſhare, really putting his little bill into the glaſs, and then laying himſelf down to ſleep again—the owner called him a ſaucy fellow, and began to ſhow off his own independent powers of entertaining. The *forte* of theſe lay chiefly in balancing with a tobacco-pipe, while he ſmoked with another; and ſeveral of the poſitions were ſo difficult to be preſerved, yet maintained with ſo much dexterity, that the general attention was fixed on him. But while he was thus exhibiting, a huge black cat, who had been no doubt on the watch, from ſome unobſerved corner, ſprung upon the table, ſeized the poor Canary in its mouth, and ruſhed out of the window in deſpite of oppoſition! Though the dining-room was emptied in an inſtant, it was a vain purſuit; the life of the bird was gone, and its mangled body was brought in by the unfortunate owner, in ſuch diſmay, accompanied by ſuch looks and language, as muſt have awakened pity in a miſanthrope. He ſpread his half-length over the table, and mourned his Canary-bird with the moſt undiſſembled ſorrow. "Well may I grieve for thee, poor little thing! well may I grieve! More than four years haſt thou fed from my hand,

nd, drank from my lip, and ſlept in my boſom. I we to thee my ſupport, my health, my ſtrength, and y happineſs: without thee, what will become of me? hou it was who inſured my welcome in the beſt ompany. It was thy genius only made me wel- ome. But thy death is a juſt puniſhment for my anity: had I relied only on thy happy powers, all ad been well, and thou hadſt been perched on my nger, or lulled in my breaſt, at this moment! But ruſting to my own talents, and glorifying myſelf in hem, a judgment has fallen upon me, and thou art ead and mangled on this table! Accurſed be the our I entered this houſe! and more accurſed the de- eſtable monſter that killed thee! Accurſed be my- elf, for I contributed. I ought not to have taken way my eyes when thine were cloſed in frolic.— O Bijou! my deareſt only Bijou! would I were dead alſo!"

As near as the ſpirit of his diſordered mind can e transfuſed, ſuch was the language and ſentiment of the forlorn bird-catcher; whoſe deſpairing motion and frantic air no words can paint. He took from his pocket a little green bag of faded velvet; and taking out of it ſome wool and cotton, that were the wrapping of whiſtles, bird-calls, and other inſtru- ments of his trade—all of which he threw on the table, "as in ſcorn"—and making a couch, placed the mutilated limbs and ravaged feathers of his Ca- nary upon it, and renewed his lamentations.

GOLDSMITH'S CELEBRATED POEM OF THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

WITH A MOST SUPERB QUARTO ENGRAVING.

SWEET AUBURN! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring swain
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please.
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene!
How often have I paus'd on every charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made!
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting, lent its turn to play,
And all the village-train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd;
And many a gambol frolick'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art, and feats of strength went round.
And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down:
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place;
The bashful virgin's side long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove.
These were thy charms, sweet village! sports like these
With sweet succession, taught ev'n toil to please;

These

K. Sherwin Inv.

THE DESERTED

RTED VILLAGE.

These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed;
These were thy charms—But all these charms are fled.
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green:
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries.
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall,
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land.
Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.
A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.
But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,

Thoſe healthful ſports that grac'd the peaceful ſcene,
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
Theſe, far departing, ſeek a kinder ſhore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet AUBURN! parent of the bliſsful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confeſs the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my ſolitary rounds,
Amidſt thy tangling walks, and ruin'd grounds,
And, many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage ſtood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes, with all her buſy train,
Swells at my breaſt, and turns the paſt to pain.

In all my wand'rings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my ſhare—
I ſtill had hopes my lateſt hours to crown,
Amidſt theſe humble bowers to lay me down;
To huſband out life's taper at the cloſe,
And keep the flame from waſting by repoſe;
I ſtill had hopes, for pride attends us ſtill,
Amidſt the ſwains to ſhew my book-learn'd ſkill,
Around my fire an evening-group to draw,
And tell of all I felt and all I ſaw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns purſue,
Pants to the place from whence at firſt he flew,
I ſtill had hopes, my long vexations paſt,
Here to return—and die at home at laſt.

O bleſs'd retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never muſt be mine,
How bleſs'd is he who crowns in ſhades like theſe,
A youth of labour with an age of eaſe;
Who quits a world where ſtrong temptations try,
And, ſince 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No ſurly porter ſtands in guilty ſtate,
To ſpurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;

Sinks

Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While reſignation gently ſlopes the way;
And, all his proſpects bright'ning to the laſt,
His heaven commences ere the world be paſt!
Sweet was the ſound, when oft at ev'ning's cloſe
Up yonder hill the village-murmur roſe;
There, as I paſt with careleſs ſteps and ſlow,
The mingling notes came ſoften'd from below;
The ſwain reſponſive as the milk-maid ſung,
The ſober herd that low'd to meet their young;
The noiſy geeſe that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children juſt let looſe from ſchool;
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whiſp'ring wind,
And the loud laugh that ſpoke the vacant mind;
Theſe all in ſweet confuſion ſought the ſhade,
And fill'd each pauſe the nightingale had made.
But now the ſounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No buſy ſteps the graſs-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widow'd, ſolitary thing,
That feebly bends beſide the plaſhy ſpring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To ſtrip the brook with mantling creſſes ſpread,
To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To ſeek her nightly ſhed, and weep till morn;
She only left of all the harmleſs train,
The ſad hiſtorian of the penſive plain.
Near yonder copſe, where once the garden ſmil'd
And ſtill where many a garden-flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn ſhrubs the place diſcloſe,
The village preacher's modeſt manſion roſe.
A man he was, to all the country dear,
And paſſing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wiſh'd to change his place;
Unſkilful he to fawn, or ſeek for power,
By doctrines faſhion'd to the varying hour;

Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More bent to raiſe the wretched than to riſe.
His houſe was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain,
The long-remember'd beggar was his gueſt,
Whoſe beard deſcending ſwept his aged breaſt;
The ruin'd ſpendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd
The broken ſoldier, kindly bade to ſtay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of ſorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and ſhew'd how fields were won.
Pleas'd with his gueſts, the good man learn'd to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careleſs their merits or their faults to ſcan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings lean'd to Virtue's ſide:
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledg'd offſpring to the ſkies;
He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beſide the bed where parting life was laid,
And ſorrow, guilt, and pain by turns diſmay'd,
The rev'rend champion ſtood. At his controul,
Deſpair and anguiſh fled the ſtruggling ſoul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raiſe,
And his laſt fault'ring accents whiſper'd praiſe.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double ſway,
And fools, who came to ſcoff, remain'd to pray.
The ſervice paſt, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honeſt ruſtic ran;
Even children follow'd with endearing wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to ſhare the good man's ſmile.

His

His ready ſmile a parent's warmth expreſs'd,
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their cares diſtreſs'd;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his ſerious thoughts had reſt in heaven.
As ſome tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the ſtorm,
Though round its breaſt the rolling clouds are ſpread,
Eternal ſunſhine ſettles on its head.

Beſide yon ſtraggling fence that ſkirts the way,
With bloſſom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noiſy manſion, ſkill'd to rule,
The village maſter taught his little ſchool;
A man ſevere he was, and ſtern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's diſaſters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the buſy whiſper, circling round,
Convey'd the diſmal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if ſevere in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could meaſure, terms and tides preſage,
And even the ſtory ran that he could gauge:
In arguing, too, the parſon own'd his ſkill,
For ev'n, though vanquiſh'd, he could argue ſtill,
While words of learned length, and thund'ring ſound,
Amaz'd the gazing ruſtics rang'd around;
And ſtill they gaz'd, and ſtill the wonder grew,
That one ſmall head could carry all he knew.

But paſt is all his fame. The very ſpot
Where many a time he triumph'd is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the ſign-poſt caught the paſſing eye,
Low lies that houſe where nut-brown draughts inſpir'd,
Where grey-beard mirth and ſmiling toil retir'd,

Where village-ſtateſmen talk'd with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly ſtoops to trace
The parlour ſplendours of that feſtive place;
The white-waſh'd wall, the nicely ſanded floor,
The varniſh'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The cheſt contriv'd the double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a cheſt of drawers by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and uſe,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of gooſe;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aſpin boughs, and flowers and fennel gay,
While broken tea-cups, wiſely kept for ſhew,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, gliſten'd in a row.
Vain tranſitory ſplendour! could not all
Reprieve the tott'ring manſion from its fall!
Obſcure it ſinks, nor ſhall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peaſant ſhall repair,
To ſweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the woodman's ballad ſhall prevail:
No more the ſmith his duſky brow ſhall clear,
Relax his pond'rous ſtrength, and lean to hear;
The hoſt himſelf no longer ſhall be found
Careful to ſee the mantling bliſs go round;
Nor the coy maid half willing to be preſt,
Shall kiſs the cup to paſs it to the reſt.
Yes! let the rich deride, the proud diſdain,
Theſe ſimple bleſſings of the lowly train,
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloſs of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The ſoul adopts, and owns their firſt-born ſway:
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmoleſted, unconfin'd,
But the long pomp, the midnight maſquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,

In

In theſe, ere triflers half their wiſh obtain,
The toiling pleaſures ſickens into pain;
And, even while faſhion's brighteſt arts decoy,
The heart diſtruſting aſks, if this be joy?
Ye friends to truth, ye ſtateſmen, who ſurvey
The rich man's joys increaſe, the poor's decay,
'Tis your's to judge, how wide the limits ſtand
Between a ſplendid and an happy land.
Proud ſwells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And ſhouting folly hails them from her ſhore;
Hoards even beyond the miſer's wiſh abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our uſeful product ſtill the ſame.
Not ſo the loſs. The man of wealth and pride,
Takes up a ſpace that many poor ſupplied;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for his horſes, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in ſilken ſloth,
Has robb'd the neighbouring fields of half their growth,
His ſeat, where ſolitary ſports are ſeen,
Indignant ſpurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world ſupplies.
While thus the land adorn'd for pleaſure all
In barren ſplendour feebly waits the fall.
As ſome fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to pleaſe while youth confirms her reign,
Slights every borrow'd charm that dreſs ſupplies,
Nor ſhares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when thoſe charms are paſt, for charms are frail,
When time advances, and when lovers fail,
She then ſhines forth, ſolicitous to bleſs,
In all the glaring impotence of dreſs.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's ſimpleſt charms at firſt array'd;
But verging to decline, its ſplendours riſe,
Its viſtas ſtrike, its palaces ſurpriſe:

While,

While, ſcourg'd by famine from the ſmiling land,
The mournful peaſant leads his humble band;
And while he ſinks, without one arm to ſave,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.
Where, then, ah! where ſhall poverty reſide,
To 'ſcape the preſſure of contiguous pride?
If to ſome common's fenceleſs limits ſtray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the ſcanty blade,
Thoſe fenceleſs fields the ſons of wealth divide,
And even the bare-worn common is denied.
If to the city ſped—what waits him there?
To ſee profuſion that he muſt not ſhare;
To ſee ten thouſand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind:
To ſee each joy the ſons of pleaſure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's wo.
Here, while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artiſt plies the ſickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps diſplay,
There the black gibbet glooms beſide the way.
The dome where Pleaſure holds her midnight reign,
Here, richly deck'd, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crouds the blazing ſquare,
The rattling chariots claſh, the torches glare.
Sure ſcenes like theſe no troubles ere annoy!
Sure theſe denote one univerſal joy!
Are theſe thy ſerious thoughts?—Ah! turn thine eye
Where the poor houſeleſs ſhiv'ring female lies,
She once, perhaps, in village plenty bleſt,
Has wept at tales of innocence diſtreſt;
Her modeſt looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primroſe peeps beneath the thorn;
Now loſt to all; her friends her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door ſhe lays her head;
And, pinched with cold, and ſhrinking from the ſhower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckleſs hour,
When idly firſt, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, ſweet AUBURN, thine, the loveliеſt train,
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they aſk a little bread!
Ah, no! To diſtant climes, a dreary ſcene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting ſteps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charmed before,
The various terrors of that horrid ſhore;
Thoſe blazing ſuns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely ſhed intolerable day;
Thoſe matted woods, where birds forget to ſing,
But ſilent bats in drowſy cluſters cling;
Thoſe pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,
Where the dark ſcorpion gathers death around;
Where, at each ſtep, the ſtranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful ſnake;
Where crouching tygers wait their hapleſs prey,
And ſavage men more murd'rous ſtill than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landſcape with the ſkies.
Far different theſe from every former ſcene,
The cooling brook, the graſſy veſted green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only ſhelter'd thefts of harmleſs love.
Good Heaven! what ſorrows gloom'd that parting day,
That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, every pleaſure paſt,
Hung round the bowers, and fondly look'd their laſt,
And took a long farewell, and wiſh'd in vain
For ſeats like theſe beyond the weſtern main;
And ſhudd'ring ſtill to face the diſtant deep,
Return'd and wept, and ſtill return'd to weep.
The good old ſire, the firſt prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe;
But for himſelf, in conſcious virtue brave,
He only wiſh'd for worlds beyond the grave.

His

His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears;
The fond companion of his helpleſs years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for a father's arms.
With louder plaints the mother ſpoke her woes;
And bleſs'd the cot where every pleaſure roſe;
And kiſs'd her thoughtleſs babes with many a tear;
And claſp'd them cloſe, in ſorrow doubly dear;
Whilſt her fond huſband ſtrove to lend relief
In all the ſilent manlineſs of grief.

O luxury! thou curſt by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like theſe for thee!
How do thy potions with inſidious joy,
Diffuſe their pleaſures only to deſtroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to ſickly greatneſs grown,
Boaſt of a florid vigour not their own.
At every draught more large and large they grow;
A bloated maſs of rank unwieldy woe;
Till ſapp'd their ſtrength, and every part unſound,
Down, down they ſink, and ſpread a ruin round.

Even now the devaſtation is begun,
And half the buſineſs of deſtruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pond'ring here I ſtand,
I ſee the rural virtue leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring veſſel ſpreads the ſail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale,
Downward they move a melancholy band,
Paſs from the ſhore and darken all the ſtrand.
Contented toil, and hoſpitable care,
And kind connubial tenderneſs, are there;
And piety with wiſhes plac'd above,
And ſteady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, ſweet Poetry, thou loveliеſt maid,
Still firſt to fly where ſenſual joys invade:
Unfit in theſe degen'rate times of ſhame,
To catch the heart, or ſtrike for honeſt fame:
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My ſhame in crowds, my ſolitary pride.

Thou ſource of all my bliſs, and all my woe,
That found'ſt me poor at firſt, and keep'ſt me ſo;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurſe of every virtue, fare thee well,
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's ſide,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or Winter wraps the polar world in ſnow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redreſs the rigours of th' inclement clime;
Aid ſlighted truth with thy perſuaſive ſtrain;
Teach erring man to ſpurn the rage of gain;
Teach him, that ſtates of native ſtrength poſſeſs'd;
Though very poor, may ſtill be very bleſs'd;
That trade's proud empire haſtes to ſwift decay,
As ocean ſweeps the labour'd mole away;
While ſelf-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks reſiſt the billows and the ſky.

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[The two following Articles we have ſelected from the well-written Criticiſms of the Monthly Review; and doubt not but they are ſubjects ſufficiently intereſting to ſanction their inſertion.]

ACCOUNT OF DR ANDERSON'S LIFE OF DR JOHNSON.

SO numerous have been the lives and characters of our great moraliſt and philologer, that we little expected a new work on the ſame ſubject, after Mr Murphy had ſo ably brought up the rear of the biographic corps. It is, however, a proof that the theme was not thought to be exhauſted, but was ſtill likely to intereſt the public.

In the courſe of our reading or recollection, we do not

not remember a ſimilar inſtance, either in antient or modern times, of any man, however he may have diſtinguiſhed himſelf by "compaſs, pencil, ſword, or pen," having, within ten or eleven years from the time of his deceaſe, been the object of ſo much literary notice; and not from ordinary or obſcure writers, but from perſons of acknowledged abilities and eſtabliſhed fame. It is probable, that, however this extraordinary perſon may have irritated party, mortified pride, or awakened envy, in his contemporaries, by the peculiarity of his opinions and manners, as well as by his gigantic abilities, poſterity will admire the depth, force, eloquence, moral purity, and originality, of his writings, as long as the language of which he has made uſe ſhall remain intelligible.

Dr Anderſon ſpeaks of his predeceſſors, not as a rival who wiſhed to ſupplant them, but rather as a panegyriſt deſirous of recommending them to public favour. He boaſts not of a perſonal acquaintance with Johnſon, but acknowledges, in his prolegomena, that "the facts ſtated in the preſent account are chiefly taken from the narratives of Sir John Hawkins and Mr Boſwell; with the addition of ſuch particulars of the progreſs of his mind and fortunes, as the ſubſequent narrative of Mr Murphy, and the moſt reſpectable periodical publications of the laſt ten years have ſupplied." However, theſe facts and particulars are well ſelected and arranged; connected alſo, and illuſtrated, by reflections flowing from a mind and pen which are congenial with thoſe of the hero of the narrative; and wherever Dr A. has quitted his acknowledged guides, he has manifeſted abilities far above the humble character of a compiler. After having tranſcribed from Mr Boſwell the account which he has given of the early progreſs of Dr Johnſon's mind in religious concerns, Dr A. offers the following reflection, which we are certain, will be particularly acceptable to the

friends of true piety, in theſe times of ſcepticiſm and incredulity:

"Serious impreſſions of religion, from particular incidents, it is certain, have been experienced by many pious perſons: though it muſt be acknowledged, that weak minds, from an erroneous ſuppoſition, that no man is in a ſtate of grace who has not felt a particular converſion, have, in ſome caſes, brought a degree of ridicule upon them; a ridicule of which it is inconſiderate or unfair to make a general application. How ſeriouſly Johnſon was impreſſed with a ſenſe of religion, from this time forward *, appears from the whole tenor of his life and writings. Religion was the predominant object of his thoughts; though he ſeems not to have attained all the tranquillity and aſſurance in his practice of its duties that are ſo earneſtly to be deſired. His ſentiments upon points of abſtract virtue and rectitude, were in the higheſt degree elevated and generous, but he was unfortunate enough to have the ſublimity of his mind degraded by the hypochondriacal propenſities of his animal conſtitution. The ſerenity, the independence, and the exultation of religion, were ſentiments to which he was a ſtranger. He ſaw the Almighty in a different light from what he is repreſented in the purer page of the goſpel; and he trembled in the preſence of Infinite Goodneſs. Thoſe tenets of the church of England, which are moſt nearly allied to Calviniſm, were congenial to his general feelings, and they made an early impreſſion, which habits confirmed, and which reaſon, if ever exerted, could not efface. At the latter part of his life, theſe terrors had a conſiderable effect; nor was their influence loſt, till diſeaſe had weakened his powers, and blunted his feelings."

* *This alludes to his peruſal of Law's "Serious Call," while a ſtudent at Oxford.*

After the obloquy thrown on the king for granting and on Johnſon for receiving, a penſion, Dr A. candidly ſays,

"The affair itſelf was equally honourable to the giver and the receiver. The offer was clogged with no ſtipulations for party-ſervices, and accepted under no implied idea of being recompenſed by political writings. It was perfectly underſtood by all parties that the penſion was merely honorary. It is true that Johnſon did afterwards write political pamphlets in favour of adminiſtration; but it was at a period long ſubſequent to the grant of his penſion, and in ſupport of a miniſter to whom he owed no perſonal obligation. It was for the eſtabliſhment of opinions, which, however unconſtitutional, he had uniformly held, and publicly avowed."

Not only rival authors and patriots grumbled, but needy courtiers; who obſerved that 300l. a-year would have ſupported a *man of faſhion*. Perhaps future hiſtorians will find no royal remuneration better beſtowed during this long reign, than this penſion to a man of ſuch ſplendid and uſeful abilities as Johnſon, "not for what he *was* to do, but for what he *had already done*."

The author's obſervation on the late Mr Thrale's attachment to Dr Johnſon, evidently flows from a good heart.

"There is ſomething in the conduct of this worthy poſſeſſor of wealth, which the mind loves to contemplate. Next to the poſſeſſion of great powers, the moſt enviable qualities are a capacity to diſcover, and an inclination to honour them. To the credit of Thrale, let it be recorded, that the patron of literature and talents, of which Johnſon ſought in vain for the traces in Cheſterfield, he found realized in Thrale."

Dr Anderſon's encomiums on the preface and notes to Johnſon's edition of Shakeſpeare,—which did not ſatisfy

atisfy thoſe enthuſiaſtic admirers of our exquiſite dramatic bard, at the time of publication, who ſeemed unwilling to allow that there were any ſpots in our theatrical luminary,—ſeem perfectly juſt, and will now be readily granted by all but Johnſon's enemies.

"What he performed as a commentator has no ſmall ſhare of merit, though his reſearches were not ſo ample, and his inveſtigations ſo acute, as they might have been. He has enriched his edition with a conciſe account of each play, and of its characteriſtic excellence. In the ſagacity of his emendatory criticiſms, and the happineſs of his interpretations of obſcure paſſages, he ſurpaſſes every editor of this poet. Mr Malone confeſſes, "that Johnſon's vigorous and comprehenſive underſtanding threw more light on his author, than all his predeceſſors had done." His *Preface* has been pronounced by Mr Malone to be the fineſt compoſition in our language; and having regard to its ſubject and extent, it certainly would be difficult to name one poſſeſſing a ſuperior claim to ſuch ſuperlative praiſe. Whether we conſider the beauty and vigour of its compoſition, the abundance and claſſical ſelection of its alluſions, the juſtneſs of the general precepts of criticiſm, and its accurate eſtimate of the excellencies or defects of his author, it is equally admirable. He ſeems to raiſe his talents upon a level with thoſe of his poet, upon whoſe works he ſits as a critical judge, to rival, by the luſtre of his praiſes, the ſplendour of the original, and to follow this eagle of Britiſh poetry through all his gyres, with as keen an eye, and upon as ſtrong a wing. The *Preface* to his *Dictionary*, correct as it is, muſt yield the palm of excellence to that prefixed to his Shakeſpeare; but it yields it only becauſe the ſubject was leſs favourable to the full diſplay of his powers."

The ſentence paſſed by this biographer on Johnſon's converſation, we think not merely ſevere, but unjuſt.

It was only in large companies, at times when he was irritated by arrogance, and when all were treaſuring up his deciſions, that he talked for victory: but when his opinions were modeſtly aſked by his friends in private, even by Boſwell himſelf, who put queſtions to him which no one elſe had the courage to do, we may be "ſure that he ſpoke the ſentiments of his conviction;" and on theſe occaſions he frequently became ſo eloquent, copious, and accurate, that he ſeemed reading a well-written book. If Dr A. does not allow that his converſations with Boſwell were "much diſtinguiſhed by flaſhes of wit and humour," we know not where to ſeek theſe qualities. We imagine, however, that if Dr A. who ſeems ſo deſirous of being candid, had ever heard Johnſon converſe with thoſe whom he loved, and who reſpected him, we ſhould not have had the following period on the ſubject.

"But for the inferiority of his converſation, to our opinion of the man, he has himſelf made a prophetic apology, in his firſt interview with his biographer, who was deſtined to retail it. "People may be taken in once, who imagine that an author is greater in private life than another man. Uncommon parts require uncommon opportunities for their exertions."

We are very certain that Mr Boſwell has injured the ſentiment of his friend by the cant expreſſion of "being *taken in*," which Johnſon would never have either written or ſpoken. The ſubſequent period of Dr A. allows him ſo many virtues, and ſo candidly apologiſes for his failings (*vices* he had none), that, if it had been the ultimate delineation of his character, his friends and admirers would have been thankful to his biographer for its lenity.

"With theſe defects (ſays Dr A.) there was, however, ſcarcely a virtue of which he was not in principle poſſeſſed. He was humane, charitable, affectionate, and generous. His moſt intemperate ſallies were the effects of an irritable habit; he offended only to repent.

To

To the warm and active benevolence of his heart, all his friends have borne teſtimony. "He had nothing (ſays Goldſmith) of the bear but his ſkin." Misfortune had only to form her claim, in order to found her right to the uſe of his purſe, or the exerciſe of his talents. His houſe was an aſylum for the unhappy, beyond what a regard to perſonal convenience would have allowed; and his income was diſtributed in the ſupport of his inmates, to an extent greater than general prudence would have permitted. The moſt honourable teſtimony to his moral and ſocial character, is the cordial eſteem of his friends and acquaintances. He was known by no man by whom his loſs was not regretted. Another great feature of his mind was the love of independence. While he felt the ſtrength of his own powers, he deſpiſed, except in one inſtance, pecuniary aid. His penſion has been often mentioned, and ſubjected him to ſevere imputations. But let thoſe, who, like Johnſon, had no patrimony, who were not always willing to labour, and felt the conſtant recurrence of neceſſities, reject, without an adequate reaſon, an independent income, which left his ſentiments free, and required neither the ſervility of adulation, nor the labours of ſervice. It is not uncommon to ſee a deſire to be independent degenerate into avarice. Johnſon did not feel it early, for his benevolence counteracted it; but he declined going into Italy, when worth 1500 l. beſides his penſion, becauſe of the expence; and we ſee the ſurly dignity, which formerly ſpurned at an obligation, relaxed, in his refuſal of Dr Brockleſby's aſſiſtance, and Lord Thurlow's very delicate offer of the ſame kind. Some little cenſure is due to him for his eaſy faith, occaſioned by his political prejudices, in the forgeries of Lauder. That he ſhould have appeared in public, in company with this defamer of Milton, is to be lamented. Yet his renunciation of all connection with Lauder, when his

forgeries were detected, is only a proof of his having believed (a common weakneſs of worthy minds) without examination, not that he was an accomplice with the impoſtor."

Johnſon always preferred converſation to reading, though it were with the loweſt mechanics; and he conſtantly liſtened to profeſſional men with reſpect. His diſputes were chiefly with thoſe pretenders to that knowledge and ſcience, of which he was himſelf at leaſt equally qualified to judge.

For many of his *prejudices*, his warmeſt friends and admirers are unable to apologiſe; but when we are told, on the authority of Mr Boſwell,

"That he was ſo prone to ſuperſtition, as to make it a rule, that a particular foot ſhould conſtantly make the firſt actual movement, when he came cloſe to the threſhold of any door or paſſage which he was about to enter, or to quit,"

we not only doubt, but are able to diſpute, the fact. He had convulſive motions of the hands, as well as of the feet, occaſioned by St Vitus's dance, which, being involuntary, could not be aſcribed to a ſuperſtitious arrangement of his ſteps. His anxiety to aſcertain the immateriality of the ſoul, and the doctrine of a future ſtate, accounts for his ſolicitude, "to give authenticity to ſtories of apparitions, and his eagerneſs to credit the exiſtence of ſecond ſight, while he appeared ſcrupulous and ſceptical as to common facts."

Of his merit as an *author*, a *philologiſt*, a *biographer*, a *critic*, a *noveliſt*, a *political writer*, and a *poet*, Dr A. has in general done him great juſtice. As a *critic*, he has admirably emblazoned Johnſon's excellencies, without concealing his defects; the principal of which are certainly the offspring of prejudice, and want of taſte for almoſt all poetry except heroic and didactic. Perhaps his defective ſight prevented him from ſtudying nature, and from enjoying "the ſilent beauties of creation."

creation." Dr A. however, after having cenſured Johnſon's ſeverity, and ſeeming unwillingneſs to beſtow praiſe, concludes his character of him as a critic, in the moſt liberal, eloquent, and, we think, juſt and accurate manner.

"The preſent writer (ſays he) is under no apprehenſion of being charged with an juſtifiable partiality in this opinion of him, by thoſe who knew his diſpoſition and the habits of his life. All that is great and genuinely good in Johnſon, have had no warmer encomiaſt. He has uniformly praiſed his genius, his learning, his good ſenſe, the ſtrength of his reaſonings, the ſagacity of his critical deciſions, the happineſs of his illuſtrations, and the animation and energy of his ſtyle; he has acknowledged that there is no ſatiety in the delight he inſpires on moral and religious themes; and he makes no ſcruple to declare, that, though there are many opinions erroneous, and many obſervations improper, a great part of his *Lives of the Poets* is ſuch as no one but himſelf could have executed, and in which he will not be followed with ſucceſs."

What Dr A. has ſaid of Johnſon as a *moraliſt*, a *noveliſt*, and a *letter-writer*, is written with great force, elegance, and diſcrimination. The only occaſion on which our candid and judicious author abandons him to unqualified cenſure, is in ſpeaking of him as a *political writer*. Johnſon would never allow a Whig to be right on any occaſion, and the Whigs were even with him. Moderation and candour, however, are ſeldom to be expected to extend to politics, however inherent in the writer on other occaſions; and many readers, who are partial to Johnſon's writings on other ſubjects, have no mercy on his *Toryiſm*. It is to be feared that we have few writers of our own hiſtory or politics, on whoſe veracity a foreigner, or an unprejudiced native, deſirous of impartial and accurate information, can depend. From the earlieſt period of our

our hiſtory, we have conſtantly had two contending parties to warp our judgments: Britons and Saxons, Saxons and Normans, White Roſe and Red, Catholics and Proteſtants, Cavaliers and Round-heads, Whig and Tory, High Church and Low, Jacobite and Hanoverian, Ariſtocrat and Democrat! Though theſe diſtinctions have been often fatal to the peace of the country, however, as well as to the ſame, if not the genius, of writers who have enliſted under the banner of any one of them, it is perhaps from theſe crude acidities and internal fermentations, that the liberty, which we acquired at an earlier period than the reſt of Europe, has been derived.

Johnſon's *piety* is treated by Dr A. with a degree of candour, reſpect, and reverence, and in a ſtyle of gravity and religious ſentiments, ſuperior to any of his preceding biographers; and a fair and impreſſive apology is made even for his *meditations;* which have been often treated with ridicule.

His *ſtyle* was ſuited to his ideas, which were inexpreſſible by common words: but Dr A. judiciouſly warns thoſe from uſing his language, whoſe ideas are of a more diminutive ſize than thoſe of their prototype.

As a *poet*, our biographer ſays all that can be ſaid with candour of Johnſon's excellence and defects; and in performing this taſk, he has given an analyſis of his hero's tragedy of *Irene* in a very maſterly manner. The fine paſſages and ſentiments which it contains will probably keep it from oblivion, as they have ſaved the tragedy of *Cato;* neither of theſe dramas having ſufficient merit of fable and character to ſupport frequent repreſentation: but, in the tranquillity of the cloſet, they will always have their admirers among learned readers, who are pleaſed with "unaffecting elegance and chill philoſophy."

His *Latin poetry* ſeems fairly claſſed with that of other admired writers, in a language that allows no new

new expreſſions and ideas; and in which all that the moſt ſucceſsful writer can do, is to crop here and there a flower on claſſic ground, merely to ſhew how well he is acquainted with its productions.

The diſcuſſion of this ſubject is followed by a ſeemingly definitive ſentence on Johnſon as a writer, with which the work might have been well terminated.

"Upon the whole, the various productions of Johnſon ſhow a life ſpent in ſtudy and meditation. It may be fairly allowed, as he uſed to ſay of himſelf, that *he has written his ſhare.* His oddities and infirmities in common life, will, after a while, be overlooked and forgotten: but his writings will remain a monument of his genius and learning, ſtill more and more ſtudied and admired, while Britons ſhall continue to be characteriſed by a love of elegance and ſublimity, of good ſenſe and virtue. In the works of Johnſon, the reader will find a perpetual ſource of pleaſure and inſtruction. With due precaution, men may learn to give to their ſtyle, elegance, harmony, and preciſion; they may be taught to think with vigour and perſpicuity; and all, by a diligent attention to his writings, may advance in virtue."

No preceding biographer of Johnſon has here been mentioned without praiſe and quotation: ſo candid, and indeed ſo courteous, is Dr Anderſon; and this is the more extraordinary, as his own powers of writing and thinking are of no common ſort. The characters which have been extracted from Mr Boſwell, Mrs Piozzi, Dr Towers, Sir John Hawkins, Mr Murphy, Miſs Seward, and Mr Courtney, have appeared ſo recently, that they will probably be familiar to moſt of the readers of the preſent work.

Boſwell's anecdotes and *memorabilia* certainly form a treaſure peculiar to the biography of this country. Mrs Piozzi drew from the life at longer and more frequent ſittings, perhaps, than any of Johnſon's biographers;

phers; and though that lady's admiration of the features and tints of his mind, was, perhaps, at laſt a little fatigued, and ſhe became leſs partial to the ſubject than at his firſt ſittings, yet the great outline of her picture is well drawn, notwithſtanding the colouring may perhaps be leſs gay and brilliant than it would have been in an earlier ſtage of their acquaintance.

Though Dr A. has tenderly touched moſt of the failings of his hero in his own remarks, he has not ſuppreſſed the bittereſt invectives that have flowed from the pen of others. We could have wiſhed, that in a juridical capacity, after a critical and careful peruſal of his works, and of the lives and characters of him by preceding writers,—as well as conſidering all the evidence of friends and foes who had perſonal knowledge of him, and an opportunity of contemplating his private character at leiſure,—our author had ſummed up the evidence, and paſſed ſentence conſcientiouſly from the dictates of his own heart and judgment.

"To draw his frailties from their dread abode," can now only gratify his enemies, and invalidate his valuable precepts. It is neceſſary that a moral writer ſhould be reſpected as well as admired. All Johnſon's biographers, and the writers who have drawn his character, have agreed, that though he was a ſincere Chriſtian, and a man of unblemiſhed integrity and truth, he had his failings, his prejudices, and his weakneſſes; yet he is ſtigmatiſed by none with *vice*, except by Miſs Seward; who tells us, that "Envy, the mother of many vices, was the boſom-ſerpent of this literary deſpot." If Miſs S. be accurate in her aſſertion, it invalidates the account of his benevolence, charity, and friendſhip, given by his other biographers, particularly Dr A. who ſeems unwilling to look at Johnſon's dark ſide. Of this we are certain, that though Johnſon may not have been ſo civil to this lady's productions as ſhe expected, yet had *ſhe*

died

died firſt, regarding her at leaſt as an acquaintance, if not as a friend, *he* would not have tried to blaſt her character in a magazine.

We could ſoften cenſure on account of many of Johnſon's infirmities, from our own knowledge; and as this is probably the laſt time that we ſhall have to review the life of this venerable writer, whoſe virtues and abilities we have always reſpected, and whoſe ſtation will not ſoon be filled, we cannot reſiſt the wiſh to take our leave of him with good-humour.

We have already obſerved, that Johnſon, during colloquial debate, in order to obtain victory over arrogance of aſſertion, and perhaps to manifeſt his ingenuity and dialectic powers, became a ſophiſt, and ſuſtained poſitions to which he would never have ſet his name; and we will add, that if ever the mind of an author was laid open to public view without reſervation or diſguiſe, it ſeems to have been that of Johnſon, in his printed works.

With reſpect to his reverence and partiality for the religion of his country, which have been ſtyled *bigotry*, we are fearful that ſome ſuch intolerant ſpirit has manifeſted itſelf in Scotland, (where our liturgy is ſtill called *an ill-mumbled maſs*), againſt the Catholics in days of fanaticiſm, and by the Catholics againſt heretics of all kinds; and perhaps the preſent liberality, enlargement, and indiſcriminate toleration of all religions and all ſects, do not ariſe ſo much from *reſpect* for the religion of others, as from *indifference* for our own. Johnſon was ſo much in earneſt in his religious belief and practice, that deviations from the rights and ceremonies of our own church were offenſive to him; particularly, if thoſe deviations leaned towards what he thought the irreverent plainneſs of Calvin, or the total incredulity of French philoſophers. To the ſupererogation of Catholics, Methodiſts, and Moravians, he was extremely charitable; but for the plain coat

of

of JACK, without button or loop, he had no reverenc
Yet there were individuals among Diſſenters whom
highly reſpected; ſuch as Dr Watts, Dr Robertſo
Dr Beattie, Dr Blair, the late Dr Roſe, and ſever
worthy miniſters of the church of Scotland, with who
he made acquaintance in his tour to the Hebrid
Much of his pretended abuſe of the Preſbyterians a
Whigs was more playful than malignant. If he tal
ed of *Preſbyterian dogs* and *ſtinking Whigs*, he meant
greater reproach than the Diſſenters and Whigs the
ſelves, who ever denounced him as a *furious Jacobite*
rank Tory! Speaking of his own eye, of which he h
long loſt the ſight, he frequently ſaid, "The *dog*" w
never good for any thing;" and for his having n
glected the performance of ſome friendly office for
acquaintance during his own ſickneſs, he excuſed hi
ſelf by ſaying, "Sir! every man's a *ſcoundrel* in ſic
neſs; he only thinks of himſelf."

In our peruſal of the life before us, we have fou
ſome typographical errors, which the moſt ſedulous
tention to the preſs cannot preclude; there are two
three of a different kind, which will perhaps fall on
author himſelf; ſuch as *Appleby* in Leiceſterſhire, (p.
for *Wem* in Shropſhire. Previouſly to that, (p.
it might be aſked, Where Mrs Johnſon lodged, wh
Johnſon and Savage "wandered together wh
nights in the ſtreet, and could not pay for a lodgin
P. 59. and 68. Cronzaz is put for Crouſaz; and p.
ſpeaking of Johnſon being more prone to blame
to commend, when the author ſays, "Through
whole of his *Lives of the Poets*, the deſire of prai
almoſt always overpowered by his diſpoſition to c
ſure," he ſurely means "the deſire *to* praiſe." Th
errors are few, and not very important; and
may venture to ſay, on the whole, that this wo
which we have examined with much pleaſure, is w
ten with ſtrength, elegance, good taſte, and ſo
judgm

dgment. It is to be prefixed to a new edition of hnſon's Lives of the Poets.

CCOUNT OF THE POLITICAL TESTAMENT OF ROBESPIERRE.

HE publiſhers have endeavoured, in an advertiſe-ment prefixed to this work, to raiſe a belief, that comes in reality from the pen of the man whoſe me it bears. They have called into their aid both ternal and internal evidence. The former is thus ted:

"This paper, with very many others ſufficient to m ſeveral volumes, came from Mr Vadier, who was e colleague of Robertſpierre in the committee of neral ſafety, and who conſequently, if he could even ſuppoſed to have forged theſe papers, would be an au-rity little inferior to Robertſpierre himſelf for the facts ntained in them. At the time of Robertſpierre's l, Vadier took part againſt him. The cauſe of arrel between them was, that the former had treated th ridicule a report in which the latter had de-nced a conſpiracy, ſaid to be carried on by a pre-ded propheteſs, calling herſelf Mademoiſelle Theos. dier, in the attack which he made on his former end, attributed the ridicule thrown upon him to his ing brought forward a letter ſent from this fanatic, ſome of her diſciples, to Robertſpierre; which, in date and general tenor of the contents, ſeems to reſpond very nearly with a letter mentioned in this itical Teſtament, as having been received from ſome in the name of the Pope. During the ſhort ſtruggle t enſued between the Convention and the partizans Robertſpierre, Vadier made himſelf maſter of the vate papers of the accuſed. Soon after he was

himſelf obliged to fly, and carried the papers with him into Switzerland.

"By a near relation of Mr Vadier they were communicated to Mr le Gout, a native of that country, and *what* on the continent is called a man of letters. He had been private ſecretary to the unfortunate Clermont de Tonnerre, in the time of the firſt National Aſſembly of France, had frequent opportunities of ſeeing the hand-writing of Robertſpierre, and was perfectly acquainted with it. He was allowed, for a trifling conſideration, to tranſcribe what was ſhewn him; and has poſitively ſworn to the hand-writing of the originals, which he tranſcribed.

"Mr le Gout brought his copies to England with an intention of publiſhing them. He talked to ſome bookſellers on the ſubject; but was by them adviſed to go to Hamburgh, as a cheaper and more convenient place of publication. This opinion he followed; but during his ſhort ſtay here, he gave the free uſe of his manuſcripts to a friend, and by that friend the Political Teſtament was ſelected and tranſlated.

"When it was reſolved to print it, the propriety of prefixing the moſt ſolemn authentication, which could be procured from Mr le Gout, was ſuggeſted. Application was accordingly made to him at Nienhus, in the neighbourhood of Hamburgh, where he now reſides; and that produced the affidavit, a tranſlation of which will be found at the end of this advertiſement, and the original of which, under the ſeal of the burgomaſter, is in the hands of the publiſhers."

The internal evidence ariſing from the peruſal of the work itſelf, we are told, diſplays ſo ſtrongly and ſo clearly the character and ſpirit of this tyrant, that he muſt, on a peruſal, be allowed to be the author of it.

We know not how to combat the external evidence,

nor to diſpute the veracity of a man who gives his atteſtation on oath. We muſt, however, declare, that after all that has been ſaid on the ſubject, we cannot bring ourſelves to believe, that the publication before us is entitled to any other appellation than that of a forgery. The publiſhers are men of character, and far above the imputation of being capable of wilfully lending their name to an impoſition on the world; ſo that, if they impoſe on the public, it can only be becauſe they themſelves have been deceived. Nor is it our intention even to inſinuate, that the perſon, whoſe affidavit on this ſubject is in their hands, has ſported with truth; for it is our diſpoſition to give credit to the declaration of any man whoſe veracity we have never known to have been impeached; and ſtill more ſo when to that declaration is ſuperadded the ſolemnity of an oath. Some intereſted perſon muſt have practiſed on his unſuſpicious credulity, and thus made him inſtrumental in ſtamping a ſpurious book with the marks of authenticity.

Referring to the proofs afforded by the work itſelf, that it is genuine, the publiſhers obſerve, that—

"The character of the writer is of a forced and unnatural kind, in that falſe taſte of theatrical grandeur, which has diſtinguiſhed all the eminent actors in the French Revolution. It holds up to our view a man of extravagant ambition, of conſummate vanity. But theſe features ſo notoriouſly marked Robertſpierre, that the mereſt bungler could not have uſurped his name without aſſuming theſe qualities. The work is that of a common-place ſtateſman, tinctured deeply with the popular politics of the country; of the ſchool of Favier, whoſe ſecret report on the relations of France to all the ſeveral ſtates of Europe was found in the cabinet of Louis XVI. and formed the political creed of all the republican factions of France. The leading articles of faith are a great dread of the houſe of Auſtria, and abhorrence of the treaty

between France and that power in 1756, a fixed hatred of the Engliſh name, a ſtrong jealouſy of Ruſſia, and a vehement deſire of returning to an alliance with Pruſſia, as well as of regaining an aſcendancy by means of Poland, in the affairs of the north. A diſlike of America was peculiar to Robertſpierre.

"No reader who has the leaſt knowledge of the human heart will be ſurpriſed to find the author declaring diſguſt and contempt "for his unworthy countrymen." But we have direct proof that ſuch were the actual feelings of Robertſpierre. Mr Garat, who deſcribes him as a man of atrabilious temperament, and full of ſuſpicions *, has preſerved a long converſation which he had with him on the ſtate of the country, not long after the aſſaſſination of Louis XVI. The reſult of the whole on the part of Robertſpierre, was an expreſſion which ſtruck the other with the moſt ſerious alarm. "I AM QUITE WEARY (ſaid he) OF THE REVOLUTION. I AM SICK." It is to his indulgence of his firſt atrabilious impreſſions againſt all around him, and not to any ſyſtem of tyranny, that Garat aſcribes all his cruelties; and his new baſtilles, ſcaffolds, and permanent guillotines, are here juſtified on a plea of neceſſity, ariſing out of the worſt opinion of the French character."

The publiſhers quote a paſſage from a ſpeech made by Robeſpierre, and given in the Moniteur of May 29. 1794, to prove that a political teſtament from him was to be expected: and hence it is inferred that this is the teſtament which he then promiſed. The ſpeech was made on the occaſion of an attempt on his life by Cecilia Regnant.

"Conſidering himſelf as likely to fall by ſome of thoſe vile people, who, he ſays, conſpire againſt his country and mankind, "at leaſt (adds he) I will leave a Teſta-

ment

"* *Memoires ſur la Revolution, p.* 57."

ment, the reading of which ſhall make tyrants and their accomplices tremble. *I may* PERHAPS *diſcover formidable ſecrets which a ſort of puſillanimous prudence had determined me to conceal.* I will tell on what ſtill depends the ſalvation of my country, and the triumph of liberty."

It is extremely poſſible that this very declaration ſuggeſted the firſt idea of this work, and gave birth to the Teſtament now before us; it was drawn up, probably, by ſome one who thought that the name of Robeſpierre would make it circulate rapidly and extenſively through the world. In this publication, the name of the ſuppoſed author is ſpelled with *rt;* this circumſtance, however, is not unnoticed by the publiſhers, who ſay that it is ſo written in the manuſcript copy; and that this ſpelling has therefore been retained. We muſt obſerve, that this is the firſt time of our ſeeing a *t* in the name; and we think that it has been generally written without the ſecond *r*,—*Robeſpierre.*

Let us now proceed to the work itſelf, and ſee whether the internal evidence which it affords be ſuch as to induce a belief that it came from Robeſpierre. From him, any ſentiments but thoſe of compaſſion, humanity, or juſtice, might be expected towards Louis XVI.; and yet we find the author of this book pleading the cauſe of that unfortunate prince, ſo far at leaſt as to acquit him of the charge of tyranny:

"I may be, perhaps, accuſed in hiſtory of having ſpilt too much blood; nay, hiſtorians may claſs me among tyrants: but have they not already done the ſame honour to the meek Louis XVI. who would ſtill have reigned if he had known how to puniſh; and of whoſe weakneſs nothing is a ſtronger proof, than that two intriguing women, Mes Dames Necker and Roland, by the revolutions of the 14th of July 1789, and of the 10th of Auguſt 1792, overturned a throne with-

in the ſpace of four years, the foundation of which was upwards of fourteen centuries old."

The following contract is ſo honourable to the heart of Louis XVI. that it ſeems to have been drawn by one who would gladly have ſaved his life; not by one who had laboured to take it away:

"From the death of Louis XVI. I aimed at the throne he knew not how to occupy—how to defend. I had been unworthy of reigning with ſucceſs, if I had not followed ſteps oppoſite to thoſe of my predeceſſor. After the deſtruction of the faction of the political hypocrite Briſſot, I had yet to fear being devoured by the tygers Danton and Marat. By undermining the popularity of the former with the Jacobins, I was able to ſend him to the ſame ſcaffold to which he aſſiſted me in ſending Briſſot and Louis XVI.; and Charlotte Cordee delivered me from Marat by a death too honourable for ſuch an ignorant fanatic."

Entertaining more than doubts of the authenticity of this work, we are not diſpoſed to give a detailed account of its contents: but we ſhall attend to a few farther particulars; firſt ſtating that we find a ſeparate article allotted to the diſcuſſion of the political intereſt of various ſtates, of the ſecond and third orders, as well as of the firſt; and that, at the end of each article is given an account of (pretended) ſecret negotiations carried on with the ſtate, whoſe intereſt was the ſubject of ſuch article. Speaking of Naples, the author ſays,

"When France placed a Spaniſh prince upon the throne of the two Sicilies, it was not ſuppoſed that an Auſtrian princeſs, and her favourite miniſter, a renegado Engliſhman, ſhould one day have power and cunning enough to make that ſame prince the inveterate enemy of Frenchmen: his conduct, however, ſince the year 1793, has proved this to be the fact; and if his *gratitude* has not been diſplayed by doing ſtill more harm to France, it was leſs from want of will than power."

It is no objection, we admit, to the authenticity of this Teſtament, to ſay that its author was not very intimately acquainted with hiſtory; Robeſpierre was better calculated to ſtrike off heads than to diſplay hiſtorical knowledge: it was very poſſible, therefore, that he might have been the author, and have confounded Ferdinand IV. with his father Don Carlos, who, when a ſecond ſon of Spain was raiſed firſt to the Duchy of Tuſcany, and afterward to the throne of the two Sicilies; where he reigned till, by the death of his elder brother, he was called to the inheritance of the crown of Spain. Don Philip, the eldeſt ſon of Don Carlos, was an idiot, and as ſuch incapable of ruling; he was therefore left at Naples, his incapacity having been juridically proved and recogniſed; the ſecond ſon was taken to Spain by his father to be his ſucceſſor in that monarchy, where he now reigns by the name of Charles IV.—Ferdinand, the third ſon, became peaceably and quietly king of the two Sicilies, by the reſignation of his father and brother in his favour; not a ſhot was fired either to make or oppoſe his way to the crown. It was not, therefore, by France that he was placed on the throne.

Speaking of Venice, the author of this work thus deſcribes the defenceleſs ſituation of that republic:

"In its preſent ſtate, without ſoldiers to defend its territory by land, or a fleet to guard it by ſea, half a dozen French or Engliſh privateers might, in the ſpace of one week, conquer and plunder the whole Venetian ſtate."

What will thoſe ſay of this groſs ignorance or miſrepreſentation of the ſtate of Venice, who recollect that, juſt before the French revolution broke out, the Venetians had a fleet of *eleven* or more ſail of the *line* actually at ſea, under the command of the Chevalier Emo, beſides frigates, to act offenſively againſt Tunis; and that they were once on the point, about that period, of engaging in a war with Holland, a firſt-rate

maritime

maritime power? The author, a little farther on, says; that, with the consent of government, "he had sent an agent with an offer to the brothers of Louis XVI. to conquer for them the Tyrol, the Milanese, and Mantua, and to re-establish the old kingdom of Lombardy, on condition that France should retain her conquests in the kingdom of Sardinia, and have free passage for her troops through that kingdom into Lombardy." Here we find that the kingdom of Lombardy was to be restored in favour of the brothers of Louis XVI. and yet that France was to have free passage into it; for what purpose, but that of subduing it for herself? If it were meant here that the country now called Lombardy was to form no part of the kingdom which was to bear that name, some sense might be made of that part of the paragraph: but what should we then say of the passage through the *kingdom* of *Sardinia* into Lombardy, and of France retaining her conquests in the *kingdom* of *Sardinia*? We know not that she possesses a foot of ground in that *kingdom*; for, though Sardinia belongs to the prince who owns Piedmont, and who did own the county of Nice and duchy of Savoy till they were wrested from him by the French, yet it would be a very inaccurate way of speaking to say, that they were *in* the *kingdom* of *Sardinia*, or that the best way to march troops into Lombardy would be through Sardinia. Of the pretended fact here stated, we will only say, that nothing can appear more improbable.

Whether the following statement and observations were dictated by truth or falsehood,—whether they may or may not be considered as an atrocious libel,—we will not pretend to give any opinion:

"How happy it was that the French treasury, the French crown-jewels, and the French resources, did not emigrate with the Bourbons. Without these the King of Prussia would undoubtedly, in 1792, have occupied the castle of the Thuilleries, which, thanks to them,

them, is ſtill, in 1794, a national palace, occupied by a French convention. But as I had no ſhare in the tranſactions of 1792, and as what paſſed at that time is pretty well known, or at leaſt ſuſpected, I will paſs it over in ſilence.

"K——ff, in Flanders, and K——th, in Germany, have both held ſecret negotiations with us; and, under pretence of treating about exchange of priſoners, communicated the plans of their allied enemies to their declared enemy. But *no money, no Pruſſian*; France did not obtain theſe communications gratis. It cannot, however, be denied, that the advantages derived from them were more than equivalent to the expence by which they were gained."

We will conclude with the following paſſage relative to England:

"War, eternal war with England. Never any other peace but armiſtices, that my troops may breathe a little and recover their ſtrength, in order to obtain new victories over the abominable Engliſh nation.—Between England and France, to combat muſt be the national occupation. England muſt be conquered, muſt be deſtroyed, though the deſtruction of France ſhould be the conſequence; for while England exiſts, the exiſtence of France is precarious and doubtful: and thirty millions of men muſt live in expectation of death or bondage, not from the bravery, but the abominable treachery of ten millions of Engliſhmen, if a peace is concluded before the few of that nation who ſhall ſurvive are obliged to wear French fetters. I ſay "the few who ſhall ſurvive," becauſe, whether I die or live, I am certain that our numerous brave armed countrymen will, in a few years, ſuffer few ſurviving Engliſhmen to pollute the earth, and deceive or tyranniſe over poſterity.

"Engliſh treachery has burnt our fleets, kindled the civil war in France, and vomited forged aſſignats upon the French territories in exchange for French bullion.

Engliſh

Engliſh treachery has deſtroyed the trade of France, co
quered her colonies, and fed, armed, and protected th
raſcally emigrants, only becauſe they were proſcri
bed in France, and enemies to their countrymen th
French. In a word, all the blood ſpilt, either upo
the ſcaffold or in the field, all the ſufferings, all th
wants, and all the miſeries endured by Frenchmen
either at home or abroad, are to be aſcribed to Engliſ
treachery: and unworthy muſt he be of the name of
Frenchman, who can or will ever forget it. No, t
hate and to deſtroy the Engliſh ſhall be the firſt ma
ims a woman teaches her child; and thence deſcend
ing, ſhall be bequeathed from father to ſon as long a
any Engliſhmen exiſt.

"France has reaſon to hate Auſtria; but in reſpec
to England, ſhe is bound in duty to deteſt and abhor it
Auſtria only intrigues; England not only intrigues
but betrays; and bribes all other ſtates at war wit
France to do the ſame.

"What we have ſuffered from the other powers a
war with us, a few years may repair; but the ſuffer
ings, the loſſes, which Engliſh treachery has cauſed u
none who do not live to ſee the deſtruction of Englan
will ever ſee repaired.

"Until we are ready to give the grand blow t
England, all our efforts muſt be employed to make
Auſtria, and the other Engliſh allies, feel the effects o
our ſtrength; and perceive at the ſame time our abhor
rence of their principal ſupporter, Engand.

"The alliance between England and the other co
aleſced powers cannot long exiſt in its preſent ſtate
Pruſſia, and the German princes in the Pruſſian intereſt,
will, in all probability, before two more campaigns
grow tired of being the tools of the ambition, treach
ery, and gold of Auſtria and England: France muſt
then form ſuch connections as I have pointed out in
different parts of this work; but no connection, how
ever advantageous, muſt be formed, which may pre
vent

ent France from carrying into execution its favourite cheme,—the deſtruction of England."

This laſt extract, it muſt be owned, breathes the nplacable, ſanguinary, and deſtructive ſpirit of Robe-pierre.

HARRY DE BURGHE.

THE day was fine, and the bright beams of the ſun had diffuſed ſuch a ſeducing ſoftneſs through the ir, that, regardleſs of the boiſterous mirth of ſome of ny companions, I felt an uncommon ſerenity ſteal ver my ſoul, ſo totally repugnant to their vociferous ollity, that, impelled by the ſolitary mood of my mind, left them, and ſlowly ſauntered out of the cloiſters. s I withdrew from under the ſhadowy arches of the bbey, I looked up to the heavens, and beheld the ay ſun mounting to his meridian; while the fleecy louds which covered the cerulean ſlowly rolled along n gilded majeſty, to afford ſpace for his refulgent car. t was the blooming month of April; my hearted ounded with delight, and confeſſed, with ardent en-huſiaſm and gratitude, the exhilarating "*Goiventi di anno.*"

As I loitered along Abingdon Street, plunged in a everie of the moſt ſublime happineſs—for, *indeed*, adies, we *Weſtmerini can* be *grave* ſometimes!—I was urpriſed by a ſhock that I received, by running up gainſt ſome perſon. I looked up, and beheld three ery elegant girls: I confuſedly begged their pardon, nd haſtily paſſed. But, alas! the rencontre with their right eyes had put all the other beauties of nature ut of my head; and, irreſiſtably, I turned, and fol-owed them. As they paſſed the houſe of one of my chool-fellows, I perceived that he was hanging out f the window. I kept cloſe in the rear; but he was o intent on contemplating the three moving graces, hat I believe he overlooked me. They made a call

at

at a houſe; but returned in a few minutes, and repaſſ my friend's door. He ſtill gazed on them, and ſt overlooked me. I now got before the ladies, a walked on; but ſtopped at the end of the ſtreet. Th proceeded on their walk; and I ſauntered up a down, ruminating, with a Paris-like attention, on t ſeparate charms of theſe three unknown goddeſſes; whe I beheld my college-friend ruſh haſtily out of the do of his houſe, and proceed in a violent hurry along t very way which they had taken. Regardleſs of t conſequences, I determined to follow them. I felt m curioſity raiſed, and I reſolved to gratify it.

The ladies were young; my friend was young; h was very handſome—But I will deſcribe him. Har De Burghe is a fine figure; his features are beautifu and expreſſive of ſenſibility; yet there is an uncommo archneſs in his eye, as it darts its vivid beams throug a deep ſhade of cluſtering brown hair. With th form, Harry was thought very dangerous among th girls; and I believe, from my heart, that he thoug ſo too. As I followed him at a little diſtance, I coul unobſerved, mark his every motion. At the entranc of the Mall in St James's Park, he nearly came u with the ladies. I expected that he knew them, an would accoſt them; but much was I ſurpriſed to ſe him turn off to the left, and walk haſtily along by th ditch. I now drew up cloſe behind the ladies, that might have an opportunity of learning, by their con verſation, if they knew any thing of my friend. I ob ſerved them as attentively as I could. They appeare to be nearly of an age; and from their bearing a very ſtrong reſemblance to each other, and all being dreſſe exactly alike, I conjectured them to be ſiſters. Not withſtanding the uncommon likeneſs which prevaile among them, the individual characters of their form were ſtrikingly different. The eldeſt, whoſe air bore ſtrong marks of melancholy, had rather the advantage in point of height; her features were regular and beau-

tiful

ful, and too eloquently expreſſed a grief, that ſeemed o ſit "heavy at her heart." She moved ſolemnly a-ng, and often caſt a look at Harry, as he bounded long the Park; when her marble features would relax to a ſmile, that reminded me of a line which every body knows, and which almoſt every body has quo-ed—

"Like Patience on a monument," &c. &c.

I had ſcarcely ran over the penſive figure of this dy, when the leaſt of her ſiſters tapped her on the houlder, and with a gay ſmile exclaimed—"My dear Cornelia, look at little De Burghe! what airs he is gi-ing himſelf!" Then turning to the other—"I declare, Matilda, I have a good mind to leave the Park: how would vex the little puppy!" Matilda laughed, and hey began to whiſper, though they ſtill continued heir way. As I have deſcribed the eldeſt ſiſter, I muſt in juſtice do ſo by the other two. I ſhall begin with the youngeſt, becauſe ſhe next attracted my at-ention, by her haſty addreſs to her ſiſter. This lovely irl was exceſſively little; yet that little figure poſſeſſ-d a *je ne ſcai quoi*, impoſſible to be deſcribed: every imb was in motion; ſhe appeared the lively cherub of elight, deſcended to earth to diffuſe "love, and ſplen-our, and joy," through the favoured world; her ra-iant orbs darted a thouſand ſparkling rays, and her edundant treſſes floated on the breeze, love-ſick with dours. The graceful Matilda boaſted a little more eight, and a form ſlender, and delicately turned: hough her form was ſmall, yet every movement of er body diſplayed a new charm. When I looked on er dignity of ſtep, and graceful flow of figure, her oft harmony of features, and heavenly beaming eye, I lmoſt thought that I was tracing the fairy foot-ſteps f the regal Titania.

As the three lovely ſiſters moved on, I conceived it rudent to withdraw into the adjoining walk, for fear

that De Burghe, who was quick approaching, ſhould ſee me. In my new ſituation, I could obſerve him without the leaſt dread of detection. He ſtill fluttered round them; but, whenever he came within a yard or two, he ſuddenly faced about, and either flew backwards, or ran haſtily paſt them; never turning his head to take one glance of their faces. This he did ſeveral times; ſometimes looking back, as if to ſee where he had the three ladies. I was irritated at his impertinence; and much more ſo, when I ſaw the girls follow him in all his curveting, ſometimes up the Mall, then down it, then towards the Green Park; when he would make a ſudden turn from the gate, and proceed up Conſtitution Hill. I drew up towards his purſuers: they appeared to heſitate whether they ſhould follow him—"No, (cried Cornelia), a little coxcomb! it will be only humouring his vanity."—That's right! (interrupted Matilda); we ſhall ſoon have his lordſhip down again. Let us turn." They had ſcarcely advanced four paces, before I ſaw Harry ſtriding down the hill, and ſet off in full ſpeed: he paſſed them, and flew towards the Parade. As he flew, he looked back. The three girls drew to the ſide of the ditch, and fixed their eyes on his flying figure. "A young rogue (exclaimed Matilda), I wonder what he means!"—"Only look, Zelia! (cried ſhe, turning to her youngeſt ſiſter; "I declare he is going through the Treaſury!"—"A wicked little devil! (interrupted ſhe), O that I was but a boy, how I would beat him!" As ſhe ended, he diſappeared within the porch—"Confound him! (reſumed ſhe), a little tantalizing wretch."—"Do not be in a rage, Zelia (ſaid Cornelia), elſe I ſhall ſuſpect that the one paſſion is dictated by the other. He is a lovely little fellow! and it pleaſes me, with ſo ſmall a ſurrender of our attendance, to render him happy by a ſacrifice to his vanity."—"Deuce take his vanity! (grumbled Zelia), I hate all vain people!"—"I am ſurpriſed at that, (retorted Matilda), when you have

ſo great an affection for yourſelf! But I declare, here is the little urchin again." I looked forward, and ſaw young De Burghe approaching with a gentleman hanging on his arm. I retreated behind the trees, till I got in the rear of Harry and his companion. The latter, as he approached the ladies, pulled his hat over his face, and appeared to tremble violently. They paſſed the girls, who never turned their heads. This, I ſuppoſe, was to break down the high-blown pride of Maſter Harry, who, I dare ſay, they imagined, with myſelf, had merely brought the gentleman to witneſs his triumph. At the entrance of the Palace, the ſtranger ſeemed in great agitation; and, forcing his arm from Harry, flew through the paſſage. It now ſeemed inevitable, that De Burghe muſt meet the ladies directly in front. I haſtily advanced, to watch their countenances; but he ſuddenly whiſked about, when within two yards of them, and walked ſwiftly towards home. The ſiſters ſtood at the top of the Parade, and never moved their eyes from his form, till it diſappeared within the Horſe Guards. I drew up behind them, and heard Zelia loading De Burghe with a thouſand invectives. Matilda laughed at his behaviour: Cornelia was ſilent; and heaved a ſigh as if from the centre of her heart, as they turned into Spring Garden gate. I wheeled round, and ſtrolled towards College, inwardly determining to watch De Burghe, to ſee how a conduct would end, which to me appeared unaccountable. Accordingly, for three ſucceſſive days, I went into the Park, and conſtantly witneſſed the ſame ſcene of my friend fluttering round the ladies, apparently anxious for an interview; yet, the moment he arrived within ear-ſhot, flying away as if the devil was after him; while the girls, by their countenances, heartily curſed his coquetry, or *modeſty*, in their hearts. Indeed, his impertinence teazed me almoſt as much as it did them; and I had half reſolved in my mind to accompliſh Ze-

lia's wiſh, and give him a good beating, when I ſaw his vanity ſufficiently puniſhed by another perſon. As was his cuſtom, he was flying about this way, and that way, dragging the ladies wherever he pleaſed; and, when he had got them near him on the right, he would ſuddenly whiſk about to the left, his eyes brightening with gratified pride, and his lips breathing the pleaſure of his little conceited heart. "Devil take him! (cried Zelia), I declare he is intolerable. What *can* he mean by all this? I ſuppoſe he thinks that ſome one of us is in love with him; but, by Jupiter, he is horribly miſtaken! Upon my honour, I ſhall ſoon begin to think, that ſome body elſe has ſet him on this miſchief; perhaps his brother Francis, who ſends him here to meaſure the length of our folly."—"Poh! nonſenſe, (interrupted Matilda); have you ſuch an unjuſt opinion of Francis, as to imagine that *he* would be guilty of ſuch a paltry contrivance? a contrivance without deſign or end! I rather think that Maſter Harry does all this without his brother's knowledge. You know his brother."—Huſh! (interrupted Zelia, impatiently), look at the little wildfire how he runs! Make haſte; I *will* overtake him." With theſe words, they quickened their pace: Harry ſlackened his. I followed cloſe. They were at the end of the Mall, and all within a yard of each other. De Burghe turned towards them. His victory ſeemed to call his proud blood into his face, and he covered it with his handkerchief, to hide the ſmile of triumph on his lips. This ſeemed to be the critical moment: I waited with impatience the *denouement* of the adventure. They advanced a few ſteps to each other's ſide. I envied De Burghe the glory that he had won, and the hapineſs he was juſt going to ſeize. I looked towards my young friend: he withdrew the veil from his face, and was advancing with an air of glee; when, in an inſtant, he ſtood rooted to the ſpot, *like one juſt blaſted by a ſtroke from heaven.* His

hands

hands fell by his ſide, his eyes fixed themſelves on ſome object before him, and his whole countenance expreſſed horror and diſappointment. My eyes followed the direction of his; and I beheld Francis De Burghe, leaning on the arm of Major Manſel, coming immediately towards us. I turned round to obſerve my friend, but he had taken flight; and I beheld him running round by the Bird-cage Walk, in evident conſternation. I then looked at the girls, to ſee what effect this ſcene had on them. Matilda and Zelia were laughing, ready to die; and even the *penſeroſo*, Cornelia, diſplayed her white teeth. Francis advanced; and kiſſing his hand to the ſiſters, wheeled round with the Major, and entered St James's. The girls now broke out into immoderate peals of laughter, in which I heartily joined. "O! gracious Heaven! (cried Zelia, recovering herſelf, with the humid luſtre of mirth trembling in her eye); this is excellent! If we had had the planning of it, we could not have ordered it better. By Jove! I could kiſs Frank for his apropos intruſion. I do not know how the little conceited devil will ever ſhew his face more!"—"It is a proof, (anſwered Matilda) that he had no hand in it; on the contrary, that it is againſt his expreſs will that Harry haunts us in this manner; elſe, why the evident ſigns of fear in his face, when he ſaw his brother approaching?"

Indeed, the ſentiments of the ladies apeared perfectly to agree with my own; and I went home exulting, with a very *friendly* joy at my friend's diſgrace.

Several days paſſed without De Burghe's renewing his walks, ſo much had the *rencontre* with Francis diſconcerted him. At laſt, one day, I obſerved him going towards the Park, leaning on the arm of the gentleman who had been with him on a former day. I took my uſual ſtation in the rear-guard. On the Parade, they parted; the gentleman into the Bird-cage Walk,

and Harry into the Mall. As he ſauntered along, he met the three ſiſters; they wheeled round, and *he* now followed *them*; but as they approached the top of the Park, he quickened his ſtep, and got beſide them.—They walked very compoſedly along, and appeared reſolved not to honour him with a glance. Inſtead of turning down the Mall, they made a *circumbendibus* to the left, and walked towards the Bird-cage. The inſtant that they made this motion, I obſerved my friend give a leap, and clap his hands in a tranſport of joy. This rapture excited my curioſity: I drew ſtill cloſer behind them. When the little party had arrived almoſt into the middle of the Bird-cage Walk, Harry bounced forward, and ſeized the gentleman by the arm, whom he had parted from before. I got behind a tree, that I might obſerve theſe motions in the greater ſecurity. De Burghe's friend turned round; he looked at Harry, and then at the ladies. They ſuddenly ſtopped; and the eldeſt, uttering a piercing ſhriek, fell on the boſom of Zelia. Archer flew forward; and the gentleman caught her in his arms, exclaiming, in a voice of agonizing terror, "O my Cornelia! it is your Willoughby that is here!"—"Willoughby! (interrupted Matilda); Heavenly Father! is it poſſible?" Cornelia opened her eyes—"O merciful God! (cried ſhe, gazing round her); was it Willoughby that I ſaw? Willoughby! my long-loſt murdered Willoughby!" "It was, my dear girl! (exclaimed he, claſping her to his breaſt); it is that Willoughby whom a benevolent Deity has reſcued from the jaws of death, that he might once more hold thee in his arms—never, never to be ſevered more!" As he ſpoke, the tears ruſhed from his eyes, and he fervently preſſed her to his heart in eloquent ſilence. The ſcene drew the floods of ſympathy from the azure orbs of the two ſiſters, while the drops even trembled on the cheek of Harry and myſelf. After a pauſe of near five minutes, ſhe raiſed

herſelf

herſelf from his embrace, and flung herſelf, weeping, into the arms of Zelia. Matilda caught the hand of Willoughby; and preſſing it to her lips, eagerly aſked, how he had been ſaved, when her ſiſter had been told by an officer, who ſaw him on the field, that he beheld him die, and his lifeleſs body, by the command of a young French officer, put into a cart, and carried away to be buried with the reſt of the ſlain?—"It is a long narrative, my dear Matilda! (replied he, preſſing her tenderly to his breaſt); I will tell you it by and bye. I will not dull the rapture of my preſent feelings, by a retroſpection of the ſufferings which I have endured. Permit me, my beloved Cornelia! (ſaid he, turning to the lovely girl), to introduce to your eſteem the near relation of my deareſt friend." Cornelia held out her hand to Harry, who kiſſed it reſpectfully; while Zelia pulled Willoughby by the ſleeve, to gain his attention—"What! Harry De Burghe the *near* relation of your *deareſt* friend? Surely you do not mean Francis?" "No, (replied he); Montford De Burghe, his couſin, who was my fellow-priſoner in Gaudaloupe, and who was plunged into a ſimilar ſituation with myſelf: a ſituation wrecking to my heart, and galling to my honour; but, aided by his intrepidity, I have eſcaped, from captivity and wo, to liberty and love. This dear little fellow, (continued he, laying his hand on the ſhoulder of Harry) has haunted you every day, for this fortnight back, in hopes of luring you into this walk, where I was concealed, thinking it better to diſcover myſelf in perſon, than by letter, for fear that the vigilance of your guardian might be as active as ever, and then the conſequences to me would have been dreadful indeed!"—"Talk not now of any other conſequences than thoſe of happineſs, yourſelf and Miſs Clifford, (interrupted Harry); for here is Montford coming; and you know he abhors every thing that is gloomy." As he ſpoke, a very elegant young man advanced, whoſe

whoſe complexion bore evident marks of the effects of a vertical ſun. He was introduced to the bluſhing Cornelia as the preſerver of her lover, who received him with a moſt bewitching grace, wherein were mingled the warm effuſions of a grateful heart, with the retiring grace of virgin baſhfulneſs. Captain De Burghe turned to Harry; and, with a ſmile, aſked him what was the matter between him and Francis; for he was juſt come off guard, and was raiſing a moſt intolerable riot at home, on account of his abſence. Harry bluſhed deeply—bit his lip—ſnapped his ſtick in two—curſed the accident—flung it away—and drew out his handkerchief. All this paſſed in leſs than a minute. Montford looked at him with a penetrating archneſs. "By Heaven, Harry! I am afraid there is more in this than meets the ear! Perhaps Frank is in love, and is jealous that *that* pretty form of yours has joſtled him out of his miſtreſs's heart.—Come, tell us, is this the fact?" Harry coloured deeper; and, in a voice rendered ſcarcely intelligible by confuſion, ſtammer'd out—"I will tell you the whole truth; but I dread that theſe ladies will never forgive my inſolent folly. They know well, that, long before Mr Willoughby's return to his country, I haunted them like their ſhadow. I know that they attributed my conduct to vanity: I wiſh that it had been *entirely from ſo innocent* a motive; but a little before I had diſcovered, from a copy of verſes which I found on Frank's dreſſing-table, that he was in love, and that the name of the lady was Matilda Clifford. I was piqued that he had not made me his confidant, and I reſolved to plague him. I therefore contrived to be much with my brother; and in his company I often ſaw the three ladies. He never introduced me; and this neglect doubly incenſed me. I avoided Francis, and purſued the Miſs Cliffords alone. By ſome means he found me out, and queſtioned me. I boldly anſwered, that I had had convincing proofs that Matil-

da

a was ſenſibly *touched* with my appearance; and that had too much gallantry to ſuffer a lady to deſpair. My replies provoked him almoſt to madneſs; but I readily proceeded in my tale, telling him, that if he would conceal himſelf in any diſguiſe, while I walked in the Park, he ſhould ſee my power over the heart of Matilda, by her conſtant attendance after my footſteps. My brother dared me to the trial; and from what cauſe I cannot tell, the Miſs Cliffords had really put the idea into my head, by the honour which they conferred on me, in following me through the walks. Francis accompanied me, muffled up in a great coat, and a flapped hat. The event anſwered my vain expectations; and we returned from the Park, Francis wild with fury, and I panting with pleaſure. However, my delight did not laſt long; for his agonies were ſo great, and his reproaches to me were ſo cutting, that, though too proud to confeſs the truth, I promiſed on my honour—as Matilda was almoſt indifferent to me—never again to frequent the walks which ſhe frequented. Since then, the arrival of Willoughby altered my reſolution—but from a better motive—and I hope that he will become my advocate, and obtain my pardon, both from you, ladies, and my brother Francis."

Willoughby began to ſpeak; but as they moved forwards, I loſt his words: however, I ſaw them ſucceſſively take De Burghe by the hand; I ſaw that my young friend was reconciled to the three lovely girls; and, for fear that I ſhould treſpaſs the tenth commandment, and envy his happineſs, I turned my back, and ſlowly ſtrolled homeward.

THE

THE MORNING CALL.

THE cloth had juſt been removed from the break-faſt-table; and our family were all engaged in lively converſation on a maſquerade, to which we had been the preceding night, when the ſervant announced Miſs Ruthven. Marcella Ruthven was a young lady of my ſiſter's acquaintance, whoſe mother had come to town for the benefit of being near the beſt medical advice, having been long afflicted with a complaint that threatened her diſſolution. I had ſeen Marcella but once at our houſe, and that but for a moment, as I was engaged out to dinner, and ſoon quitted her. My ſiſters had all of them been ſo much taken up with the marriage of Emmeline, the death of poor Camelford, and the approaching union of Mary, that ſince then they had totally forgotten Miſs Ruthven and her mother, who reſided, for the benefit of the air, at Highgate.

Miſs Ruthven now entered: ſhe was in deep mourning, and her countenance was expreſſive of a dejection touchingly ſweet. The figure of Marcella was tall, and formed with luxurious fulneſs; it was replete with that faſcinating grace ſo ſeldom ſeen, breathing timidity and ſoftneſs; her light brown hair parted in curls on her ſerene forehead, and ſhaded a pair of melting eyes, blue and inexpreſſibly ſweet. She threw up a deep veil when ſhe ſeated herſelf, and diſcovered that treaſure of beauty which I have deſcribed: her long white neck roſe from a crape handkerchief; her cheek was animated alone by a faint bluſh; and her eyes, as ſhe raiſed them, were humid with tears. She attempted to ſmile off her emotion, and inquired after the health of the family. My mother-in-law apologiſed for her long neglect of her—"I know not (ſaid Mrs De Burghe) whether I ought to aſk after your mother." Marcella anſwered only by her tears;

he wept silently but bitterly; I was affected beyond deſcription. Surely nothing is ſo intereſting as beauty n ſorrow. Till that moment, I had never diſcerned half he beauty of Miſs Ruthven. The tears of ſympahetic concern ſtood in the eyes of Mary and Aurora; ven my lively brother Frank gazed on her and ſighed. Forgive my weakneſs, Madam! (ſaid ſhe, endeouring to repreſs her tears); but the loſs of ſuch a nother as mine, even though three months have gone y, moſt ſenſibly afflicts me." My own dear departd parent was recalled as ſhe ſpoke; I ſaw my ſiſters it it. A tear dropped on my cheek; I turned away y head to conceal it. The eye of Marcella followed he, with an expreſſion of ſweet and grateful ſurpriſe that enetrated my ſoul. Mrs De Burghe aſked her, where e meant to reſide. "In the Iſle of Wight princially, I believe, Madam, (returned ſhe, with a voice f melancholy regret): I have a couſin there, maried to Lord Caryſbrook, who has offered me an aſyum with her. I would willingly live on my own ttle fortune; but to be without a protector, to be lone and friendleſs—it is ſo forlorn, that my heart ould break with it!"

Her tears ſtopped her utterance; ſhe ſtruggled a hile with her agitation, wiped her eyes, and ſighing eeply, reſumed—"My fooliſh proud ſpirit revolts t the idea of being in any meaſure a dependent on e Counteſs of Caryſbrook; and yet I muſt be ſo, or ſe a diſconſolate unprotected girl."—"Why, Miſs uthven, do you forget your uncle, General Walrave?"—"He always ſaid he would have taken me, anſwered Marcella); but ſince my mother's death, e has adviſed me to accept of my couſin's invitaon; and has ceaſed to promiſe that wealth he once inted I ſhould be heireſs to. God knows his move! His ſteward told me, his maſter was going to e married; but I cannot credit it: indeed I am raid that he has heard ſomething to my diſadvantage."

tage."—"Good God! (exclaimed I), can your uncl
think of throwing you into the protection of a wo
man like Lady Caryſbrook, ſo haughty, ſo unfeeling
Has he not the means of making you independent
happy! O! were I him."—I ſtopped haſtily; for
felt one of my father's ſtern looks enter my ſoul.
was confounded; I was pained; my cheeks glowe
and I caſt down my too-ſpeaking eyes, with a fooli
conſciouſneſs. When I ventured to look up again,
beheld, with a kind of thrilling delight, the face
Marcella overſpread with a beautiful bluſh: ſhe ſeem
ed ſenſible to my emotions, and partook in them
My ſiſters then begged of her to ſpend a week wi
them before ſhe quitted town, adding, that it woul
help to enliven her. She ſmiled languidly, and pro
miſed to aſk General Walgrave, at whoſe houſe ſh
then was. My mother-in-law joined in the invitation
and my father ſpoke too, but his manner was col
and his expreſſions were without earneſtneſs. Mi
Ruthven did not notice it.

Being told the carriage was at the door, for ou
morning airing, my ſiſters inſiſted on Miſs Ruthven
accompanying them: ſhe aſſented, with a gentl
complacency; and her ſervant was diſmiſſed. Fran
being obliged to go to his Colonel's, I offered my
ſelf as their eſcort: it was accepted; and off w
drove.

The vivacity of Aurora, who was whimſically talk
ing of all the handſome fellows ſhe ſhould kill, forc
a ſmile ſometimes to gild the melancholy features
Miſs Ruthven. I gazed at her with an emotion to
evident to my own heart to be miſtaken. At Hyd
Park Corner, we alighted; and having given Ma
cella my arm, which ſhe accepted with a tremblin
baſhfulneſs, we proceeded in our walk. Our litt
groupe ſoon attracted all eyes. The beauty of Mi
Ruthven, yet new to the faſhionable world, crowde
us with attendants; a glance from her eye diſmou

ed one from his horſe, took another down from his curricle; and, in ſhort, brought into our party all the young men of any feeling. Jealous of my fair companion, I ſtill attached myſelf to her ſide, and now and then wandered with her from the reſt. My ſiſters joined Lady Caroline Cameron; ſhe, at whoſe altar of beauty the hearts of half Britain have been ſacrificed! ſhe, who before I uſed to conſider with a kind of awe and admiration, now loſt all her laurels; and the ſoft, timid, unaſſuming Miſs Ruthven, appeared like a ſuperior being. In Marcella, I ſaw the fair ſoul embodied in angelic beauty: in Lady Caroline, I beheld a poliſhed form, through which no rays of ſoul could pierce. For the honour of our youth, they ſeemed to feel the attraction of diffident lovelineſs. Marcella's young cheek glowed with unaffected bluſhes, at the deep regard ſhe drew from every one; and while *her* gentle eye was baſhfully caſt down, the blue voluptuous orb of Lady Caroline was roving round with inviting languiſhment. Modeſty certainly caſts a glance around its poſſeſſor; for Miſs Ruthven, though only ſixteen, though but yet in the morning of her beauty, attracted and fixed more admirers than the celebrated Cameron, though in the full meridian of almoſt unequalled charms. I exulted at the thought!

A couple of hours paſſed away rapidly, till at length Marcella's watch reminded us of the time. At the door of General Walgrave's we bade her adieu. I led her into the hall. I lingered before I could quit the ſoft hand I held in mine; I ſighed paſſionately, and raiſed my eyes to thoſe of Marcella; the roſe of ſweet confuſion flaſhed her cheek: ſhe looked down; my heart thrilled within me. I preſſed her hand ſuddenly; ſighed again; and flew from her, without daring to take another look.

As we returned, my ſiſters were eloquent in her praiſe; and Aurora, who hates Lady Caroline, ſpoke

in raptures of her mortified vanity. I never heard her depreciate her Ladyſhip with ſo much ſpirit: I never thought her vivacity and her hatred ſat ſo well on her as at that moment.

At home I no ſooner arrived, than I again went out—being a half-holiday—and wandered into St James's Park, to indulge my penſive reflections. I recalled to my mind the day on which I firſt ſaw Miſs Ruthven with inexpreſſible aſtoniſhment. A mad hair-brained boy, I had juſt ruſhed in from dreſſing myſelf, after ſchool, to ſay I was going out to dine, had merely glanced my eye over her, as a damned handſome girl, that I ſhould like to catch alone in the cloiſters, and then bolted out again, with thoughtleſs rudeneſs, full of the miſchievous ſet to which I was going. She who dreſſed in ſmiles and youthful gaiety, with all the ornament of the moſt advantageous coloured garment, whoſe looks were expreſſive of ſunny hope and happineſs, had no power to move my heart; till I ſaw her alone, friendleſs and unhappy, her fair eyes clouded by tears, her bloom almoſt diſſolved into the ſame ſnowy tint as her ſpotleſs neck, her dreſs mournful and unſtudied, and her features expreſſive of melancholy reſignation: there was that patient ſuffering, that ſweet imploringneſs, as if for compaſſion, and that pious elevation in her appearance, that I could not reflect on with compoſure. I thought of her lovelineſs and her misfortunes with an enthuſiaſm bordering on phrenzy. "Wert thou my ſiſter, lovely Marcella! (exclaimed I in a tranſport of impaſſionate tenderneſs), I could fold thee to my heart, and mingle my tears with thine! I could kiſs away the brilliant drops as they fell! I could pour the balm of love into thy wounded ſpirit! I no ſooner form the wiſh, but my heart rejects it; the thought cannot ſatisfy the glowing pleaſure, the ineffable tumults which flutter within my breaſt!"

I was interrupted in my wild apoſtrophe by the voic

voice of Frank, who repeated, in a whimſical tone—"Sweet Sir! I know *I'd* be aſhamed to be caught weeping ſo!" I felt the blood forſake my cheek, as I ſtammer'd out an inquiry of what he meant. He rallied me on being in love; till I anſwered him, I was only repeating a ſpeech of one of my heroes for the Pocket Magazine; and at length, as he had not heard the commencement, I half perſuaded him of *the truth of the falſehood*. Out of humour with the interruption, I turned homewards with Francis in ſullen ſilence. It rewaked his ſuſpicions, and he named Miſs Ruthven. My heart fluttered as he mentioned her, and I coloured deeply. He laughed provokingly. "What! fairly in for it!—Why, Hal! in love before you have left ſchool?—thinking of a wife before theſe curls of yours are docked! Take my advice, my boy, ſend a card of compliments to Cupid, and beg him to poſtpone the matter, till you leap at once from the noiſy ſchool-boy to the enchanting ſoldier. A red coat, you young dog! will inſure the girl's heart in a moment; a graceful ſaunter, and a wild freedom of manners, will fit you for a huſband directly. See how deviliſhly killing I am! (added he, flinging back his coat with a graceful confidence, and admiring the contour of his fine-formed thigh); my ſcarlet, my ſword, and my feather, does all for me. You have no notion, Henry, what an air the ſword gives to the limb. At, nineteen, I am a dangerous fellow in the army, while, if at that age I was at college, I might be called a handſome lad enough. But never give a ſerious thought to——Damme! down with your books! Aſk my father to give you a commiſſion, and then at her, my boy!" I knocked at our door without any reply but the riſing colour of my face; for, however true his ſpeech was, it was diſagreeably ſo! and I could have curſed him for reminding me of my abominable ſituation.

From that hour, my thoughts were ever fixed on

Marcella; her lovely image ſtill roſe before me, teaching me to feel all thoſe fond pangs I had ſo often deſcribed, but never felt till then. I was anxious to ſee her again, but afraid of betraying myſelf, I dared never aſk my ſiſters to call or write to her. In a few days time, Miſs Ruthven once more appeared. She was come to ſpend a week at our houſe! As ſhe ſaid it, I met her eyes; they were full of pleaſure, they were bent on me, and—

"Fled with bluſh that guilty ſeem'd of love."

Thoſe who have loved, can well conceive my emotions; ſhe muſt read in mine, the tenderneſs of a heart devoted to her. The time of her ſtay was all enchantment. Her preſence ſpread a majeſtic ſweetneſs over every object. She faſcinated, ſhe bound me, in a kind of ſpell, which I ſought not to fly.

The attentions of Mary and myſelf, the vivacity of Aurora and Francis, inſenſibly reſtored her to ſomething like cheerfulneſs; yet on her ſenſible heart, the remembrance of her mother's virtues, her mother's ſufferings were ſtill freſh. Often, in the midſt of ſome touching air (for ſhe ſung melodiouſly), I could ſee the tear ſtreaming down her cheeks, her voice would gradually diſſolve into ſofter ſweetneſs, and the touches of her finger on the harp would gain an angel-lightneſs. My heart told me, that to theſe ſongs her mother had liſtened.

The morning of her departure will never be eraſed from my memory. She was to quit London the next day for the Iſle of Wight; and ſhe might never return ſuch as ſhe left it! Surrounded by ſplendour, gaiety, and company, ſhe might forget, in the arms of ſome titled worſhipper, the untaught ſighs of my youthful heart: ſhe might forget the emotion of that moment, when I preſſed her hand in the hall of her uncle's houſe, or, remembering it, remember it with cold indifference. My ſoul ſickened at the idea. The

tear

tears fell from the eyes of the ſweet girl, as ſhe embraced my ſiſters. My father, happily, was from home. I ſaw her tremble as I approached her; her heart beat, and her colour fled and returned. I reſpectfully touched her cheek—Gods! ſuch a cheek! I could have dieted there for ever! As I releaſed her from my embrace, I heard her ſigh; that ſigh ſpoke comfort to my drooping ſoul.

I alone accompanied her down ſtairs; the carriage was at the door; my heart died within me; I looked at it, and then at her, with unutterable anguiſh; ſhe burſt into tears as I did it; and, in a low voice, ſaid—"I am ſurely the moſt wretched being on earth! doomed always to part from thoſe I moſt love." I ſnatched her hand to my lips with uncertain joy. "Ah! if I thought that I was one from whom you ſorrowed to part, I ſhould be too happy. Tell me, dear Miſs Ruthven! will you promiſe ſometimes to ſteal a moment from the gay ſcenes of Caryſbrook, to think of your friends here? Will you ſometimes, as you look on this, remember him who offers it?" As I ſpoke, I put a trinket into her hand, which I had purpoſely bought for the occaſion. She preſſed it to her lips with grateful aſſent, and, breaking from my hand, leaped into the carriage. I turned into the houſe, and flinging myſelf down in a remote apartment, played the boy indeed! The tears of fooliſh, unmanly regret, were yet freſh on my cheek, when I heard my father knock at the door. I roſe haſtily, and trying to ſmile away all my anxiety, went forth to meet him with a heavy heart, no longer the free and happy Henry, but the lover of Marcella's beauties, and the deplorer of her fate.

THE MINSTREL OF THE FOREST.

" O Hero! what a hero hadſt thou been,
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and councils of thy heart!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eye-balls ſhall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of ſcorn,
And never ſhall it more be gracious."

SHAKESPEARE.

ENDYMION GREVILLE, an officer in the Britiſh army, obtained leave from his Colonel to permit him to go to Naumberg, to pay the laſt mark of affection to the cold remains of one who had once been his deareſt friend. The evening was calm; and the ſober ſerenity of the autumnal woods breathed ſuch a ſoftened ſhade over the melancholy of his ſoul, that alighting, and giving his horſe in ſilence to his ſervant, he proceeded alone through the thick ranks of the trees.

He unconſciouſly found the ſtilling ſolitude of the ſcene lull his ſenſes into a forgetfulneſs of his ſituation; and, flinging himſelf down on the green graſs, under the cooling ſhadow of the high elms, whoſe towering tops were gilded by the laſt beams of the declining ſun, he looked round on the freſh verdure of the earth: he caſt his eyes up to the rich blue of the ſky, where the radiated clouds were ſailing in ſolemn majeſty over its azure boſom. A flood of tender recollections ruſhed over his mind; and, in all the anguiſh of the moment, he exclaimed—" O Henry! art thou for ever cloſed from theſe objects! Can I find joy in ſcenes where thou art not a partaker?" He then flung his head to the ground; and, burſting into tears, gave way to all the agony of his ſoul. At laſt, the turbulence of his grief wearied itſelf; and he lay in a more quiet, though not a more happy attitude. The merits of his friend, the beauty of his youthful form, the graces of his manly heart, all clung round his breaſt,

and

and told him how miſerable he was, in being fated to ſurvive ſo much excellence, ſo much honour, and ſo much love.

As his oppreſſed ſoul dwelt on the agonizing remembrance of his friend with an embittered pleaſure, his attention was arreſted by a ſtream of the ſweeteſt and moſt entrancing ſounds that ever met the ear of mortal: he ſcarcely breathed, for fear of loſing a breath of their ſeraphic harmony, as a rich and meliſluous voice roſe over the dying notes, and warbled ſuch a ſadly-touching air, that the tear trembled in the rapt eye of Endymion, as the delicious melody ſunk into his melting heart—"Are theſe the ſtrains of the bleſſed? Is this the voice of my friend, to ſoothe my agonies?"

As theſe thoughts paſſed over his mind, the thick foliage of the trees bended forward; and a divinely beautiful form appeared, holding on one arm a ſmall harp, while his long white garments ſwept the ground, and imparted a pomp to his figure nearly celeſtial. The anguiſh of his mind had diſturbed the ſenſes of Greville, and he half-dropped on one knee; when, immediately recollecting himſelf, he ſtarted up, and gazed at the ſtrange viſion with a wonder almoſt bordering on a dread of—he knew not what. The figure looked on him with a ſoftened countenance; and, advancing to him, ſaid—"By this dreſs, you are an Engliſhman."—"I am," replied Greville, inſtantly recovering from his aſtoniſhment; "I am an Engliſhman, and a ſoldier."—"Then I ſhall have the happineſs of embracing a countryman of the only man whom I eſteem."

He took the hand of Greville, as he ſpoke; and, gazing on his face with an expreſſion of mingled wildneſs and benignity, aſked him, if he would ſpare him a few hours of his ſociety—"For," added he, "to know that I am converſing with one who was born in the ſame land where now my Thuſnelda lives, will afford

to

to my ſolitary ſoul a mournful pleaſure that it has long been a ſtranger to.

The gentle heart of Greville, already ſoftened by ſorrow, infuſed an eloquence into his fine features, ſo touchingly ſympathiſing, that the Minſtrel more earneſtly ſolicited his remaining a few days with him. He laid his hand on his arm—"Can the noble heart of a Briton refuſe to ſnatch an hour of anguiſh from the tedious days of the miſerable?"

Greville, whoſe full boſom heaved with the ſorrows of his own ſoul, breathed, in a ſcarcely articulate voice—"Lead me to where you pleaſe; but, alas! I am too wretched to give that to others, of which I ſtand in ſo great a dearth myſelf."

The ſtranger took his hand, and led him through the foreſt, till he arrived at the ſide of a deep moat, which ſurrounded a magnificent caſtle, but whoſe ruined grandeur too truly ſeemed to image the deſolation in its maſter's mind. He blew a horn, which hung by a chain to the ſide of a pillar, and inſtantly a draw-bridge was dropped down; and Greville, preceded by the Minſtrel, entered the court-yard. He ſent one of his domeſtics for the ſervant of Endymion, and the bridge was drawn up again. This motion ſtartled Greville; but, turning to his penſive hoſt, the purity of his own ſoul told him, that no perfidy could lurk under a form and countenance—

Where ev'ry god had ſeem'd to ſet his ſeal.

As they advanced, he was met by two old ſervants, whoſe venerable appearances would have put all hoſtile ſuſpicions out of his head, if any had harboured there. They opened the gate; and Greville and his inviter entered a large Gothic hall, whoſe ſombre ſides were rendered ſtill more dreary by the quantity of antique armour, and duſky banners, which, waving in murky ſhadows over the walls, made "darkneſs more viſible."

"This

"This is a horrid place to bring you to," ſaid the Minſtrel, drawing a deep ſigh; "but its gloom ſuits with the preſent temper of my ſoul. Every ſituation is equally pleaſing to the unhappy, except ſcenes of cheerfulneſs, and they ſtab the miſerable heart with double pangs. Another three years, and ——." He ſtopped, and looked up to heaven.

"Three years!" repeated Greville, and he burſt into tears: for, three years ago, Henry Willoughby, his friend, the brother of his ſoul, had left him, to receive a commiſſion in the Imperial army; and now he was going to embrace that once dear and warm friend, cold in the icy arms of Death!"

"Gracious God!" exclaimed the Minſtrel, catching him by the hand, "is miſery ſo common? Have you, as I am, been abandoned by her your ſoul doated on? Have you ſeen her, whom you adored to idolatry, in the arms of another man? If you have, you then know too truly the ſtory of my woes: you know too well the injuries which have driven me from ſociety, to waſte my youth in bitter tears, and never-ceaſing anguiſh! O unhappy Britain! return not to a country which now can have no charms for you; but, with the miſerable Xavier, render wretchedneſs more tolerable by the participation of woe!"

He ceaſed; and, dropping the hand he held, caſt his eyes to the ground, and remained in thoughtful ſilence. Greville recovered himſelf; and, wiping off the big tear that trembled on his cheeks—"I am, indeed, miſerable! but it is not the perfidy of a miſtreſs that thus reduces me below a woman's weakneſs. It is the loſs of my friend, my only friend; one who was, in tenderneſs, more than a father, or a brother, to me! I am now going to the town, which is not four miles from hence, to ſee the laſt reliques of him whom I ſo warmly loved, laid in the earth; to witneſs that dear boſom, on which I have ſo often repoſed the ſecrets of my heart, hid from my ſight for ever! O can any grief be

equal

equal to my grief! The univerſe is become a dreary waſte to me; and every thing I ſee, every thing I hear, ſeems to ſay—"Miſerable Greville, what buſineſs have you here?" and indeed I have none; for he that loved me, he that divided my cares, he that ſoothed my unhappy heart, is dead! The cold tomb will ſoon contain him who was the ſoul of my exiſtence, he who was all that can be wiſe, gentle, and affectionate, in man!"

His piercing accents rouſed the Minſtrel from his melancholy reverie; who, raiſing his large blue eyes, fixed them with a heavenly benignity on the flowing orbs of Endymion, who felt the ſoft ſtream of their pity enter his ſoul. "My dear brother in affliction, liſten to my tale; and perhaps you will confeſs, that the woes of Xavier Saxe Weimar, though ſpringing from a different ſource, contain as bitter a poiſon as your own."

Greville covered his face with his handkerchief; and, fervently preſſing the hand of Xavier, bowed his head, in token of aſſent. The noble German returned the preſſure; and, drawing a ſigh from the deepeſt centre of his heart, began—

"This caſtle which you ſee, and the country for many miles around, have, ever ſince the Cruſades, been the dominions of my anceſtors; a race of heroes, whoſe name muſt now end in the unhappy Xavier! When I look back on their virtue, on their fame, I bluſh at the weakneſs which has robbed me of the laurels of my youth, and buried my ardours, and their glories, within the walls of their own caſtle. I bluſh: but that weakneſs will not ſuffer me to burſt the chains which fetter me; and here I muſt die, a victim to an ill-fated love, and the perfidy of a woman!—Look, Briton, on this picture," ſaid he, drawing a miniature from his breaſt: "look on theſe features; and, as you are a man, and have a ſoul ſuſceptible to excellence, you will not wonder at my love!"

He left it in the hand of Greville, and proceeded—

"At

"At an early age, my father and mother died, and left me lord of theſe domains. I immediately entered the army; but, as I am now dead to the world, as I have ſecluded myſelf from ſerving my country, it is juſt that the few laurels which I *have* won ſhould wither on my grave, uncheriſhed and unſeen!

"On my return from my firſt compaign, at the requeſt of a brother-officer, I accompanied him to ſpend ſome time at Naumberg. I was introduced to many ladies, who were eſteemed paragons of beauty and accompliſhments; and who, from my rank in life, my character in the army, and my youth, I being then only nineteen, conceived it a glorious thing to take my young heart captive. All their natural charms, and artificial contrivances, had no other effect on me, than to raiſe my mirth at the continual trouble which they gave to themſelves, without any annoyance to me. Alas! I did not long enjoy this ſecurity; for, in a ſhort time after, a Pruſſian family came to reſide at Naumberg. It conſiſted only of a lady and her daughter. Need I tell you, that daughter was the beautiful original of this picture? We met her in a public walk. My friend, who knew her mother ſlightly when at Berlin, walked up; and, renewing his acquaintance, introduced me. O my God! what an evening was that! when I walked by her ſide, gazing on her heaven of charms with an unſated eye; heard the ſofteſt ſounds of muſic drop from her lips, while ſhe turned her whole attention to me, as if our thoughts were mutual!—the recollection drives me to phrenzy!

"But I will go on. I ſaw the bewitching Thuſnelda every day. When I entered the room, the ſweeteſt ſmiles played on her countenance. When I approached her chair, ſhe would bluſh, and ſhew me the ſeat which was neareſt to her. When I ſpoke, ſhe would liſten with the muteſt attention; only interrupted, now and then, by a ſoft ſigh. When I roſe to go, the cloud would obſcure the bright heaven of her brow; and,

and, in a lingering voice, ſhe would breathe—" Xavier, farewel! To-morrow——." And then, as if ſhe had diſcovered too much, turn haſtily from me. How could I tranſlate this? Alas! into a too tender language! Yet I had ſtill ſtronger proofs of a love that would have been the treaſure of my life.

" One day, I entered the room, to take my leave of her in whoſe preſence I only lived; for in the morning I had received letters from my General, commanding me to join the next day. When I approached Thuſnelda, ſhe was alone. The agony of my ſoul, at the idea of bidding adieu to her who had firſt taught my heart to feel, was ſo viſible in my countenance, that ſhe turned pale as I advanced; and, as I caught her hand, exclaimed—" Gracious Heaven! what is the matter? Are you ill?"

" O Thuſnelda!" returned I, flinging myſelf on a chair, " this is, perhaps, the laſt time that I ſhall behold thee! To-morrow I go to the frontiers. If I fall, will you, dear girl, remember me with a ſigh?"

" A ſigh!" re-echoed ſhe, and burſt into tears; " O accurſed war! from which I date my every pang! Wilt thou drag all from me? wilt thou not even ſpare the valiant Weimar?"

Such exclamations from her mouth bereaved me of my prudence, and I claſped her in my arms. She ſtruggled to extricate herſelf. Trembling at my temerity, I releaſed her; and dropped on my knee, to beg her forgiveneſs, and to breathe a prayer for her happineſs, in my laſt adieu. As I raiſed my eyes to intreat her pardon, ſhe drew this portrait from its caſe; and, putting through it a green ribband, ſhe hung it over my neck, and ſaid—" Farewel, Xavier! As you love the original of this, may it prove a ſhield for your boſom in the hour of danger. O! I would to God, that its ſoft ivory was a cuiraſs of adamant, to turn the balls from the brave heart of its wearer!—Adieu! adieu!" I kiſſed her

her hand with vehemence, as ſhe tore herſelf from me, and ruſhed out of the apartment.

"I joined my regiment. I went to the frontiers; and I ſnatched every poſt of hazard, that I might return more worthy to offer my hand to Thuſnelda. With all the ardour of the moſt enthuſiaſtic paſſion, I flew to Naumberg. I entered the houſe of Thuſnelda. She was in the drawing-room. I ruſhed in; but my impatience, my joy, overpowered my frame, and I fell at her feet. She roſe—"Count Weimar here!"—"Yes," replied I, ſnatching her hand; "returned to thee, my lovely Thuſnelda! by the image of your ſweet ſelf, to claim the love you promiſed me!"—"I am married, Sir!" replied ſhe, with the moſt freezing coldneſs.

"All hell ruſhed on my mind, and I fell lifeleſs to the ground. When I recovered, I found myſelf on the ſopha, with the mother of Thuſnelda, herſelf, and a gentleman, leaning over me. In a heavy groan, I breathed out the name of—"Thuſnelda! cruel, barbarous Thuſnelda!" Her mother dropped my hand, which ſhe had held—"What do you mean, Count Weimar, by theſe words? This is the huſband of my daughter! How has ſhe deſerved theſe epithets from you?"

"I ſuddenly jumped from the ſopha—"The huſband of Thuſnelda! Great God! the huſband of Thuſnelda!"—"Yes, Sir, replied he, colouring, "I am; and, if you have any thing to accuſe her of, mention it to me. I am now her protector and defender!"

"Regardleſs of his addreſs, I turned to her with the moſt torturing anguiſh burning in my eyes—"Thuſnelda! it was, *indeed*, a laſt adieu! May the beneficent King of Heaven make you bleſſed; and the ſorrows which may have been doomed for thy head, O! may they all be ſhowered on this devoted heart, whoſe racking agony cannot be rendered more acute!

—Farewel! and remember, in thy laſt hour, that I have forgiven thee!"

"I turned from her, and would have left the room; but ſhe flew forward; and, caſting herſelf at my feet, between me and the door, intreated me not to leave her, till ſhe had confeſſed the full extent of her crime to her huſband, who now advanced, pale with apprehenſion, and his eyes wild with terror. I raiſed her from the earth. She then told me, that the brave Engliſhman, who was then her huſband, had, long before ſhe ſaw him, been introduced to her at Berlin; at which court he was, attending on the ſon of his ſovereign, the Duke of York. At the firſt interview, an attachment took place; and, on the eve of his return to England, ſhe was ſolemnly betrothed to him. Her mother, tired of the ſplendours of a court, reſolved to retire to Naumberg, her birth-place, and reſide there till the marriage of her daughter with Captain Spencer. On their arrival in that town, Thuſnelda heard of me; "my beauty, my bravery, my rank, and my inſenſibility," all which determined to conquer, as a paſtime, during the abſence of her lover, any knowledge of whom ſhe had carefully concealed from me. My unexperienced heart too eaſily fell into the ſnare. When I took my leave of her, ſhe was touched at my diſtreſs; and, knowing that ſhe would be married, and moſt probably in England, before my return, ſhe thought ſhe would finiſh her plot ſo as, by the recollection of her tenderneſs, to render the perils of the campaign more tolerable to my feelings. But now ſhe abhorred herſelf for her duplicity: and, to the lateſt hour of her life, would execrate the precepts which taught her, that lovers muſt be acquired at the expence of every thing that is graceful in humanity. With a flood of tears, ſhe begged my forgiveneſs; and, having received it from my lips, which, unconſciouſly to myſelf, pronounced the words, ſhe aroſe, and left the room. Her huſband caught my hand—"Noble Weimar!"

ſaid

ſaid he, while the kind compaſſion of his ſoul ſpoke in his benevolent eye, "this conduct of my wife wounds me to the heart. I know not what to ſay in her defence, but that it is the fault of her education, not the crime of her ſoul. Curſed be the wretches, who formed the code of laws by which the generality of females guide their lives! Vanity, hypocriſy, and perfidy, are their firſt leſſons. From ſuch principles, what effects muſt ſpring, but diſgrace and miſery? My dear Thuſnelda has a tender heart; but ſhe is a perfect woman. Education has ſpoiled in her the moſt humane and gentle of diſpoſitions. Her remorſe for the miſchief ſhe has occaſioned, and my ſedulous endeavours, may perhaps accompliſh the reinſtatement of its former worth. But to you, much-injured Weimar! forget her, as a thing undeſerving of your eſteem."

"I wept at the ſpeech of your generous countryman; and, ſeizing his hand, as I aroſe—"I can never, no! never, forget the Thuſnelda I once thought worthy of my love, my idolatrous love! I ſhall ſtill adore the memory of that perfect creature! I ſhall cheriſh the idea in my inmoſt ſoul. I forgive the Thuſnelda that now is; and, for her ſake, forſwear all womankind!" I wrung his hand as he ended, and darted out of the houſe.

"I immediately threw up my commiſſion in the army; ſequeſtered myſelf within the walls of my caſtle; and, in a ſhort time after, I heard that Captain Spencer, and his family, were arrived in England. I now caſt of the dreſs of men, and robed myſelf in this garment, that I might have nothing to remind me of the world. I dropped the bridge over the moat; I refuſed admittance to all viſitors; and a three years ſecluſion within theſe towers has ſo far eraſed my name from the memory of mankind, that I am never mentioned but by the wretched victims of misfortune; who—I have little merit in giving away that which I otherwiſe could not uſe—receive the abundance of my

yearly revenue, to chaſe the haggard form of Poverty from doors where other woes have introduced affliction. My hours drag on their lingering length in lifleſſneſs and ſorrow. My harp is my conſtant companion; and to its tones I frame the hiſtory of my ſufferings.

"This is the tale of my life. I bluſh while I relate it: but, alas! I am a man, a man whoſe heart is ſoftened by every weakneſs of human nature; and I find it impoſſible to emerge from the melancholy which has drowned the ardours of my youth, and will ſink the name of Weimar in the duſt!—O! Thuſnelda! Thuſnelda! this is thy work!"

As he concluded, he looked at the picture with an eye of phrenzy; and, ſtarting from his chair, paced the room in a paroxyſm of agony. Greville remained ſilent; and, for a time, he forgot his own grief in the woes of the noble Xavier. But, the next morning, he aroſe: and, dreſſing himſelf in a mourning habit, which vainly pictured the ſorrow of his mind, deſcended into the hall, where he met the Count in the ſame garments. "Be not ſurpriſed," ſaid he. "If you will permit me, I mean to accompany you to the funeral of your friend; and, if you approve of it, will order his remains to be depoſited in the ſepulchre which contains the aſhes of the Houſe of Weimar."

The burſting heart of Greville could only thank him with a ſigh; and, mounting their horſes, they proceeded to Naumberg. As they entered the town, they met the proceſſion attending the bier of his Willoughby. "Was I not expected!" ſighed Endymion to himſelf. "Cruel haſte! not to wait for the tears of his only friend!"

At the approach of the Count, every eye gazed with wonder, and every head bowed with reverence, from the exemplary tenor of his life, whom they never expected would again appear in the haunts of men. He commanded the proceſſion to proceed to the chapel of the

the Caſtle of Weimar. His orders were obeyed; and, the rites being paid to the ſacred dead, the attendants left the church, and Greville found himſelf alone: only Weimar ſtood, with his arms folded, gazing on the yet uncloſed tomb, with an expreſſion on his countenance that told how he envied the poſſeſſors of that peaceful manſion. "I am now at liberty," exclaimed Endymion, plunging into the vault, and throwing himſelf on the coffin of his friend; "I am now at liberty to pour out my burſting heart on thy cold remains, my Henry! O my Henry!——" His boſom heaved; and his throbbing ſide too truly told the agony that racked his ſoul. His tongue was denied farther utterance; and, claſping the inſenſible coffin in his arms, he drew the moſt tearing groans from his ſwelling breaſt, which heaved with ſuch a violence, that every breathing ſeemed the laſt ſigh of the miſerable ſufferer. Weimar caught him up in his arms, as the ſoul ſeemed gliding from its wretched manſion, and carried him into the air; and, by the aſſiſtance of the ſervants, into the caſtle. He laid him on a couch; and, having brought him to himſelf, he left him to enjoy the firſt tumult of his grief in ſolitude. He went to the chapel, ſaw the tomb laid over the lifeleſs body of the gallant Willoughby, and gave orders for a monument to be erected to his memory: he then returned; and, gently opening the door, he ſaw Greville ſeated on the ſopha, with his hands claſped, and his eyes fixed on the ground. He ſtarted at the entrance of Weimar! who advanced to him; and, tenderly taking his hand, told him what he had done. "May God in heaven bleſs you!" cried he, catching him in his arms, and burſting into tears. The eyes of the brave German flowed in ſympathy with his; and, with bleeding hearts, they retired to their chambers.

The next morning, when Greville came into the hall, to bid adieu to his amiable and unfortunate hoſt, he wept afreſh. Weimar preſſed him to his breaſt;

and, ungirding his ſword from his thigh, put it into the hands of Endymion: "Take this, my Greville! it is the ſword of my anceſtors. I am the laſt of their race; and I know not one more worthy to direct the ſword of the valiant Saxe Weimar, than the merciful heart of Endymion Greville! Farewel, my amiable friend! The recollection of thee will ſoften my ſorrows; and if I could hope to ſee thee once again, the anticipation would diffuſe an unknown cheerfulneſs through theſe gloomy towers!"

Greville preſſed the ſword to his lips: "I receive this as a mark of your friendſhip; and I ſhall keep it as a memorial that there exiſts yet one heart that loves me. If I live, the ſucceeding autumn ſhall ſee me in Germany. Where is now my home? Henry is no more, who bound me to my native country! and where *his* dear reliques lie, there ſhall be *my* reſting place!"

As he ended, he once more ruſhed into the arms of the Count; and then, tearing himſelf from his boſom, to England took his melancholy way.

An APOLOGY *for the* BIBLE; *in a Series of Letters addreſſed to Thomas Paine, Author of a Book entitled the Age of Reaſon, Part the Second, being an Inveſtigation of True and of Fabulous Theology.*

[From the Monthly Review.]

IF, in following the controverſy revived in the preſent day, by the publication of "the Age of Reaſon," we have been obliged to traverſe much ſterile and unpleaſant ground, we come at laſt to a ſpot which abundantly recompenſes us for all our former diſappointment. We feel ourſelves under peculiar obligations

tions to the Biſhop of Llandaff for this maſterly reply. It has delivered us from no little embarraſſment. Sincerely attached to the cauſe of revealed religion, and perſuaded that it was capable of being nobly and completely defended, we have been hurt at the lame and inefficient anſwers which Mr Paine has received; anſwers which tend more to injure than to ſerve the cauſe of revelation, and which rather betray the ignorance and the anger of the authors, than their powers of inveſtigation or argument. Before this Apology appeared, however, we were fearful of extending towards ſuch writers any ſeverity of condemnation, leſt a non-exiſtent motive for our ſtrictures ſhould be attributed to us. Now, ſanctioned by this able defender of revelation, we may venture to inform ſeveral of thoſe who have taken up the pen in order to reply to Mr Paine's deiſtical ſtrictures, that the writer is no puny adverſary; and that to doubt his being the author of "the Age of Reaſon," or to fill pages with abuſe, or with pert and flippant remarks, ſo far from being any thing to the purpoſe, is in fact to deſert the only ground on which the Chriſtian, who can *give a reaſon of the hope that is in him*, ſhould be deſirous of combating, viz. the ground of fair and diſpaſſionate inquiry. Mr Paine has peruſed the ſcriptures of the Old and New Teſtament, has conceived various objections to them, and has expreſſed them with boldneſs, and often with indecency. The conduct to be purſued by the opponent of this popular writer. was not to honour him by exchanging *railing for railing*, but, by treating with dignified contempt, and Chriſtian ſelf-command, his vanity and his levity, to paſs immediately to a ſerious and critical examination of the ſacred writings: for his objections being fairly proved to originate in ignorance and miſapprehenſion, the pertneſs and ſelf-ſufficiency with which he has offered them, recoil on himſelf, and augment his diſgrace. It is in this way that the Biſhop of Llandaff combats this modern champion

pion of infidelity. Verſed in ſacred literature, (the ſtudy of which is too much out of faſhion with our clergy), habituated to religious inquiry, and accuſtomed to weigh the objections of deiſtical writers, he is peculiarly qualified for examining the review of the ſeveral books of ſcripture which is exhibited in the ſecond part of the Age of Reaſon; and we may venture to add, that he has conducted his examination in ſuch a mild, gentlemanly, and ſcholar-like manner, as every liberal reader muſt approve. His Apology forms a valuable work on the authenticity of the Bible, and ought to be read by all who have ſeen the book to which it is a reply. It proves what the Right Reverend Author advances, that the really learned are in no danger of being infected by the poiſon of infidelity; and it will no doubt confirm the wavering faith of many.

Greatly, however, as we approve of this work, we cannot give to it a unqualified eulogium. We think, that in ſome places the Biſhop has ſuffered himſelf to be reſtrained by ſyſtem from ſpeaking out, and that in others he attempts to prove too much: but, in general, he ſtates matters ſo fairly, and his arguments are ſo much to the purpoſe, that it is impoſſible not to admire this Chriſtian apologiſt.

The Biſhop allows the author of "the Age of Reaſon" to poſſeſs a conſiderable ſhare of energy of language, and acuteneſs of inveſtigation; and inſtead of abuſing him for his infidelity, he liberally ſays to him, "If you have made the beſt examination you can, and yet reject revealed religion, I pray that God may pardon what I eſteem your error."

As the work, to which this Apology is an anſwer, is written in a popular way, the Biſhop of Llandaff purpoſes to write in a popular way likewiſe; and as Mr Paine diſclaims all learned appeals to other books, and undertakes to prove from the Bible itſelf, that it is unworthy of credit, the Biſhop meets him fairly on his own ground, and undertakes to prove, from the Bible

Bible itſelf, the directly contrary poſition. He does not, however, thus confine his inquiry, from any fear that the appeal to antiquity would be againſt him: but, while he writes a ſeries of letters for that claſs of readers who are moſt likely to be injured by Thomas Paine's work, he wiſhes to have it underſtood, that a more elaborate anſwer might have been prepared; and that, had a learned appeal been made to all the antient books in the world, ſacred or profane, Chriſtian, Jewiſh, or Pagan, they would have eſtabliſhed, inſtead of leſſening, the credit and authority of the Bible, as the word of God.

It is ſufficient, Mr P. has aſſerted, to deſtroy the ſacred authority of the Bible, that it deſcribes the Iſraelites as exterminating the Canaanites by the expreſs command of God. He conceives this to be an unſurmountable moral objection to its authenticity. Biſhop Watſon thus replies to it:

"I am aſtoniſhed, that ſo acute a reaſoner ſhould attempt to diſparage the Bible, by bringing forward this exploded and frequently refuted objection of Morgan, Tindal, and Bolingbroke. You profeſs yourſelf to be a deiſt, and to believe that there is a God, who created the univerſe, and eſtabliſhed the laws of Nature, by which it is ſuſtained in exiſtence. You profeſs, that from the contemplation of the works of God you derive a knowledge of his attributes; and you reject the Bible becauſe it aſcribes to God things inconſiſtent (as you ſuppoſe) with the attributes which you have diſcovered to belong to him; in particular, you think it repugnant to his moral juſtice, that he ſhould doom to deſtruction the crying or ſmiling infants of the Canaanites.—— Why do you not maintain it to be repugnant to his moral juſtice, that he ſhould ſuffer crying or ſmiling infants to be ſwallowed up by an earthquake, drowned by an inundation, conſumed by a fire, ſtarved by a famine, or deſtroyed by a peſtilence? The Word of God is

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in perfect harmony with his work; crying or ſmiling infants are ſubjected to death in both. We believe that the earth, at the expreſs command of God, opened her mouth, and ſwallowed up Korah, Dathan, and Abiram, with their wives, their ſons, and their little ones. This you eſteem ſo repugnant to God's moral juſtice, that you ſpurn, as ſpurious, the book in which the circumſtance is related. When Catania, Lima, and Liſbon, were ſeverally deſtroyed by earthquakes, men, with their wives, their ſons, and their little ones, were ſwallowed up alive: why do you not ſpurn as ſpurious, the book of nature, in which this fact is certainly written, and from the peruſal of which you infer the moral juſtice of God? You will probably reply, that the evils which the Canaanites ſuffered, from the expreſs command of God, were different from thoſe which are brought on mankind by the operation of the laws of Nature!—Different! in what?—Not in the magnitude of the evil—not in the ſubjects of ſufferance—not in the author of it—for my philoſophy, at leaſt, inſtructs me to believe, that God not only primarily formed, but that he hath through all ages executed, the laws of Nature; and that he will through all eternity adminiſter them, for the general happineſs of his creatures, whether we can, on every occaſion, diſcern that end or not."

In one reſpect, this is a deciſive anſwer. By ſome, however, it may be thought, that the learned Biſhop had not the whole of the difficulty in his contemplation. The puniſhment of a wicked people by the horrors of war, is no more repugnant to God's moral adminiſtration, than his viſiting them with an earthquake or a peſtilence: but the inſtance of the Iſraelites deſtroying the Canaanites, is the only one on record, in which the cruel and exterminating ſword is uſed by the expreſs command of God; and it requires ſome conſideration to determine, how far the ſavage barba-

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rity of this war, when attributed to the Divine Being, may tend to harden the heart of the perpetrators, and to generate ſins of one kind, while it is correcting ſins of another.

The following attempt to account for modern infidelity is one of thoſe paſſages which merits peculiar attention.

"I have often wondered what could be the reaſon that men, not deſtitute of talents, ſhould be deſirous of undermining the authority of revealed religion, aud ſtudious in expoſing, with a malignant and illiberal exultation, every little difficulty attending the ſcriptures, to popular animadverſion and contempt. I am not willing to attribute this ſtrange propenſity to what Plato attributed the atheiſm of his time—to profligacy of manners; to affectation of ſingularity; to groſs ignorance aſſuming the ſemblance of deep reſearch and ſuperior ſagacity:—I had rather refer it to an impropriety of judgment, reſpecting the manners and mental acquirements of human kind, in the firſt ages of the world. Moſt unbelievers argue, as if they thought that man, in remote and rude antiquity, in the very birth and infancy of our ſpecies, had the ſame diſtinct conceptions of one, eternal, inviſible, incorporeal, infinitely wiſe, powerful, and good God, which they themſelves have now. This I look upon as a great miſtake, and a pregnant ſource of infidelity. Human kind, by long experience; by the inſtitutions of civil ſociety; by the cultivation of arts and ſciences; by, as I believe, divine inſtruction actually given to ſome, and traditionally communicated to all; is in a far more diſtinguiſhed ſituation, as to the powers of the mind, than it was in the childhood of the world. The hiſtory of man is the hiſtory of the providence of God; who, willing the ſupreme felicity of all his creatures, has adapted his government to the capacity of thoſe who in different ages were the ſubjects of it. The hiſtory of any one nation

tion throughout all ages, and that of all nations in the ſame age, are but ſeparate parts of one great plan, which God is carrying on for the moral melioration of mankind. But who can comprehend the whole of this immenſe deſign? The ſhortneſs of life, the weakneſs of our faculties, the inadequacy of our means of information, conſpire to make it impoſſible for us, worms of the earth! inſects of an hour! completely to underſtand any one of its parts. No man, who well weighs the ſubject, ought to be ſurpriſed, that in the hiſtories of antient times many things ſhould occur foreign to our manners, the propriety and neceſſity of which we cannot clearly comprehend."

In the ſecond letter, the Biſhop prepares himſelf to attend Mr Paine through his haſty review of the books of ſcripture. As ſome confuſion is introduced by him in conſequence of his jumbling mathematical ſcience and hiſtorical evidence, the prelate has deemed it proper to mark the difference between the *genuineneſs* and the *authenticity* of a book. 'A *genuine* book, he obſerves, is that which was written by the perſon whoſe name it bears as the author of it. An *authentic* book is that which relates matters of fact as they really happened. A book may be genuine without being authentic, and authentic without being genuine. The books written by Richardſon and Fielding are *genuine* books, though their hiſtories of Clariſſa and Tom Jones are fables, and therefore not *authentic*. Having made this diſtinction, the Biſhop applies it to detect a fallacy of argument, which the author of "the Age of Reaſon" urges and repeats with great confidence, as concluſive againſt the truth of the Bible narrative. Mr P.'s argument ſtands thus: "If it be found that the books aſcribed to Moſes, Joſhua, and Samuel, were not written by Moſes, Joſhua and Samuel, every part of the authority and authenticity of thoſe books is gone at once." The Biſhop reſiſts this concluſion; and

offers the following remarks in ſupport of his opinion.

" The genuineneſs of theſe books (in the judgment of thoſe who ſay that they were written by theſe authors) will certainly be gone; but their authenticity may remain; they may ſtill contain a true account of real tranſactions, though the names of the writers of them ſhould be found to be different from what they are generally eſteemed to be.

" Had, indeed, Moſes ſaid that he wrote the five firſt books of the Bible; and had Joſhua and Samuel ſaid that they wrote the books which are reſpectively attributed to them; and had it been found, that Moſes, Joſhua, and Samuel, did not write theſe books; then, I grant, the authority of the whole would have been gone at once; theſe men would have been found liars as to the genuineneſs of the books; and this proof of their want of veracity in one point, would have invalidated their teſtimony in every other; theſe books would have been juſtly ſtigmatiſed, as neither genuine nor authentic."

As to the five books attributed to Moſes, though Biſhop Watſon clearly proves, that Mr P. is not juſtified in ſaying, that there is no affirmative evidence of Moſes being the author of them, yet he contends that their truth does not neceſſarily depend on this circumſtance. The arguments brought forward in *the Age of Reaſon*, to ſhew that Moſes could not have been the author of the Pentateuch, are ably refuted. One ſpecimen muſt be ſufficient. Moſes, it is ſaid, could not be the author both of Exodus and Deuteronomy, becauſe the reaſon given in theſe two books for the obſervation of the Sabbath is different. To this the Biſhop replies:

" You need not be told that the very name of this book imports, in the Greek, a repetition of a law; and that the Hebrew doctors have called it by a word of the ſame meaning. In the fifth verſe of the firſt chapter, it is ſaid in our Bibles, " Moſes began to

declare this law;" but the Hebrew words, more properly tranſlated, import that Moſes "began, or determined, to explain the law." This is no ſhift of mine to get over a difficulty: the words are ſo rendered in moſt of the ancient verſions, and by *Fagius*, *Vetablus*, and *Le Clerc*, men eminently ſkilled in the Hebrew language. This repetition and explanation of the law, was a wiſe and benevolent proceeding in Moſes; that thoſe who were either not born, or were mere infants, when it was firſt (forty years before) delivered in Horeb, might have an opportunity of knowing it; eſpecially as Moſes, their leader, was ſoon to be taken from them, and they were about to be ſettled in the midſt of nations given to idolatry, and ſunk in vice. Now, where is the wonder, that ſome variations and ſome additions ſhould be made to a law, when a legiſlator thinks fit to republiſh it many years after its firſt promulgation?

"With reſpect to the Sabbath, the learned are divided in opinion concerning its origin; ſome contending, that it was ſanctified from the creation of the world, that it was obſerved by the patriarchs before the flood; that it was neglected by the Iſraelites during their bondage in Egypt, revived on the falling of manna in the wilderneſs; and enjoined, as a poſitive law, at Mount Sinai. Others eſteem its inſtitution to have been no older than the age of Moſes; and argue, that what is ſaid of the ſanctification of the Sabbath in the book of Geneſis, is ſaid by way of anticipation. There may be truth in both theſe accounts. To me it is probable, that the memory of the creation was handed down from Adam to all his poſterity; and that the ſeventh day was, for a long time, held ſacred by all nations, in commemoration of that event; but that the peculiar rigidneſs of its obſervance was enjoined by Moſes to the Iſraelites alone. As to there being two reaſons given for its being kept holy; one, that on that day God reſted from the work of creation; the other, that on that day God had given them reſt

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from the ſervitude of Egypt; I ſee no contradiction in the accounts. If a man, in writing the hiſtory of England, ſhould inform his readers, that the parliament had ordered the fifth of November to be kept holy, becauſe on that day God had delivered the nation from a bloody intended maſſacre by gunpowder; and if, in another part of his hiſtory, he ſhould aſſign the deliverance of our church and nation from Popery and arbitrary power, by the arrival of King William, as a reaſon for its being kept holy; would any one contend, that he was not juſtified in both theſe ways of expreſſion, or that we ought from thence to conclude, that he was not the author of them both?"

We cannot particularly notice the Biſhop's refutations of the falſe reaſonings and haſty concluſions of Mr P. againſt the Bible, but we have attended him with much ſatisfaction; and though we do not ſubſcribe to his remarks reſpecting the *ſun's ſtanding ſtill*, as mentioned in the book of Joſhua, and lament his paſſing over in ſilence Solomon's Song, on which book we wiſhed him to have boldly given his opinion, he has exhibited ſuch a view of the hiſtorical, moral, and prophetic writings of the Old Teſtament, as Mr P. in ſpite of his avowed hatred of prieſts, muſt ſurely treat with reſpect. He finiſhes his examination of that part of *the Age of Reaſon* which relates to the Old Teſtament, in the following beautiful and maſterly manner.

"You conclude your objections to the Old Teſtament in a triumphant ſtyle; an angry opponent would ſay, in a ſtyle of extreme arrogance and ſottiſh ſelf-ſufficiency—"I have gone (you ſay) through the Bible (miſtaking here, as in other places, the Old Teſtament for the Bible) as a man would go through a wood, with an axe on his ſhoulders, and fell trees; here they lie; and the prieſts, if they can, may replant them. They may, perhaps, ſtick them in the ground, but they will never grow."—And is it poſſible that

you ſhould think ſo highly of your performance, as to believe, that you have thereby demoliſhed the authority of a book, which Newton himſelf eſteemed the moſt authentic of all hiſtories; which, by its celeſtial light, illumines the darkeſt ages of antiquity; which is the touchſtone whereby we are enabled to diſtinguiſh between true and fabulous theology, between the God of Iſrael, holy, juſt, and good, and the impure rabble of heathen Baalim; which has been thought, by competent judges, to have afforded matter for the laws of Solon, and a foundation for the philoſophy of Plato; which has been illuſtrated by the labour of learning in all ages and countries; and been admired and venerated for its piety, its ſublimity, its veracity, by all who were able to read and underſtand it? No, Sir; you have gone indeed through the wood, with the beſt intention in the world, to cut it down; but you have merely buſied yourſelf in expoſing to vulgar contempt a few unſightly ſhrubs, which good men had wiſely concealed from public view; you have entangled yourſelf in thickets of thorns and briars; you have loſt your way on the mountains of Lebanon; the goodly cedar trees whereof, lamenting the madneſs, and pitying the blindneſs, of your rage againſt them, have ſcorned the blunt edge, and the baſe temper, of your axe, and laughed unhurt at the feebleneſs of your ſtroke."

In the ſeventh and two following letters, Biſhop Watſon maintains the credibility of the New Teſtament from internal evidence, in oppoſition to the virulent and indecorous attacks made on it by Mr Paine. Here he purpoſely, and with great propriety when arguing with a deiſt, avoids the queſtion concerning inſpiration, and ſhews the Chriſtian religion to be worthy of acceptation, if any faith may be given to well-authenticated hiſtoric teſtimony. His deiſtical correſpondent he thus addreſſes:

"The Bible, Sir, hath withſtood the learning of

Porphyry,

Porphyry, and the power of *Julian*, to ſay nothing of the Manichean *Fauſtus*; it has reſiſted the genius of *Bolingbroke*, and the wit of *Voltaire*, to ſay nothing of a numerous herd of inferior aſſailants; and it will not fall by your force. You have barbed anew the blunted arrows of former adverſaries; you have feathered them with blaſphemy and ridicule; dipped them in your deadlieſt poiſon; aimed them with your utmoſt ſkill; ſhot them againſt the ſhield of faith with your utmoſt vigour: but, like the feeble javelin of aged Priam, they will ſcarcely reach the mark, and will fall to the ground without a ſtroke."

Mr Paine and other deiſts have endeavoured to deſtroy all faith in the goſpel-hiſtory, by pointing out circumſtances mentioned by one Evangeliſt, which are omitted by the others; and by commenting on the little diſſonances which appear on comparing their ſeveral narratives: but as none of the latter, admitting them in their utmoſt extent, afford reaſon for doubting the reality of the leading facts recorded, neither can the former authoriſe a general ſuſpicion of the whole; for none of the Evangeliſts undertake to relate all the circumſtances of Chriſt's important hiſtory; on the contrary, they expreſsly tell us, that many things are deſignedly omitted, and that they write not to give a complete hiſtory, but only to furniſh ſufficient materials for eſtabliſhing faith in Jeſus. This is to cut up a multitude of deiſtical objections by the roots, and is preferable to lame harmonies, and unſatisfactory reaſons for omiſſions. On this principle the Biſhop of Llandaff in general proceeds, tho' not without attempts to harmoniſe and to account for certain omiſſions. He ſays, in treating of the ſtory of the maſſacre of the young children, recorded by Matthew, that it is no wonder that the other Evangeliſts omitted it, as it was not eſſentially connected with their ſubject. This reaſon, however, we ſhould think, will not be generally adopted. The ſilence of Mark, Luke, and John,

John, does not neceſſarily deſtroy the fact: but they could not have omitted it becauſe it was not connected with the life of Jeſus, ſince it accounts for his flight into Egypt.

The tenth and laſt letter is a general examination of the principles of infidelity. After having examined what Mr P. has urged againſt the Goſpels, the Acts, and Paul's Epiſtles, and paſſing over the *antigomena*, the Biſhop waits on Mr P. through what he calls his concluſion. Here he comes to cloſe quarters with the philoſopher; and ſhews him, that if every thing muſt be renounced againſt which objections can be brought, deiſm muſt fall as well as Chriſtianity, ſince the former, as well as the latter, is preſſed with difficulties. Thoſe who have retired from revealed religion to pure atheiſm, as to an impregnable fortreſs, will do well to conſider the queries which the Biſhop propoſes to the object of his preſent reaſoning.

"You are laviſh (ſays he to Mr P.) in your praiſe of deiſm; it is ſo much better than atheiſm, that I mean not to ſay any thing to its diſcredit; it is not, however, without its difficulties. What think you of an uncauſed cauſe of every thing? of a Being who has no relation to time, not being older to-day than he was yeſterday, nor younger to-day than he will be to-morrow? who has no relation to ſpace, not being a part here and a part there, or a whole any where? What think you of an omniſcient Being, who cannot know the future actions of a man? Or, if his omniſcience enables him to know them, what think you of the contingency of human actions? And if human actions are not contingent, what think you of the morality of actions, of the diſtinctions between vice and virtue, crime and innocence, ſin and duty? What think you of the infinite goodneſs of a Being, who exiſted through eternity, without any emanation of his goodneſs manifeſted in the creation of ſenſitive beings? Or, if you contend that there has been an eternal

creation,

creation, what think you of an effect coeval with its cauſe of matter, not poſterior to its Maker? What think you of the exiſtence of evil, moral and natural, in the work of an infinite Being, powerful, wiſe, and good? What think you of the gift of freedom of will, when the abuſe of freedom becomes the cauſe of general miſery? I could propoſe to your conſideration a great many other queſtions of a ſimilar tendency, the contemplation of which has driven not a few from deiſm to atheiſm, juſt as the difficulties in revealed religion have driven yourſelf, and ſome others, from Chriſtianity to deiſm.

"For my own part, I can ſee no reaſon why either revealed or natural religion ſhould be abandoned, on account of the difficulties which attend either of them. I look up to the incomprehenſible Maker of heaven and earth with unſpeakable admiration and ſelf-annihilation, and am a deiſt.—I contemplate, with the utmoſt gratitude and humility of mind, his unſearchable wiſdom and goodneſs in the redemption of the world from eternal death, through the intervention of his Son Jeſus Chriſt, and am a Chriſtian."

We muſt now take our leave of this learned, philoſophical Chriſtian apologiſt; whom we thank moſt ſincerely for having publiſhed a book ſuited to the age, as being well calculated to repel the torrent of infidelity, and to preſerve from the contamination of irreligion that moſt valuable claſs of the community, —our merchants, manufacturers, and tradeſmen.

THE END.

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